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THE
SPECTATOR.

VOLUME the FOURTH.



L O N D O N:

Printed for J. and R. TONSON in the Strand.

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TO THE
D U K E
O F
MARLBOROUGH.

MY LORD,



S it is natural to have a
fondness for what has cost
us much time and atten-
tion to produce, I hope your Grace
will forgive and endeavour to pre-
serve this work from oblivion, by
VOL. IV. A affixing

DEDICATION.

affixing to it your memorable name.

I shall not here presume to mention the illustrious passages of your life, which are celebrated by the whole age, and have been the subject of the most sublime pens; but if I could convey you to posterity in your private character, and describe the stature, the behaviour and aspect of the Duke of *Marlborough*, I question not but it would fill the reader with more agreeable images, and give him a more delightful entertainment than what can be found in the following, or any other book.

One cannot indeed without offence, to yourself, observe, that you excel the rest of mankind in the least, as well as the greatest

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DEDICATION.

endowments. Nor were it a circumstance to be mentioned, if the graces and attractions of your person were not the only pre-eminence you have above others, which is left, almost, unobserved by greater writers.

Yet how pleasing would it be to those who shall read the surprising revolutions in your story, to be made acquainted with your ordinary life and deportment? How pleasing would it be to hear that the same man, who had carried fire and sword into the countries of all that had opposed the cause of liberty, and struck a terror into the armies of *France*, had, in the midst of his high station, a behaviour as gentle as is usual in the first steps towards
A 2 greatness?

DEDICATION.

greatness? And if it were possible to express that easy grandeur, which did at once persuade and command; it would appear as clearly to those to come, as it does to his contemporaries; that all the great events which were brought to pass under the conduct of so well-governed a spirit, were the blessings of heaven upon wisdom and valour; and all which seem adverse fell out by divine permission, which we are not to search into.

You have passed that year of life wherein the most able and fortunate captain, before your time, declared he had lived enough both to nature and to glory; and your Grace may make that reflexion with much more justice. He spoke it after he had arrived at empire

by

DEDICATION.

by an usurpation upon those whom he had enslaved ; but the prince of *Mindleheim* may rejoice in a sovereignty which was the gift of him whose dominions he had preserved.

Glory established upon the uninterrupted success of honourable designs and actions is not subject to diminution ; nor can any attempts prevail against it, but in the proportion which the narrow circuit of rumour bears to the unlimited extent of fame.

We may congratulate your Grace not only upon your high achievements, but likewise upon the happy expiration of your command, by which your glory is put out of the power of fortune : And when your person shall be so too, that

DEDICATION.

the author and disposer of all things
may place you in that higher
manſion of bliſs and immortality
which is prepared for good princes,
lawgivers, and heroes, when HE
in HIS due time removes them
from the envy of mankind, is the
heartly prayer of,

My LORD,

Your Grace's

moſt obedient,

moſt devoted,

humble Servant,

The SPECTATOR.



THE

SPECTATOR.

VOL. IV,



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VOL. IV



T H E
S P E C T A T O R.

N^o 252 Wednesday, December 19, 1711.

Erranti, passimque oculos per cuncta ferenti.

Virg. *Æn.* 2. ver. 570.

Exploring ev'ry place with curious eyes.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

I Am very sorry to find by your discourse upon the eye, that you have not thoroughly studied the nature and force of that part of a beauteous face. Had you ever been in love, you would have said ten thousand things, which it seems did not occur to you: Do but reflect upon the nonsense it makes men talk, the flames which it is said to kindle, the transport it raises, the dejection it causes in the bravest men; and if you do believe those things are expressed to an extravagance, yet you will own, that the influence of it is very great which moves men to that extravagance. Certain it is, that the whole strength of the mind is sometimes seated there; that a kind look imparts all, that a year's discourse could give you, in one moment. What matters it what she says to you. see

' how she looks, is the language of all who know what
 ' love is. When the mind is thus summed up and
 ' expressed in a glance, did you never observe a sud-
 ' den joy arise in the countenance of a lover? Did you
 ' never see the attendance of years paid, over-paid in an
 ' instant? You a SPECTATOR, and not know that the
 ' intelligence of affection is carried on by the eye only;
 ' that good-breeding has made the tongue falsify the heart,
 ' and act a part of continual constraint, while nature has
 ' preserved the eyes to herself, that she may not be dis-
 ' guised or misrepresented. The poor bride can give her
 ' hand, and say, *Ido*, with a languishing air, to the man she
 ' is obliged by cruel parents to take for mercenary rea-
 ' sons, but at the same time she cannot look as if she
 ' loved; her eye is full of sorrow, and reluctance sits in
 ' a tear, while the offering of the sacrifice is performed
 ' in what we call the marriage ceremony. Do you never
 ' go to plays? Cannot you distinguish between the eyes
 ' of those who go to see, from those who come to be
 ' seen? I am a woman turned of thirty, and am on the
 ' observation a little; therefore if you or your correspon-
 ' dent had consulted me in your discourse on the eye, I
 ' could have told you that the eye of *Leonora* is slyly watch-
 ' ful while it looks negligent; she looks round her with-
 ' out the help of the glasses you speak of, and yet seems
 ' to be employed on objects directly before her. This
 ' eye is what affects chance-medley, and on a sudden, as
 ' if it attended to another thing, turns all its charms
 ' against an ogler. The eye of *Lusitania* is an instrument
 ' of premeditated murder; but the design being visible,
 ' destroys the execution of it; and with much more beau-
 ' ty than that of *Leonora*, it is not half so mischievous.
 ' There is a brave soldier's daughter in town, that by her
 ' eye has been the death of more than ever her father
 ' made fly before him. A beautiful eye makes silence
 ' eloquent, a kind eye makes contradiction an assent, an
 ' enraged eye makes beauty deformed. This little
 ' member gives life to every other part about us, and I
 ' believe the story of *Argus* implies no more than that the
 ' eye is in every part, that is to say, every other part
 ' would be mutilated, were not its force represented more
 ' by

by the eye than even by itself. But this is heathen Greek to those who have not conversed by glances. This Sir, is a language in which there can be no deceit, nor can a skilful observer be imposed upon by looks even among politicians and courtiers. If you do me the honour to print this among your speculations, I shall in my next make you a present of secret history, by translating all the looks of the next assembly of Ladies and Gentlemen into words, to adorn some future paper. I am,

S I R,

your faithful friend,

Mary Heartfree.

Dear Mr. SPECTATOR,

I Have a sot of a husband that lives a very scandalous life, and wastes away his body and fortune in debaucheries; and is immoveable to all the arguments I can urge to him. I would gladly know whether in some cases a cudgel may not be allowed as a good figure of speech, and whether it may not be lawfully used by a female orator.

Your humble servant,

Barbara Crabtree.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

Though I am a practitioner in the law of some standing, and have heard many eminent pleaders in my time, as well as other eloquent speakers of both universities, yet I agree with you, that women are better qualified to succeed in oratory than the men, and believe this is to be resolved into natural causes. You have mentioned only the volubility of their tongue; but what do you think of the silent flattery of their pretty faces, and the persuasion which even an insipid discourse carries with it when flowing from beautiful lips, to which it would be cruel to deny any thing? It is certain too, that they are possessed of some springs of rhetorick which men want, such as tears, fainting fits, and the like, which I have seen employed upon occasion with good success. You must know I am a plain man and love my money; yet I have a spouse who is so great an orator in

* this way, that she draws from me what sums she pleases.
 * every room in my house is furnished with trophies of
 * her eloquence, rich cabinets, piles of China, Japan
 * screens, and costly jars; and if you were to come into my
 * great parlour, you would fancy yourself in an *India*
 * warehouse: Besides this she keeps a squirrel, and I
 * am doubly taxed to pay for the China he breaks.
 * She is seized with periodical fits about the time of the
 * subscriptions to a new opera and is drowned in tears
 * after having seen any woman there in finer cloaths
 * than herself: These are arts of persuasion purely femi-
 * nine, and which a tender heart cannot resist. What
 * I would therefore desire of you, is, to prevail with your
 * friend who has promised to dissect a female tongue,
 * that he would at the same time give us the anatomy of
 * a female eye, and explain the springs and sluices which
 * feed it with such ready supplies of moisture; and like-
 * wise shew by what means, if possible, they may be
 * stopped at a reasonable expence; Or, indeed, since
 * there is something so moving in the very image of
 * weeping beauty, it would be worthy his art to provide,
 * that these eloquent drops may no more be lavished on
 * trifles, or employed as servants to their wayward wills;
 * but reserved for serious occasions in life, to adorn ge-
 * nerous pity, true penitence, or real sorrow.

T

I am, &c.



N^o 253 Thursday, December 20.

*Indignor quicquam reprehendi, non quia crasse
Compositum, illepid.ve putetur, sed quia nuper.*

Hor. Ep. 2. lib. 1. ver. 75.

I lose my patience, and I own it too,
When works are censur'd, not as bad, but new. POPE.

THERE is nothing which more denotes a great
 mind, than the abhorrence of envy and detraction.
 This passion reigns more among bad poets, than
 among any other set of men.

As there are none more ambitious of fame, than those who are conversant in poetry, it is very natural for such as have not succeeded in it to depreciate the works of those who have. For since they cannot raise themselves to the reputation of their fellow-writers, they must endeavour to sink it to their own pitch, if they would still keep themselves upon a level with them.

The greatest wits that ever were produced in one age, lived together in so good an understanding, and celebrated one another with so much generosity, that each of them receives an additional lustre from his contemporaries, and is more famous for having lived with men of so extraordinary a genius, than if he had himself been the sole wonder of the age. I need not tell my reader, that I here point at the reign of *Augustus*, and I believe he will be of my opinion, that neither *Virgil* nor *Horace* would have gained so great a reputation in the world, had they not been the friends and admirers of each other. Indeed all the great writers of that age, for whom singly we have so great an esteem, stand up together as vouchers for one another's reputation. But at the same time that *Virgil* was celebrated by *Gallus*, *Propertius*, *Horace*, *Varius*, *Tucca* and *Ovid*, we know that *Bavius* and *Mævius* were his declared foes and calumniators.

In our own country a man seldom sets up for a poet, without attacking the reputation of all his brothers in the art. The ignorance of the moderns, the scribblers of the age, the decay of poetry, are the topicks of detraction with which he makes his entrance into the world: But how much more noble is the fame that is built on candour and ingenuity, according to those beautiful lines of our *John Denham*, in his poem on *Fletcher's* works!

*But whither am I stray'd? I need not raise
Trophies to thee from other mens dispraise:
Nor is thy fame on lesser ruins built,
Nor needs thy juster title the foul guilt
Of Eastern Kings, who, to secure their reign,
Must have their brothers, sons, and kindred slain.*

I am sorry to find that an author, who is very justly esteemed among the best judges, has admitted some strokes
cf

of this nature into a very fine poem; I mean *The Art of Criticism*, which was published some months since, and is a master-piece in its kind. The observations follow one another like those in *Horace's Art of Poetry*, without that methodical regularity which would have been requisite in a prose author. They are some of them uncommon, but such as the reader must assent to, when he sees them explained with that elegance and perspicuity in which they are delivered. As for those which are the most known, and the most received, they are placed in so beautiful a light, and illustrated with such apt allusions, that they have in them all the graces of novelty, and make the reader, who was before acquainted with them, still more convinced of their truth and solidity. And here give me leave to mention what Monsieur *Boileau* has so very well enlarged upon in the preface to his works, that wit and fine writing do not consist so much in advancing things that are new, as in giving things that are known an agreeable turn. It is impossible for us, who live in the latter ages of the world, to make observations in criticism, morality, or in any art or science, which have not been touched upon by others. We have little else left us, but to represent the common sense of mankind in more strong, more beautiful, or more uncommon lights. If a reader examines *Horace's Art of Poetry*, he will find but very few precepts in it, which he may not meet with in *Aristotle*, and which were not commonly known by all the poets of the *Augustan age*. His way of expressing and applying them, not his invention of them, is what we are chiefly to admire.

For this reason I think there is nothing in the world so tiresome as the works of those criticks who write in a positive dogmatick way, without either language, genius, or imagination. If the reader would see how the best of the *Latin* criticks writ, he may find their manner very beautifully described in the characters of *Horace*, *Petronius*, *Quintilian*, and *Longinus*, as they are drawn in the essay of which I am now speaking.

Since I have mentioned *Longinus*, who in his reflexions has given us the same kind of sublime, which he observes in the several passages that occasioned them; I cannot but take

take

take notice, that our *English* Author has after the same manner exemplified several of his precepts in the very precepts themselves. I shall produce two or three instances of this kind. Speaking of the insipid smoothness which some readers are so much in love with, he has the following verses.

*These Equal Syllables alone requir'd,
Tho' oft the ear the open vowels tire,
While expletives their feeble aid do join,
And ten low words oft creep in one dull line.*

The gaping of the vowels in the second line, the expletive *do* in the third, and the ten monosyllables in the fourth, give such a beauty to this passage, as would have been very much admired in an ancient poet. The reader may observe the following lines in the same view.

*A needless Alexandrine ends the song,
That like a wounded snake drags its slow length along.*

And afterwards,

*'Tis not enough no harshness gives offence,
The sound must seem an echo to the sense,
Soft is the strain when Zephyr gently blows,
And the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows;
But when loud surges lash the sounding shore,
The hoarse rough verse shou'd like the torrent roar.
When Ajax strives some rocks vast weight to throw,
The line to labours, and the words move slow;
Not so, when swift Camilla scours the plain,
Flies o'er th' unbending corn, and skims along the main.*

The beautiful distich upon *Ajax* in the foregoing lines puts me in mind of a description in *Homer's* *Odyssey*, which none of the criticks have taken notice of. It is where *Sisyphus* is represented lifting his stone up the hill, which is no sooner carried to the top of it, but it immediately tumbles to the bottom. This double motion of the stone is admirably described in the numbers of these verses; as in the four first it is heaved up by several *Spondees* intermixed with proper breathing places, and at last trundles down in a continual line of *Dactyls*.

Καὶ μὲν Σίσυφον εἰσιπδον, κρατέρ' ἄλγ' ἔχουσα,
Λᾶαν βασιλοῖα πεινώριον ἀμφοτέρησιν.

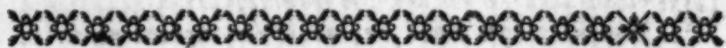
Ἦτος ὁ μὲν σκηρπύλῳ χερσὶν τι ποσσὶν τι,
Λᾶαν ἄνω ὤθεσκε ποτὶ λόφον, ἀλλ' ὅτε μέλλοι
Ἄκρον ὑπερβαλεῖν, τότε ἀποσρέψασκε Κραταίης,
Αὐτὶς ἔπειτα πίδουσι κυλινδρῷ λᾶας ἀναιδής.

Odyss. l. 11.

I turn'd my eye, and as I turn'd survey'd
A mournful vision ! the *Sisyphian* shade :
With many a weary step, and many a grone,
Up the high hill he heaves a hugh round stone :
The huge round stone, resulting with a bound,
Thunders impetuous down, and smokes along the
ground. POPE.

It would be endless to quote verses out of *Virgil* which have this particular kind of beauty in the numbers ; but I may take an occasion in a future paper to shew several of them which have escaped the observation of others.

I cannot conclude this paper without taking notice that we have three poems in our tongue, which are of the same nature, and each of them a master-piece in its kind ; the Essay on translated verse, the Essay on the art of poetry, and the Essay upon criticism. C



N^o 254 Friday, December 21.

Σιωπὴς ἔρωτος ἀρετῆς, ὁ δὲ κυρπιδὸς ἄχος ὀφέλλει.

On love of virtue reverence attends,
But sensual pleasure in our ruin ends.

WHEN I consider the false impressions which are received by the generality of the world, I am troubled at none more than a certain levity of thought, which many young women of quality have entertained, to the hazard of their characters, and the certain misfortune of their lives. The first of the following letters

ers may best represent the faults I would now point at, and the answer to it the temper of mind in a contrary character.

My dear Harriot,

IF thou art she, but oh how fallen, how changed, what an apostate! how lost to all that is gay and agreeable! To be married I find is, to be buried alive; I cannot conceive it more dismal to be shut up in a vault to converse with the shades of my ancestors, than to be carried down to an old manor-house in the country, and confined to the conversation of a sober husband and an awkward chamber-maid. For variety I suppose you may entertain yourself with madam in her grogram gown, the spouse of your parish vicar, who has by this time I am sure well furnished you with receipts for making salves and possets, distilling cordial waters, making syrups, and applying poultices.

Blest solitude! I wish thee joy, my dear, of thy loved retirement, which indeed you would persuade me is very agreeable, and different enough from what I have here described: But, child, I am afraid thy brains are a little discorded with romances and novels: After six months marriage to hear thee talk of love, and paint the country scenes so softly, is a little extravagant; one would think you lived the lives of *Sylvan* deities, or roved among the walks of *Paradise*, like the first happy pair: But pray thee leave these whimsies, and come to town in order to live and talk like other mortals. However, as I am extremely interested in your reputation, I would willingly give you a little good advice at your first appearance under the character of a married woman: It is a little insolence in me perhaps, to advise a matron; but I am so afraid you will make so silly a figure as a fond wife, that I cannot help warning you not to appear in any publick places with your husband, and never to santer about *St James's Park* together: If you presume to enter the ring at *Hide-Park* together, you are ruined forever; nor must you take the least notice of one another at the play-house or opera, unless you would be laughed at for a very loving couple most happily paired in the yoke of wedlock. I would recommend the example of an

ac.

acquaintance of ours to your imitation; she is the most negligent and fashionable wife in the world; she is hardly ever seen in the same place with her husband, and if they happen to meet, you would think them perfect strangers: She never was heard to name him in his absence, and takes care he shall never be the subject of any discourse that she has a share in. I hope you will propose this Lady as a pattern, though I am very much afraid you will be so silly to think *Portia*, &c. *Sabine* and *Roman* wives much brighter examples. I wish it may never come into your head to imitate those antiquated creatures so far, as to come into publick in the habit as well as air of a *Roman* matron. You make already the entertainment at Mrs *Modish's* tea-table; she says, she always thought you a discreet person, and qualified to manage a family with admirable prudence: She dies to see what demure and serious airs wedlock has given you, but she says she shall never forgive your choice of so gallant a man as *Bellamour* to transform him to a mere sober husband; it was unpardonable: You see, my dear, we all envy your happiness, and no person more than

your humble servant,

Lydia.

BE not in pain, good Madam, for my appearance in town; I shall frequent no publick places, or make any visits where the character of a modest wife is ridiculous. As for your wild rallery on matrimony, it is all hypocrisy; you, and all the handsome young women of your acquaintance, shew yourselves to no other purpose than to gain a conquest over some man of worth, in order to bestow your charms and fortune on him. There is no indecency in the confession, the design is modest and honourable, and all your affectation cannot disguise it.

I am married, and have no other concern but to please the man I love; he is the end of every care I have; if I dress it is for him; if I read a poem or a play, it is to qualify myself for a conversation agreeable to his taste: He is almost the end of my devotions; half my prayers are for his happiness—I love to talk of him, and never hear him named but with pleasure and emotion. I

am

am your friend, and wish you happiness, but am sorry to see by the air of your letter that there are a set of women who are got into the common-place gallery of every thing that is sober, decent and proper: Matrimony and the clergy are the topics of people of little wit and no understanding. I own to you, I have learned of the vicar's wife all you tax me with: She is a discreet, ingenious, pleasant, pious woman: I wish she had the handling of you and Mrs. Modish; you would find, if you were too free with her, she would soon make you as charming as ever you were, she would make you blush as much as if you never had been fine Ladies. The vicar, Madam, is so kind as to visit my husband, and his agreeable conversation has brought him to enjoy many sober happy hours when even I am shut out, and my dear master is entertained only with his own thoughts. These things, dear Madam, will be lasting satisfactions, when the fine ladies and the coxcombs, by whom they form themselves, are irreparably ridiculous, ridiculous in old age. I am,

Madam, your most humble servant,

Mary Home.

Dear Mr. SPECTATOR,

YOU have no goodness in the world, and are not in earnest in any thing you say that is serious, if you do not send me a plain answer to this: I happened some days past to be at the play, where during the time of performance, I could not keep my eyes off from a beautiful young creature who sat just before me, and who I have been since informed has no fortune. It would utterly ruin my reputation for discretion to marry such a one, and by what I can learn she has a character of great modesty, so that there is nothing to be thought on any other way. My mind has ever since been so wholly bent on her, that I am much in danger of doing something very extravagant without your speedy advice to,

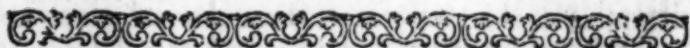
S I R, your most humble servant.

I am sorry I cannot answer this impatient Gentleman, but by another question.

Dear

Dear Correspondent,

Would you marry to please other people, or yourself? T



N^o 255 Saturday, December 22.

*Laudis amore tumes? sunt certa piacula, quæ te
Ter pure lecto poterunt recreare libello.*

Hor. Ep. 1. lib. 1. ver. 36.

[IMITATED.]

Know, there are rhymes, which (fresh and fresh apply'd)
Will cure the arrant'st puppy of his pride. POPE.

THE soul, considered abstractedly from its passions is of a remiss and sedentary nature, slow in its resolves, and languishing in its executions. The use therefore of the passions is to stir it up, and to put it upon action, to awaken the understanding, to enforce the will, and to make the whole man more vigorous and attentive in the prosecution of his designs. - As this is the end of the passions in general, so it is particularly of ambition, which pushes the soul to such actions as are apt to procure honour and reputation to the actor. But if we carry our reflexions higher, we may discover farther ends of Providence in implanting this passion in mankind.

It was necessary for the world, that arts should be invented and improved, books written and transmitted to posterity, nations conquered and civilized: Now since the proper and genuine motives to these and the like great actions, would only influence virtuous minds; there would be but small improvements in the world, were there not some common principle of action working equally with all men. And such a principle is ambition or a desire of fame, by which great endowments are not suffered to lie idle and useless to the publick, and many vicious men, over-reached, as it were, and engaged contrary to their natural inclinations in a glorious and laudable course of action. For we may farther observe,

serve, that men of the greatest abilities are most fired with ambition: And that on the contrary, mean and narrow minds are the least actuated by it; whether it be that a man's sense of his own incapacities makes him despair of coming at fame, or that he has not enough range of thought to look out for any good which does not more immediately relate to his interest or convenience, or that Providence, in the very frame of his soul, would not subject him to such a passion as would be useless to the world, and a torment to himself.

Were not this desire of fame very strong, the difficulty of obtaining it, and the danger of losing it when obtained, would be sufficient to deter a man from so vain a pursuit.

How few are there who are furnished with abilities sufficient to recommend their actions to the admiration of the world, and to distinguish themselves from the rest of mankind? Providence for the most part sets us upon a level, and observes a kind of proportion in its dispensations towards us. If it renders us perfect in one accomplishment, it generally leaves us defective in another, and seems careful rather of preserving every person from being mean and deficient in his qualifications, than of making any single one eminent or extraordinary.

And among those who are the most richly endowed by nature, and accomplished by their own industry, how few are there whose virtues are not obscured by the ignorance, prejudice or envy of their beholders? Some men cannot discern between a noble and a mean action. Others are apt to attribute them to some false end or intention; and others purposely misrepresent or put a wrong interpretation on them.

But the more to enforce this consideration, we may observe that those are generally most unsuccessful in their pursuit after fame, who are most desirous of obtaining it. It is *Sallust's* remark upon *Cato*, that the less he coveted glory the more he acquired it.

Men take an ill-natured pleasure in crossing our inclinations, and disappointing us in what our hearts are most set upon. When therefore they have discovered the passionate desire of fame in the ambitious man (as no temper of mind is more apt to shew itself) they become

come sparing and reserved in their commendations, they envy him the satisfaction of an applause, and look on their praises rather as a kindness done to his person, than as a tribute paid to his merit. Others who are free from this natural perverseness of tempers grow wary in their praises of one, who sets too great a value on them, lest they should raise him too high in his own imagination, and by consequence remove him to a greater distance from themselves.

But farther, this desire of fame naturally betrays the ambitious man into such indecencies as are a lessening to his reputation. He is still afraid lest any of his actions should be thrown away in private, lest his deserts should be concealed from the notice of the world, or receive any disadvantage from the reports which others make of them. This often sets him on empty boasts and ostentations of himself, and betrays him into vain fantastical recitals of his own performances: His discourse generally leans one way, and, whatever is the subject of it, tends obliquely either to the detracting from others, or to the extolling of himself. Vanity is the natural weakness of an ambitious man, which exposes him to the secret scorn and derision of those he converses with, and ruins the character he is so industrious to advance by it. For though his actions are never so glorious, they lose their lustre when they are drawn at large, and set to show by his own hand; and as the world is more apt to find fault than to commend, the boast will probably be censured when the great action that occasioned it is forgotten.

Besides, this very desire of fame is looked on as a meanness and imperfection in the greatest character. A solid and substantial greatness of soul looks down with a generous neglect on the censures and applauses of the multitude, and places a man beyond the little noise and strife of tongues. Accordingly we find in ourselves a secret awe and veneration for the character of one who moves above us in a regular and illustrious course of virtue, without any regard to our good or ill opinions of him, to our reproaches or commendations. As on the contrary it is usual for us, when we would take off from the fame and reputation of an action, to ascribe it to vain-

vain-glory, and a desire of fame in the actor. Nor is this common judgment and opinion of mankind ill-founded: for certainly it denotes no great bravery of mind to be worked up to any noble action by so selfish a motive, and to do that out of a desire of fame, which we could not be prompted to by a disinterested love to mankind, or by a generous passion for the glory of him that made us.

Thus is fame a thing difficult to be obtained by all, but particularly by those who thirst after it, since most men have so much either of ill nature, or of wariness, as not to gratify or sooth the vanity of the ambitious man, and since this very thirst after fame naturally betrays him into such indecencies as are a lessening to his reputation, and is itself looked upon as a weakness in the greatest characters.

In the next place, fame is easily lost, and as difficult to be preserved as it was at first to be acquired. But this I shall make the subject of a following paper. C



N^o 256 Monday, December 24.

Φήμη γὰρ τε κακὴ μέλεται· κέρη μὲν αἰῶνα
 Ρεῖα μάλ', ἀργαλήν δὲ φέρει—

Hes.

Desire of fame by various ways is crost,
 Hard to be gain'd, and easy to be lost.

THERE are many passions and tempers of mind which naturally dispose us to depress and villify the merit of one rising in the esteem of mankind. All those who made their entrance into the world with the same advantages, and were once looked on as his equals, are apt to think the fame of his merits a reflexion on their own indeferts; and will therefore take care to reproach him with the scandal of some past action, or derogate from the worth of the present, that they may still keep him on the same level with themselves. The like kind of consideration often stirs up the envy of

of such as were once his superiors, who think it a detraction from their merit to see another get ground upon them and overtake them in the pursuit of glory; and will therefore endeavour to sink this reputation, that they may the better preserve their own. Those who were once his equals envy and defame him, because they now see him their superior; and those who were once his superiors, because they look upon him as their equal.

But farther, a man whose extraordinary reputation thus lifts him up to the notice and observation of mankind draws a multitude of eyes upon him that will narrowly inspect every part of him, consider him nicely in all views, and not be a little pleased when they have taken him in the worst and most disadvantageous light. There are many who find a pleasure in contradicting the common reports of fame, and in spreading abroad the weaknesses of an exalted character. They publish their ill-natured discoveries with a secret pride, and applaud themselves for the singularity of their judgment which has searched deeper than others, detected what the rest of the world have overlooked, and found a flaw in what the generality of mankind admire. Others there are who proclaim the errors and infirmities of a great man with an inward satisfaction and complacency, if they discover none of the like errors and infirmities in themselves; for while they are exposing another's weaknesses, they are tacitly aiming at their own commendations, who are not subject to the like infirmities, and are apt to be transported with a secret kind of vanity to see themselves superior in some respects to one of a sublime and celebrated reputation. Nay, it very often happens, that none are more industrious in publishing the blemishes of an extraordinary reputation, than such as lie open to the same censures in their own characters, as either hoping to excuse their own defects by the authority of so high an example, or raising an imaginary applause to themselves for resembling a person of an exalted reputation, though in the blamable parts of his character. If all these secret springs of detraction fail, yet very often a vain ostentation of wit sets a man on attacking an established name, and sacrificing it to the mirth and laughter of those about him. A satire or a libel on one of the

common

common stamp, never meets with that reception and approbation among its readers as what is aimed at a person whose merit places him upon an eminence, and gives him a more conspicuous figure among men. Whether it be that we think it shews greater art to expose and turn to ridicule a man whose character seems so improper a subject for it, or that we are pleased by some implicit kind of revenge to see him taken down and humbled in his reputation, and in some measure reduced to our own rank, who had so far raised himself above us in the reports and opinions of mankind.

Thus we see how many dark and intricate motives there are to detraction and defamation, and how many malicious spies are searching into the actions of a great man, who is not, always, the best prepared for so narrow an inspection. For we may generally observe, that our admiration of a famous man lessens upon our nearer acquaintance with him: and that we seldom hear the description of a celebrated person, without a catalogue of some notorious weaknesses and infirmities. The reason may be, because any little slip is more conspicuous and observable in his conduct than in another's, as it is not of a piece with the rest of his character, or because it is impossible for a man at the same time to be attentive to the more important part of his life, and to keep a watchful eye over all the inconsiderable circumstances of his behaviour and conversation; or because, as we have before observed, the same temper of mind which inclines us to a desire of fame, naturally betrays us into such slips and unwarinesses as are not incident to men of a contrary disposition.

After all it must be confessed, that a noble and triumphant merit often breaks through and dissipates these little spots and sullies in its reputation; but if by a mistaken pursuit after fame, or through human infirmity, any false step be made in the more momentous concerns of life, the whole scheme of ambitious designs is broken and disappointed. The smaller stains and blemishes may die away and disappear amidst the brightness that surrounds them; but a blot of a deeper nature casts a shade on all the other beauties, and darkens the whole character. How difficult therefore is it

to preserve a great name, when he that has acquired it is so obnoxious to such little weaknesses and infirmities as are no small diminution to it when discovered, especially when they are so industriously proclaimed, and aggravated by such as were once his superiors or equals; by such as would set to shew their judgment or their wit, and by such as are guilty or innocent of the same slips or misconducts in their own behaviour?

But were there none of these dispositions in others to censure a famous man, nor any such miscarriages in himself, yet would he meet with no small trouble in keeping up his reputation in all its height and splendor. There must be always a noble train of actions to preserve his fame in life and motion. For when it is once at a stand, it naturally flags and languishes. Admiration is a very short lived passion, that immediately decays upon growing familiar with its object, unless it be still fed with fresh discoveries, and kept alive by a new perpetual succession of miracles rising up to its view. And even the greatest actions of a celebrated person labour under this disadvantage, that however surprising and extraordinary they may be, they are no more than what are expected from him; but on the contrary, if they fall any thing below the opinion that is conceived of him, though they might raise the reputation of another they are a diminution to *his*.

One would think there should be something wonderfully pleasing in the possession of fame, that, notwithstanding all these mortifying considerations, can engage a man in so desperate a pursuit; and yet if we consider the little happiness that attends a great character, and the multitude of disquietudes to which the desire of it subjects an ambitious mind, one would be still the more surprised to see so many restless candidates for glory.

Ambition raises a secret tumult in the soul, it inflames the mind, and puts it into a violent hurry of thought: It is still reaching after an empty imaginary good, that has not in it the power to abate or satisfy it. Most other things we long for can allay the cravings of their proper sense, and for a while set the appetite at rest: But fame is a good so wholly foreign to our na-

tures,

ures, that we have no faculty in the soul adapted to it, nor any organ in the body to relish it; an object of desire placed out of the possibility of fruition. It may indeed fill the mind for a while with a giddy kind of pleasure, but it is such a pleasure as makes a man restless and uneasy under it; and which does not so much satisfy the present thirst, as it excites fresh desires, and sets the soul on new enterprises. For how few ambitious men are there, who have got as much fame as they desired, and whose thirst after it has not been as eager in the very height of their reputation, as it was before they became known and eminent among men? There is not any circumstance in *Cæsar's* character which gives me a greater idea of him, than a saying which *Cicero* tells us he frequently made use of in private conversation, *That he was satisfied with his share of life and fame. Se satis vel ad naturam, vel ad gloriam vixisse.* Many indeed have given over their pursuits after fame, but that has proceeded either from the disappointments they have met in it, or from their experience of the little pleasure which attends it, or from the better informations or natural coldness of old age; but seldom from a full satisfaction and acquiescence in their present enjoyments of it.

Nor is fame only unsatisfying in itself, but the desire of it lays us open to many accidental troubles which those are free from who have no such a tender regard for it. How often is the ambitious man cast down and disappointed, if he receives no praise where he expected it? Nay how often is he mortified with the very praises he receives, if they do not rise so high as he thinks they ought, which they seldom do unless increased by flattery, since few men have so good an opinion of us as we have of ourselves? But if the ambitious man can be so much grieved even with praise itself, how will he be able to bear up under scandal and defamation? For the same temper of mind which makes him desire fame, makes him hate reproach. If he can be transported with the extraordinary praises of men, he will be as much dejected by their censures. How little therefore is the happiness of an ambitious man, who gives every one a dominion over it, who thus subjects himself to

the good or ill speeches of others, and puts it in the power of every malicious tongue to throw him into a fit of melancholy, and destroy his natural rest and repose of mind? Especially when we consider that the world is more apt to censure than applaud, and himself fuller of imperfections than virtues.

We may further observe, that such a man will be more grieved for the loss of fame, than he could have been pleased with the enjoyment of it. For though the presence of this imaginary good cannot make us happy, the absence of it may make us miserable: Because in the enjoyment of an object we only find that share of pleasure which it is capable of giving us, but in the loss of it we do not proportion our grief to the real value it bears, but to the value our fancies and imaginations set upon it.

So inconsiderable is the satisfaction that fame brings along with it, and so great the disquietudes, to which it makes us liable. The desire of it stirs up very uneasy motions in the mind, and is rather inflamed than satisfied by the presence of the thing desired. The enjoyment of it brings but very little pleasure, though the loss or want of it be very sensible and afflicting; and even this little happiness is so very precarious, that it wholly depends upon the will of others. We are not only tortured by the reproaches which are offered us, but are disappointed by the silence of men when it is unexpected; and humbled even by their praises.



No 257 Tuesday, December 25.

—'Ουχ' εὐδαί Διὸς
'Οφθαλμός ἐστις δ' εἰς καὶ παρὼν πόνος.

Incert. ex Stob.

No slumber seals the eye of Providence,
Present to ev'ry action we commence.

THAT I might not lose myself upon a subject of so great extent as that of fame, I have treated it in a particular order and method. I have first of all considered the reasons why Providence may have implanted in our mind such a principle of action. I have in the next place shewn from many considerations, first, that fame is a thing difficult to be obtained, and easily lost; secondly, that it brings the ambitious man very little happiness, but subjects him to much uneasiness and dissatisfaction. I shall in the last place shew, that it hinders us from obtaining an end which we have abilities to acquire, and which is accompanied with fulness of satisfaction. I need not tell my reader, that I mean by this end that happiness which is reserved for us in another world, which every one has abilities to procure, and which will bring along with it fulness of joy and pleasures for evermore.

How the pursuit after fame may hinder us in the attainment of this great end, I shall leave the reader to collect from the three following considerations.

First, Because the strong desire of fame breeds several vicious habits in the mind.

Secondly, Because many of those actions, which are apt to procure fame, are not in their nature conducive to this our ultimate happiness.

Thirdly, Because if we should allow the same actions to be the proper instruments, both of acquiring fame, and of procuring this happiness, they would nevertheless fail in the attainment of this last end, if they proceeded from a desire of the first.

These three propositions are self-evident to those who are versed in speculations of morality. For which reason I shall not enlarge upon them, but proceed to a point of the same nature, which may open to us a more uncommon field of speculation.

— From what has been already observed, I think we may have a natural conclusion, that it is the greatest folly to seek the praise or approbation of any Being, besides the Supreme, and that for these two reasons; because no other Being can make a right judgment of us, and esteem us according to our merits; and because we can procure no considerable benefit or advantage from the esteem and approbation of any other Being.

In the first place, no other Being can make a right judgment of us, and esteem us according to our merits. Created Beings see nothing but our outside, and can therefore only frame a judgment of us from our exterior actions and behaviour; but how unfit these are to give us a right notion of each other's perfections, may appear from several considerations. There are many virtues, which in their own nature are incapable of any outward representation: Many silent perfections in the soul of a good man, which are great ornaments to human nature, but not able to discover themselves to the knowledge of others; they are transacted in private, without noise or show, and are only visible to the great searcher of hearts. What actions can express the intire purity of thought which refines and sanctifies a virtuous man? That secret rest and contentedness of mind, which gives him a perfect enjoyment of his present condition? That inward pleasure and complacency which he feels in doing good? That delight and satisfaction which he takes in the prosperity and happiness of another? These and the like virtues are the hidden beauties of a soul, the secret graces which cannot be discovered by a mortal eye, but make the soul lovely and precious in his sight, from whom no secrets are concealed. Again, there are many virtues which want an opportunity of exerting and shewing themselves in actions. Every virtue requires time and place, a proper object and a fit conjuncture of circumstances, for the due exercise of it. A state of poverty obscures all the virtues of liberality and

and munificence. The patience and fortitude of a martyr or confessor lie concealed in the flourishing times of christianity. Some virtues are only seen in affliction, and some in prosperity; some in a private, and others in a public capacity. But the great Sovereign of the world beholds every perfection in its obscurity, and not only sees what we do, but what we would do. He views our behaviour in every concurrence of affairs, and sees us engaged in all the possibilities of action. He discovers the martyr and confessor without the trial of flames and tortures, and will hereafter intitle many to the reward of actions, which they had never the opportunity of performing. Another reason why men cannot form a right judgment of us is, because the same actions may be aimed at different ends, and arise from quite contrary principles. Actions are of so mixt a nature and so full of circumstances, that as men pry into them more or less, or observe some parts more than others, they take different hints, and put contrary interpretations on them; so that the same actions may represent a man as hypocritical and designing to one, which makes him appear a saint or hero to another. He therefore who looks upon the soul through its outward actions, often sees it through a deceitful medium, which is apt to discolour and pervert the object: So that on this account also, *he* is the only proper judge of our perfections, who does not guess at the sincerity of our intentions from the goodness of our actions, but weighs the goodness of our actions by the sincerity of our intentions.

But further; it is impossible for outward actions to represent the perfections of the soul, because they can never shew the strength of those principles from whence they proceed. They are not adequate expressions of our virtues, and can only shew us what habits are in the soul, without discovering the degree and perfection of such habits. They are at best but weak resemblances of our intentions, faint and imperfect copies that may acquaint us with the general design, but can never express the beauty and life of the original. But the great judge of all the earth knows every different state and degree of human improvement, from those

weak stirrings and tendencies of the will which have not yet formed themselves into regular purposes and designs, to the last intire finishing and consummation of a good habit. He beholds the first imperfect rudiments of a virtue in the soul, and keeps a watchful eye over it in all its progress, until it has received every grace it is capable of, and appears in its full beauty and perfection. Thus we see that none but the Supreme Being can esteem us according to our proper merits, since all others must judge of us from our outward actions; which can never give them a just estimate of us, since there are many perfections of a man which are not capable of appearing in actions; many which, allowing no natural incapacity of shewing themselves, want an opportunity of doing it; or should they all meet with an opportunity of appearing by actions, yet those actions may be misinterpreted, and applied to wrong principles; or though they plainly discovered the principles from whence they proceeded, they could never shew the degree, strength and perfection of those principles.

And as the supreme Being is the only proper judge of our perfections, so is he the only fit rewarder of them. This is a consideration that comes home to our interest, as the other adapts itself to our ambition. And what could the most aspiring, or the most selfish man desire more, were he to form the notion of a Being to whom he would recommend himself, then such a knowledge as can discover the least appearance of perfection in him, and such a goodness as will proportion a reward to it.

Let the ambitious man therefore turn all his desire of fame this way; and that he may propose to himself a fame worthy of his ambition, let him consider that if he employs his abilities to the best advantage, the time will come when the supreme Governor of the world, the great Judge of mankind, who sees every degree of perfection in others, and possesses all possible perfection in himself, shall proclaim his worth before men and angels, and pronounce to him in the presence of the whole creation that best and most significant of applause, *Well done, thou good and faithful servant, enter thou into thy Master's joy.*



N^o 258 Wednesday, December 26.

Divide & impera.

Divide and rule.

PLEASURE and recreation of one kind or other are absolutely necessary to relieve our minds and bodies from too constant attention and labour: Where therefore public diversions are tolerated, it behoves persons of distinction, with their power and example, to preside over them in such a manner as to check any thing that tends to the corruption of manners, or which is too mean or trivial for the entertainment of reasonable creatures. As to the diversions of this kind in this town, we owe them to the arts of poetry and musick: My own private opinion, with relation to such recreations, I have heretofore given with all the frankness imaginable; what concerns those arts at present the reader shall have from my correspondents. The first of the letters with which I acquit myself for this day, is written by one who proposes to improve our entertainments of dramatic poetry, and the other comes from three persons, who, as soon as named, will be thought capable of advancing the present state of musick.

MR. SPECTATOR,

I Am considerably obliged to you for your speedy publication of my last in yours of the 18th instant, and am in no small hopes of being settled in the post of *Comptroller of the cries*. Of all the objections I have hearkened after in public coffee-houses, there is but one that seems to carry any weight with it, *viz.* That such a post would come too near the nature of a monopoly. Now, Sir, because I would have all sorts of people made easy, and being willing to have more strings than one to my bow; in case that of *Comptroller* should fail me, I have since formed another project, which being grounded on the dividing of a present

B 5

monopoly,

monopoly, I hope will give the public an equivalent to their full content. You know, Sir, it is allowed that the business of the stage is, as the *Latin* has it, *Jucunda & idonea dicere vitæ*. Now there being but one dramatic theatre licenced for the delight and profit of this extensive metropolis, I do humbly propose for the convenience of such of its inhabitants as are too distant from *Covent-Garden*, that another *Theatre of Ease* may be erected in some spacious part of the city; and that the direction thereof may be made a franchise in fee to me, and my heirs for ever. And that the town may have no jealousy of my ever coming to an union with the set of actors now in being, I do further propose to constitute for my deputy my near kinsman and adventurer *Kit Crotchet*, whose long experience and improvements in those affairs need no recommendation. It was obvious to every spectator what a quite different foot the stage was upon during his government; and had he not been bolted out of his trap-doors, his garrison might have held out for ever, he having by long pains and perseverance, arrived at the art of making his army fight without pay or provisions. I must confess it with a melancholy amazement, I see so wonderful a genius laid aside, and the late slaves of the stage now become its masters, dunces that will be sure to suppress all theatrical entertainments and activities that they are not able themselves to shine in!

Every man that goes to a play is not obliged to have either wit or understanding; and I insist upon it, that all who go there should see something which may improve them in a way of which they are capable. In short, Sir, I would have something *done* as well as *said* on the stage. A man may have an active body, though he has not a quick conception; for the imitation therefore of such as are, as I may so speak, corporeal wits or nimble fellows, I would fain ask any of the present mismanagers, why should not rope-dancers, vaulters, tumblers, ladder-walkers, and posture-makers appear again on our stage? After such a representation, a five-bar gate would be leaped with a better grace next time any of the audience went a hunting,

‘ hunting. Sir, these things cry aloud for reformation
 ‘ and fall properly under the province of SPECTATOR
 ‘ General; but how indeed should it be otherwise,
 ‘ while fellows (that for twenty years together were
 ‘ never paid but as their master was in the humour)
 ‘ now presume to pay others more than ever they had
 ‘ in their lives; and in contempt of the practice of
 ‘ persons of condition, have the insolence to owe no
 ‘ tradesman a farthing at the end of the week. Sir, all
 ‘ I propose is the public good; for no one can ima-
 ‘ gine I shall ever get a shilling by it: Therefore I
 ‘ hope you will recommend this matter in one of your
 ‘ this week’s papers, and desire when my house opens
 ‘ you will accept the liberty of it for the trouble you
 ‘ have received from,

S I R,

P. S. I have assurances
 that the trunk-maker
 will declare for us.

Your humble servant,

Ralph Crotchett.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

‘ **W**E whose names are subscribed, think you the
 ‘ properest person to signify what we have to
 ‘ offer the town in behalf of ourselves, and the art
 ‘ which we profess, *Musick*. We conceive hopes of your
 ‘ favour from the speculations on the mistakes which
 ‘ the town run into with regard to their pleasure of this
 ‘ kind; and believing your method of judging is, that
 ‘ you consider music only valuable, as it is agreeable to,
 ‘ and heightens the purpose of poetry, we consent that
 ‘ that is not only the true way of relishing that plea-
 ‘ sure, but also that without it a composition of musick is
 ‘ the same thing as a poem, where all the rules of poeti-
 ‘ cal numbers are observed, though the words have no
 ‘ sense or meaning; to say it shorter, mere musical sounds
 ‘ in our art are no other than nonsense verses are in
 ‘ poetry. Musick therefore is to aggravate what is in-
 ‘ tended by poetry; it must always have some passion
 ‘ or sentiment to express, or else violins, voices, or any
 ‘ other organs of sound, afford an entertainment very
 ‘ little above the rattles of children. It was from this
 ‘ opinion of the matter, that when Mr. Clayton had
 ‘ finished his studies in *Italy*, and brought over the opera

of *Arfinoe*, that Mr. Haym and Mr. Dieupart, who had the honour to be well known and received among the nobility and gentry, were zealously inclined to assist, by their solicitations, in introducing so elegant an entertainment as the *Italian* musick grafted upon *English* poetry. For this end Mr. Dieupart and Mr. Haym, according to their several opportunities, promoted the introduction of *Arfinoe*, and did it to the best advantage so great a novelty would allow. It is not proper to trouble you with particulars of the just complaints we all of us have to make; but so it is, that without regard to our obliging pains, we are all equally set aside in the present opera. Our application therefore to you is only to insert this letter in your papers, that the town may know we have all three joined together to make entertainments of musick for the future at Mr. Clayton's house in *York-buildings*. What we promise ourselves, is, to make a subscription of two guineas, for eight times; and that the entertainment, with the names of the authors of the poetry, may be printed, to be sold in the house, with an account of the several authors of the vocal as well as the instrumental musick for each night; the money to be paid at the receipt of the tickets, at Mr. Charles Lillie's. It will, we hope, Sir, be easily allowed, that we are capable of undertaking to exhibit by our joint force and different qualifications all that can be done in musick; But lest you should think so dry a thing as an account of our proposal should be a matter unworthy your paper, which generally contains something of public use; give us leave to say, that favouring our design is no less than reviving an art, which runs to ruin by the utmost barbarism under an affectation of knowledge. We aim at establishing some settled notion of what is musick, at recovering from neglect and want very many families who depend upon it, at making all foreigners who pretend to succeed in *England* to learn the language of it as we ourselves have done, and not to be so insolent as to expect a whole nation, a refined and learned nation, should submit to learn theirs. In a word, Mr. SPECTATOR, with all deference and humility, we hope to behave ourselves

in

in this undertaking in such a manner, that all *English* men who have any skill in musick may be furthered in it for their profit or diversion by what new things we shall produce; never pretending to surpass others, or asserting that any thing which is a science is not attainable by all men of all nations who have proper genius for it: We say, Sir, what we hope for is not expected will arrive to us by contemning others, but through the utmost diligence recommending ourselves.

We are, S I R,

your most humble servants,

Thomas Clayton.

Nicolino Haym.

Charles Dieupart.

T

N^o 259 Thursday, December 27.

Quod decet honestum est, & quod honestum est decet. Tull.

What is becoming is honourable, and what is honourable is becoming.

THERE are some things which cannot come under certain rules, but which one would think could not need them. Of this kind are outward civilities and salutations. These one would imagine might be regulated by every man's common sense without the help of an instructor; but that which we call common sense suffers under that word; for it sometimes implies no more than that faculty which is common to all men, but sometimes signifies right reason, and what all men should consent to. In this latter acceptance of the phrase, it is no great wonder people err so much against it, since it is not every one who is possessed of it, and there are fewer, who, against common rules and fashions, dare obey his dictates. As to salutations, which I was about to talk of, I observe, as I strole about town, there are great enormities committed with regard

regard to this particular. You shall sometimes see a man begin the offer of a salutation, and observe a forbidding air, or escaping eye, in the person he is going to salute, and stop short in the pole of his neck. This in the person who believed he could do it with a good grace, and was refused the opportunity, is justly resented with a coldness the whole ensuing season. Your great beauties, people in much favour, or by any means or for any purpose overflattered, are apt to practise this which one may call the preventing aspect, and throw their attention another way, lest they should confer a bow or curtsy upon a person who might not appear to deserve that dignity. Others you shall find so obsequious, and so very courteous, as there is no escaping their favours of this kind. Of this sort may be a man who is in the fifth or sixth degree of favour with a minister; this good creature is resolved to shew the world, that great honours cannot at all change his manners; he is the same civil person he ever was; he will venture his neck to bow out of a coach in full speed, at once, to shew he is full of business, and yet is not so taken up as to forget his old friend. With a man who is not so well formed for courtship and elegant behaviour, such a Gentleman as this seldom finds his account in the return of his compliments, but he will still go on, for he is in his own way, and must not omit; let the neglect fall on your side, or where it will, his business is still to be well-bred to the end. I think I have read, in one of our *English* comedies, a description of a fellow that affected knowing every body, and for want of judgment in time and place, would bow and smile in the face of a judge sitting in the court, would sit in an opposite gallery and smile in the minister's face as he came up into the pulpit, and nod as if he alluded to some familiarities between them in another place. But now I happen to speak of salutation at church, I must take notice that several of my correspondents have importuned me to consider that subject, and settle the point of decorum in that particular.

I do not pretend to be the best courtier in the world, but I have often on public occasions, thought it a very great absurdity in the company (during the royal presence)

sence) to exchange salutations from all parts of the room, when certainly common sense should suggest, that all regards at that time should be engaged, and cannot be diverted to any other object, without disrespect to the Sovereign. But as to the complaint of my correspondents, it is not to be imagined what offence some of them take at the custom of saluting in places of worship. I have a very angry letter from a Lady, who tells me of one of her acquaintance, who out of mere pride and a pretence to be rude, takes upon her to return no civilities done to her in time of divine service, and is the most religious woman for no other reason but to appear a woman of the best quality in the church. This absurd custom had better be abolished than retained, if it were but to prevent evils of no higher a nature than this is; but I am informed of objections much more considerable: A dissenter of rank and distinction was lately prevailed upon by a friend of his to come to one of the greatest congregations of the church of *England* about town: After the service was over, he declared he was very well satisfied with the little ceremony which was used towards God Almighty; but at the same time he feared he should not be able to go through those required towards one another: As to this point he was in a state of despair, and feared he was not well-bred enough to be a convert. There have been many scandals of this kind given to our protestant dissenters from the outward pomp and respect we take to ourselves in our religious assemblies. A quaker who came one day into a church, fixed his eye upon an old Lady with a carpet larger than that from the pulpit before her, expecting when she would hold forth. An anabaptist who designs to come over himself, and all his family, within few months, is sensible they want breeding enough for our congregations, and has sent his two eldest daughters to learn to dance, that they may not misbehave themselves at church: It is worth considering whether, in regard to awkward people with scrupulous consciences, a good christian of the best air in the world ought not rather to deny herself the opportunity of shewing so many graces, than keep a bashful profelyte without the pale of the church. T



N^o 260 Friday, December 28.

Singula de nobis anni prædantur euntes.

Hor. Ep. 2. l. 2. ver. 55.

Years following years steal something ev'ry day,
At last they steal us from ourselves away. POPE.

MR. SPECTATOR,

I Am now in the sixty-fifth year of my age, and having been the greater part of my days a man of pleasure, the decay of my faculties is a stagnation of my life. But how is it, Sir, that my appetites, are increased upon me with the loss of power to gratify them? I write this, like a criminal, to warn people to enter upon what reformation they please to make in themselves in their youth, and not expect they shall be capable of it from a fond opinion some have often in their mouths, that if we do not leave our desires they will leave us. It is far otherwise; I am now as vain in my dress, and as slipshod if I see a pretty woman, as when in my youth I stood upon a bench in the pit to survey the whole circle of beauties. The folly is so extravagant with me, and I went on with so little check of my desires, or resignation of them, that I can assure you, I very often, merely to entertain my own thoughts, sit with my spectacles on, writing love-letters to the beauties that have been long since in their graves. This is to warm my heart with the faint memory of delights which were once agreeable to me; but how much happier would my life have been now, if I could have looked back on any worthy action done for my country? If I had laid out that which I profused in luxury and wantonness, in acts of generosity or charity? I have lived a bachelor to this day; and instead of a numerous offspring, with which, in the regular ways of life, I might

might possibly have delighted myself, I have only to amuse myself with the repetition of old stories and intrigues which no one will believe I ever was concerned in. I do not know whether you have ever treated of it or not; but you cannot fall on a better subject, than that of the art of growing old. In such a lecture you must propose, that no one set his heart upon what is transient; the beauty grows wrinkled while we are yet gazing at her. The witty man sinks into an humourist imperceptibly, for want of reflecting that all things around him are in a flux, and continually changing: Thus he is in the space of ten or fifteen years surrounded by a new set of people, whose manners are as natural to them as his delights, method of thinking, and mode of living, were formerly to him and his friends. But the mischief is, he looks upon the same kind of errors which he himself was guilty of with an eye of scorn, and with that sort of ill-will which men entertain against each other for different opinions: Thus a crazy constitution, and an uneasy mind is fretted with vexatious passions for young men's doing foolishly what it is folly to do at all. Dear Sir, this is my present state of mind; I hate those I should laugh at, and envy those I contemn. The time of youth and vigorous manhood, passed the way in which I have disposed of it, is attended with these consequences; but to those who live and pass away life as they ought, all parts of it are equally pleasant; only the memory of good and worthy actions is a feast which must give a quicker relish to the soul than ever it could possibly taste in the highest enjoyments or jollities of youth. As for me, if I sit down in my great chair and begin to ponder, the vagaries of a child are not more ridiculous than the circumstances which are heaped up in my memory; fine gowns, country dances, ends of tunes, interrupted conversations, and midnight quarrels, are what must necessarily compose my soliloquy. I beg of you to print this, that some Ladies of my acquaintance, and my years, may be persuaded to wear warm night-caps this cold season: and that my old friend *Jack Tawdry* may buy him a cane, and

not

‘ not creep with the air of a strut. I must add to all
 ‘ this, that if it were not for one pleasure, which I
 ‘ thought a very mean one until of very late years, I
 ‘ should have no one great satisfaction left; but if I
 ‘ live to the 10th of *March*, 1714, and all my securities
 ‘ are good, I shall be worth fifty thousand pound.

I am, S I R,

Your most humble servant,

Jack Afterday.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

‘ **Y**OU will infinitely oblige a distressed lover, if
 ‘ you will insert in your very next paper, the
 ‘ following letter to my mistress. You must know, I
 ‘ am not a person apt to despair, but she has got an
 ‘ odd humour of stopping short unaccountably, and, as
 ‘ she herself told a confidant of hers, she has cold fits,
 ‘ These fits shall last her a month or six weeks together;
 ‘ and as she falls into them without provocation, so it
 ‘ is to be hoped she will return from them without the
 ‘ merit of new services. But life and love will not ad-
 ‘ mit of such intervals, therefore pray let her be ad-
 ‘ monished as follows.

Madam,

‘ **I** Love you, and I honour you: therefore pray do
 ‘ not tell me of waiting until decencies, until
 ‘ forms, until humours are consulted and gratified. If
 ‘ you have that happy constitution as to be indolent
 ‘ for ten weeks together, you should consider that all
 ‘ that while I burn in impatiences and fevers; but still
 ‘ you say it will be time enough, though I and you
 ‘ too grow older while we are yet talking. Which do
 ‘ you think the more reasonable, that you should alter a
 ‘ state of indifference for happiness, and that to oblige
 ‘ me, or I live in torment, and that to lay no manner
 ‘ of obligation upon you? While I indulge your insen-
 ‘ sibility I am doing nothing; if you favour my passion,
 ‘ you are bestowing bright desires, gay hopes, generous
 ‘ cares, noble resolutions and transporting raptures upon,

Madam,

Your most devoted humble servant.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

HERE is a gentlewoman lodges in the same house with me, that I never did any injury to in my whole life; and she is always railing at me to those that she knows will tell me of it. Do not you think she is in Love with me? or would you have me break my mind yet or not?

Your servant,
T. B.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

I Am a footman in a great family, and am in Love with the house-maid. We were all at hot-cockles last night in the hall these holidays; when I lay down and was blinded, she pulled off her shoe, and hit me with the heel such a rap, as almost broke my head to pieces. Pray, Sir, was this Love or spite? T

N^o 261 Saturday, December 29.

Γάμος γὰρ ἀνδράποισιν ἐν κλαῖον κακόν. Frag. vet. Poet.
Wedlock's an ill men eagerly embrace.

MY father whom I mentioned in my first speculation, and whom I must always name with honour and gratitude, has very frequently talked to me upon the subject of marriage. I was in my younger years engaged, partly by his advice, and partly by my own inclinations in the courtship of a person who had a great deal of beauty, and did not at my first approaches seem to have any aversion to me; but as my natural taciturnity hindered me from shewing myself to the best advantage, she by degrees began to look upon me as a very silly fellow, and being resolved to regard merit more than any thing else in the persons who made their applications to her, she married a captain of

of dragoons who happened to be beating up for recruits in those parts.

This unlucky accident has given me an aversion to pretty fellows ever since, and discouraged me from trying my fortune with the Fair sex. The observations which I made in this conjuncture, and the repeated advices which I received at that time from the good old man abovementioned, have produced the following essay upon Love and marriage.

The pleasantest part of a man's life is generally that which passes in courtship, provided his passion be sincere, and the party beloved kind with discretion. Love, desire, hope; all the pleasing motions of the soul rise in the pursuit.

It is easier for an artful man who is not in Love, to persuade his mistress he has a passion for her, and to succeed in his pursuits, than for one who loves with the greatest violence. True Love has ten thousand griefs, impatiences and resentments, that render a man unamiable in the eyes of the person whose affection he solicits; besides, that it sinks his figure, gives him fears, apprehensions and poorness of spirit, and often makes him appear ridiculous where he has a mind to recommend himself.

Those marriages generally abound most with Love and constancy, that are preceded by a long courtship. The passion should strike root, and gather strength before marriage be grafted on it. A long course of hopes and expectations fixes the idea in our minds, and habituates us to a fondness of the person beloved.

There is nothing of so great importance to us, as the good qualities of one to whom we join ourselves for life; they do not only make our present state agreeable, but often determine our happiness to all eternity. Where the choice is left to friends, the chief point under consideration is an estate: where the parties choose for themselves, their thoughts turn most upon the person. They have both their reasons. The first would procure many conveniences and pleasures of life to the party whose interest they espouse; and at the same time may hope that the wealth of their friends will turn to their own credit and advantage. The others are pre-
paring

paring for themselves a perpetual feast. A good person does not only raise, but continue love, and breeds a secret pleasure and complacency in the beholder, when the first heats of desire are extinguished. It puts the wife or husband in countenance both among friends and strangers, and generally fills the family with a healthy and beautiful race of children.

I should prefer a woman that is agreeable in my own eye, and not deformed in that of the world, to a celebrated beauty. If you marry one remarkably beautiful, you must have a violent passion for her, or you have not the proper taste of her charms; and if you have such a passion for her, it is odds but it would be imbittered with fears and jealousies.

Good-nature and evenness of temper will give you an easy companion for life; virtue and good sense, an agreeable friend; love and constancy a good wife or husband. Where we meet one person with all these accomplishments, we find an hundred without any one of them. The world, notwithstanding, is more intent on trains and equipages, and all the showy parts of life; we love rather to dazzle the multitude, than consult our proper interests; and, as I have elsewhere observed, it is one of the most unaccountable passions of human nature, that we are at greater pains to appear easy and happy to others, than really to make ourselves so. Of all disparities, that in humour makes the most unhappy marriages, yet scarce enters into our thoughts at the contracting of them. Several that are in this respect unequally yoked, and uneasy for life, with a person of a particular character, might have been pleased and happy with a person of a contrary one, notwithstanding they are both perhaps equally virtuous and laudable in their kind.

Before marriage we cannot be too inquisitive and discerning in the faults of the person beloved, nor after it too dim-sighted and superficial. However perfect and accomplished the person appears to you at a distance, you will find many blemishes and imperfections in her humour, upon a more intimate acquaintance, which you never discovered or perhaps suspected. Here therefore discretion and good-nature are to shew their strength; the first will hinder your thoughts from dwelling

dwelling on what is disagreeable, the other will raise in you all the tenderness of compassion and humanity, and by degrees soften those very imperfections into beauties.

Marriage enlarges the scene of our happiness and miseries. A marriage of love is pleasant; a marriage of interest easy; and a marriage, where both meet, happy. A happy marriage has in it all the pleasures of friendship, all the enjoyments of sense and reason, and indeed, all the sweets of life. Nothing is a greater mark of a degenerate and vicious age, than the common ridicule which passes on this state of life. It is, indeed, only happy in those who can look down with scorn or neglect on the impieties of the times, and tread the paths of life together in a constant uniform course of virtue.



N^o 262 Monday, December 31.

Nulla venenato littera mista joco est.

Ovid Trist. l. 2. ver. 566.

Satirical reflexions I avoid.

I Think myself highly obliged to the publick for their kind acceptance of a paper which visits them every morning, and has in it none of those *seasonings* that recommend so many of the writings which are in vogue among us.

As on the one side, my paper has not in it a single word of news, a reflexion in politicks, nor a stroke of party; so on the other, there are no fashionable touches of infidelity, no obscene ideas, no satires upon priesthood, marriage, and the like popular topicks of ridicule; no private scandal, nor any thing that may tend to the defamiation of particular persons, families, or societies.

There is not one of those abovementioned subjects that would not sell a very indifferent paper, could I think of gratifying the public by such mean and base methods.

methods. But notwithstanding I have rejected every thing that favours of party, every thing that is loose and immoral, and every thing that might create uneasiness in the minds of particular persons, I find that the demand of my papers has increased every month since their first appearance in the world. This does not perhaps reflect so much honour upon myself, as on my readers, who give a much greater attention to discourses of virtue and morality, than ever I expected, or indeed could hope.

When I broke loose from that great body of writers who have employed their wit and parts in propagating vice and irreligion, I did not question but I should be treated as an odd kind of fellow that had a mind to appear singular in my way of writing: But the general reception I have found, convinces me that the world is not so corrupt as we are apt to imagine; and that if those men of parts who have been employed in vitiating the age had endeavoured to rectify and amend it, they need not have sacrificed their good sense and virtue to their fame and reputation. No man is sunk in vice and ignorance, but there are still some hidden seeds of goodness and knowledge in him; which give him a relish of such reflexions and speculations as have an aptness to improve the mind, and make the heart better.

I have shewn in a former paper, with how much care I have avoided all such thoughts as are loose, obscene or immoral; and I believe my reader would still think the better of me, if he knew the pains I am at in qualifying what I write after such a manner, that nothing may be interpreted as aimed at private persons. For this reason when I draw any faulty character, I consider all those persons to whom the malice of the world may possibly apply it, and take care to dash it with such particular circumstances as may prevent all such ill-natured applications. If I write any thing on a black man, I run over in my mind all the eminent persons in the nation who are of that complexion: when I place an imaginary name at the head of a character, I examine every syllable and letter of it, that it may not bear any resemblance to one that is real. I know very well the value which every man sets upon his reputation, and how

how painful it is to be exposed to the mirth and derision of the public, and should therefore scorn to divert my reader, at the expence of any private man.

As I have been thus tender of every particular person's reputation, so I have taken more than ordinary care not to give offence to those who appear in the higher figures of life. I would not make myself merry even with a piece of pasteboard that is invested with a public character; for which reason I have never glanced upon the late designed procession of his holiness and his attendants, notwithstanding it might have afforded matter to many ludicrous speculations. Among those advantages, which the public may reap from this paper, it is not the least, that it draws mens minds off from the bitterness of party, and furnishes them with subjects of discourse that may be treated without warmth or passion. This is said to have been the first design of those Gentlemen who set on foot the royal society; and had then a very good effect, as it turned many of the greatest geniuses of that age to the disquisitions of natural knowledge, who, if they had engaged in politicks with the same parts and application, might have set their country in a flame. The air-pump, the barometer, the quadrant, and the like inventions were thrown out to those busy spirits, as tubs and barrels are to a whale, that he may let the ship sail on without disturbance, while he diverts himself with those innocent amusements.

I have been so very scrupulous in this particular of not hurting any man's reputation that I have forbore mentioning even such authors as I could not name without honour. This I must confess to have been a piece of very great self-denial: For as the public relishes nothing better than the ridicule which turns upon a writer of any eminence, so there is nothing which a man that has but a very ordinary talent in ridicule may execute with greater ease. One might raise laughter for a quarter of a year together upon the works of a person who has published but a very few volumes. For which reason I am astonished, that those who have appeared against this paper have made so very little of it. The criticisms which I have hitherto published, have been made with an intention rather to discover beauties and excellencies

excellencies in the writers of my own time, than to publish any of their faults and imperfections. In the mean while I should take it for a very great favour from some of my underhand detractors, if they would break all measures with me so far, as to give me a pretence for examining their performances with an impartial eye: Nor shall I look upon it as any breach of charity to criticise the author, so long as I keep clear of the person.

In the mean while, until I am provoked to such hostilities, I shall from time to time endeavour to do justice to those who have distinguished themselves in the politer parts of learning, and to point out such beauties in their works as may have escaped the observation of others.

As the first place among our *English* poets is due to *Milton*; and as I have drawn more quotations out of him than from any other, I shall enter into a regular criticism upon his *Paradise Lost*, which I shall publish every *Saturday* until I have given my thoughts upon that poem. I shall not however presume to impose upon others my own particular judgment on this author, but only deliver it as my private opinion. Criticism is of a very large extent, and every particular master in this art has his favourite passages in an author, which do not equally strike the best judges. It will be sufficient for me if I discover many beauties or imperfections which others have not attended to, and I should be very glad to see any of our eminent writers publish their discoveries on the same subject. In short, I would always be understood to write my papers of criticism in the spirit which *Horace* has expressed in those two famous lines;

—*Si quid novisti rectius istis,*

Candidus imperti; si non, his utere mecum.

Ep. 6. lib. 1. ver. ult.

‘If you have made any better remarks of your own, communicate them with candour; if not, make use of these I present you with.’



N^o 263 Tuesday, January 1, 1712.

*Gratulor quod eum quem necesse erat diligere, qualiscunque
esset, talem habemus ut libenter quoque diligamus.*

Trebonius apud Tull.

I rejoice, that the person, whom it was my duty to love, good or bad, is such an one, that I can love him with a willing mind.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

I Am the happy father of a very towardsly son, in whom I do not only see my life, but also my manner of life, renewed. It would be extremely beneficial to society, if you would frequently resume subjects which serve to bind these sort of relations faster, and endear the ties of blood with those of good-will, protection, observance, indulgence, and veneration. I would, methinks, have this done after an uncommon method, and do not think any one, who is not capable of writing a good play, fit to undertake a work wherein there will necessarily occur so many secret instincts, and biassees of human nature which would pass unobserved by common eyes. I thank Heaven I have no outrageous offence against my own excellent parents to answer for; but when I am now and then alone, and look back upon my past life, from my earliest infancy to this time, there are many faults which I committed that did not appear to me, even until I myself became a father. I had not until then a notion of the earnings of heart, which a man has when he sees his child do a laudable thing, or the sudden damp which seizes him when he fears he will act something unworthy. It is not to be imagined, what a remorse touched me for a long train of childish negligences of my mother, when I saw my wife the other day look out of the window, and turn as pale as ashes upon seeing my younger boy sliding upon the ice. These

slight

slight intimations will give you to understand, that there are numberless little crimes which children take no notice of while they are doing, which upon reflexion, when they shall themselves become fathers, they will look upon with the utmost sorrow and contrition, that they did not regard, before those whom they offended were to be no more seen. How many thousand things do I remember which would have highly pleased my father, and I omitted for no other reason, but that I thought what he proposed the effect of humour and old age, which I am now convinced had reason and good sense in it. I cannot now go into the parlour to him, and make his heart glad with an account of a matter which was of no consequence, but that I told it, and acted in it. The good man and woman are long since in their graves, who used to sit and plot the welfare of us their children, while, perhaps, we were sometimes laughing at the old folks at another end of the house. The truth of it is, were we merely to follow nature in these great duties of life, though we have a strong instinct towards the performing of them, we should be on both sides very deficient. Age is so unwelcome to the generality of mankind, and growth towards manhood so desirable to all, that resignation to decay is too difficult a task in the father; and deference, amidst the impulse of gay desires, appears unreasonable to the son. There are so few who can grow old with a good grace, and yet fewer who can come slow enough into the world, that a father, were he to be actuated by his desires, and a son, were he to consult himself only, could neither of them behave himself as he ought to the other. But when reason interposes against instinct, where it would carry either out of the interests of the other, there arises that happiest intercourse of good offices between those dearest relations of human life. The father, according to the opportunities which are offered to him, is throwing down blessings on the son, and the son endeavouring to appear the worthy offspring of such a father. It is after this manner that *Camillus* and his first-born dwell together. *Camillus* enjoys a pleasing and indolent old age, in which passion is

subdued and reason exalted. He waits the day of his
 dissolution with a resignation mixed with delight, and
 the son fears the accession of his father's fortune with
 diffidence, lest he should not enjoy or become it as well
 as his predecessor. Add to this, that the father
 knows he leaves a friend to the children of his
 friends, an easy landlord to his tenants, and an
 agreeable companion to his acquaintance. He be-
 lieves his son's behaviour will make him frequently
 remembred, but never wanted. This commerce is so
 well cemented, that without the pomp of saying,
Son, be a friend to such a one when I am gone; Camillus
 knows, being in his favour is direction enough to the
 grateful youth who is to succeed him, without the
 admonition of his mentioning it. These Gentlemen
 are honoured in all their neighbourhood, and the same
 effect which the court has on the manners of a king-
 dom, their characters have on all who live within
 the influence of them.

My son and I are not of fortune to communicate
 our good actions or intentions to so many as these
 Gentlemen do; but I will be bold to say, my son has,
 by the applause and approbation which his behaviour
 towards me has gained him, occasioned that many an
 old man, besides myself, has rejoiced. Other mens
 children follow the example of mine, and I have the
 inexpressible happiness of overhearing our neighbours,
 as we ride by, point to their children, and say, with
 a voice of joy, *There they go.*

You cannot, Mr. SPECTATOR, pass your time bet-
 ter than insinuating the delights which these relations
 well regarded bestow upon each other. Ordinary pas-
 sages are no longer such, but mutual love gives an
 importance to the most indifferent things, and a merit
 to actions the most insignificant. When we look round
 the world, and observe the many misunderstandings
 which are created by the malice and insinuation of
 the meanest servants between people thus related, how
 necessary will it appear that it were inculcated that
 men would be upon their guard to support a con-
 stancy of affection, and that grounded upon the
 principles of reason, not the impulses of instinct.

It

' It is from the common prejudices which men receive from their parents, that hatreds are kept alive from one generation to another ; and when men act by instinct, hatreds will descend when good offices are forgotten. For the degeneracy of human life is such, that our anger is more easily transferred to our children than our love. Love always gives something to the object it delights in, and anger spoils the person against whom it is moved of something laudable in him ; from this degeneracy therefore, and a sort of self-love, we are more prone to take up the ill-will of our parents, than to follow them in their friendships.

' One would think there should need no more to make men keep up this sort of relation with the utmost sanctity, than to examine their own hearts. If every father remembered his own thoughts and inclinations when he was a son, and every son remembered what he expected from his father, when he himself was in a state of dependence, this one reflexion would preserve men from being dissolute or rigid in these several capacities. The power and subjection between them, when broken, make them more emphatically tyrants and rebels against each other, with greater cruelty of heart, than the disruption of states and empires can possibly produce. I shall end this application to you with two letters which passed between a mother and son very lately, and are as follows.

Dear FRANK,

' IF the pleasures, which I have the grief to hear you pursue in town, do not take up all your time, do not deny your mother so much of it, as to read seriously this letter. You said before Mr. *Letacre*, that an old woman might live very well in the country upon half my jointure, and that your father was a fond fool to give me a rent-charge of eight hundred a year to the prejudice of his son. What *Letacre* said to you upon that occasion, you ought to have borne with more decency, as he was your father's well beloved servant, than to have called him *Country-put*. In the first place, *Frank*, I must tell you, I will have my rent duly paid, for I will make up to your sisters for the

' partiality I was guilty of, in making your father do
 ' so much as he has done for you. I may, it seems,
 ' live upon half my jointure! I lived upon much
 ' less, *Frank*, when I carried you from place to place
 ' in these arms, and could neither eat, dress, or mind
 ' any thing for feeding and tending you a weakly child,
 ' and shedding tears when the convulsions you were
 ' then troubled with returned upon you. By my care
 ' you outgrew them, to throw away the vigour of your
 ' youth in the arms of harlots, and deny your mother
 ' what is not yours to detain. Both your sisters are
 ' crying to see the passion which I smother; but if you
 ' please to go on thus like a Gentleman of the town,
 ' and forget all regards to yourself and family, I shall
 ' immediately enter upon your estate for the arrears due
 ' to me, and without one tear more condemn you for
 ' forgetting the fondness of your mother, as much as
 ' you have the example of your father. O *Frank*, do
 ' I live to omit writing myself,

Your affectionate mother,

A. T.

MADAM,

' I Will come down to-morrow and pay the money
 ' on my knees. Pray write so no more. I will
 ' take care you never shall, for I will be for ever here-
 ' after,

Your most dutiful son,

F. T.

' I will bring down new heads for my sisters. Pray
 ' let all be forgotten.



N^o 264 Wednesday, January 2.

— *Secretum iter & fallentis semita vitæ.*

Hor. Ep. 18. lib. 1. ver. 103.

— Close retirement, and a life by stealth.

CREECH.

IT has been from age to age an affectation to love the pleasure of solitude, amongst those who cannot possibly be supposed qualified for passing life in that manner. This people have taken up from reading the many agreeable things which have been writ on that subject, for which we are beholden to excellent persons who delighted in being retired and abstracted from the pleasures that inchant the generality of the world. This way of life is recommended indeed with great beauty, and in such a manner as disposes the reader for the time to a pleasing forgetfulness, or negligence of the particular hurry of life in which he is engaged, together with a longing for that state which he is charmed with in description. But when we consider the world itself, and how few there are capable of a religious, learned, or philosophic solitude, we shall be apt to change a regard to that sort of solitude, for being a little singular in enjoying time after the way a man himself likes best in the world, without going so far as wholly to withdraw from it. I have often observed, there is not a man breathing who does not differ from all other men, as much in the sentiments of his mind as the features of his face. The felicity is, when any one is so happy as to find out and follow what is the proper bent of his genius, and turn all his endeavours to exert himself according as that prompts him. Instead of this, which is an innocent method of enjoying a man's self, and turning out of the general tracks wherein you have crouds of rivals, there are those who pursue their own way out of a sourness and spirit of contradiction: These men do every thing which they are able to sup-

port, as if guilt and impunity could not go together. They choose a thing only because another dislikes it; and affect forsooth an inviolable constancy in matters of no manner of moment. Thus sometimes an old fellow shall wear this or that sort of cut in his clothes with great integrity, while all the rest of the world are degenerated into buttons, pockets and loops unknown to their ancestors. As insignificant as even this is, if it were searched to the bottom, you perhaps would find it not sincere, but that he is in the fashion in his heart, and holds out from mere obstinacy. But I am running from my intended purpose, which was to celebrate a certain particular manner of passing away life, and is a contradiction to no man, but a resolution to contract none of the exorbitant desires by which others are enslaved. The best way of separating a man's self from the world, is to give up the desire of being known to it. After a man has preserved his innocence, and performed all duties incumbent upon him, his time spent his own way is what makes his life differ from that of a slave. If they who affect show and pomp knew how many of their spectators derided their trivial taste, they would be very much less elated, and have an inclination to examine the merit of all they have to do with: They would soon find out that there are many who make a figure below what their fortune or merit intitles them to, out of mere choice, and an elegant desire of ease and disincumbrance. It would look like romance to tell you in this age of an old man who is contented to pass for an humourist, and one who does not understand the figure he ought to make in the world, while he lives in a lodging of ten shillings a week with only one servant: While he dresses himself according to the season in cloth or in stuff, and has no one necessary attention to any thing but the bell which calls to prayers twice a day. I say it would look like a fable to report that this Gentleman gives away all which is the overplus of a great fortune, by secret methods to other men. If he has not the pomp of a numerous train, and of professors of service to him, he has every day he lives the conscience that the widow, the fatherless, the mourner, and the stranger bless his unseen hand in their prayers. This humourist gives up all the compliments which people

people of his own condition could make him, for the pleasures of helping the afflicted, supplying the needy, and befriending the neglected. This humourist keeps to himself much more than he wants, and gives a vast refuse of his superfluities to purchase heaven, and by freeing others from the temptations of worldly want, carry a retinue with him thither.

Of all men who affect living in a particular way, next to this admirable character, I am the most enamoured of *Irus*, whose condition will not admit of such largesses, and perhaps would not be capable of making them, if it were. *Irus*, though he is now turned of fifty, has not appeared in the world, in his real character, since five and twenty, at which age he ran out a small patrimony, and spent some time after with rakes who had lived upon him: A course of ten years time passed in all the little alleys, by-paths, and sometimes open taverns and streets of this town, gave *Irus* a perfect skill in judging of the inclinations of mankind, and acting accordingly. He seriously considered he was poor, and the general horror which most men have of all who are in that condition. *Irus* judged very rightly that while he could keep his poverty a secret, he should not feel the weight of it; he improved this thought into an affectation of closeness and covetousness. Upon this one principle he resolved to govern his future life; and in the thirty-sixth year of his age he repaired to *Long-lane*, and looked upon several dresses which hung there deserted by their first masters, and exposed to the purchase of the best bidder. At this place he exchanged his gay shabbiness of clothes fit for a much younger man, to warm ones that would be decent for a much older one. *Irus* came out thoroughly equipped from head to foot, with a little oaken cane in the form of a substantial man that did not mind his dress, turned of fifty. He had at this time fifty pounds in ready money; and in this habit, with this fortune, he took his present lodging in *St. John Street*, at the mansion-house of a taylor's widow, who washes, and can clear-starch his bands. From that time to this he has kept the main stock, without alteration under or over to the value of five pounds. He left off all his old acquaintance to a

man, and all his arts of life, except the play of backgammon, upon which he has more than bore his charges. *Irus* has, ever since he came into this neighbourhood given all the intimations he skilfully could of being a close hunk worth money: no body comes to visit him, he receives no letters, and tells his money morning and evening. He has, from the public papers, a knowledge of what generally passes, shuns all discourses of money, but shrugs his shoulder when you talk of securities; he denies his being rich with the air, which all do who are in vain of being so: He is the oracle of a neighbouring justice of peace, who meets him at the coffee-house; he hopes that what he has must come to somebody, and that he has no heirs, have that effect where-ever he is known, that he every day has three or four invitations to dine at different places, which he generally takes care to choose in such a manner, as not to seem inclined to the richer man. All the young men respect him, and say he is just the same man he was when they were boys. He uses no artifice in the world, but makes use of men's designs upon him to get a maintenance out of them. This he carries on by a certain peevishness, (which he acts very well) that no one would believe could possibly enter into the head of a poor fellow. His mien, his dress, his carriage, and his language are such, that you would be at a loss to guess whether in the active part of his life he had been a sensible citizen, or scholar that knew the world. These are the great circumstances in the life of *Irus*, and thus does he pass away his days a stranger to mankind; and at his death, the worst that will be said of him will be, that he got by every man who had expectations from him, more than he had to leave him.

I have an inclination to print the following letters; for that I have heard the author of them has somewhere or other seen me, and by an excellent faculty in mimicry my correspondents tell me he can assume my air, and give my taciturnity a likeness which diverts more than any thing I could say if I were present. Thus I am glad my silence is atoned for to the good company in town. He has carried his skill in imitation so far, as to have forged a letter from my friend Sir ROGER

in such a manner, that any one but I, who am thoroughly acquainted with him, would have taken it for genuine.

MR. SPECTATOR,

‘ **H**AVING observed in *Lilly’s* grammar how sweetly
 ‘ *Bacchus* and *Apollo* run in a verse: I have (to
 ‘ preserve the amity between them) called in *Bacchus* to
 ‘ the aid of my profession of the *Theatre*. So that while
 ‘ some people of quality are bespeaking plays of me to
 ‘ be acted upon such a day, and others, hogsheads for
 ‘ their houses against such a time; I am wholly em-
 ‘ ployed in the agreeable service of wit and wine: Sir,
 ‘ I have sent you Sir *Roger de Coverley’s* letter to me,
 ‘ which pray comply with in favour of the *Bumper*
 ‘ tavern. Be kind, for you know a player’s utmost
 ‘ pride is the approbation of the SPECTATOR.

I am your admirer, though unknown,

Richard Estcourt.

To Mr. *Estcourt* at his house in *Covent-Garden*.

Coverley, December the 18th, 1711.

Old comical Ones,

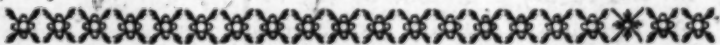
‘ **T**HE hogsheads of neat port came safe, and have
 ‘ gotten thee good reputation in these parts; and
 ‘ I am glad to hear, that a fellow who has been laying
 ‘ out his money ever since he was born, for the mere
 ‘ pleasure of wine, has bethought himself of joining
 ‘ profit and pleasure together. Our sexton (poor man)
 ‘ having received strength from thy wine since his fit of
 ‘ the gout, is hugely taken with it: He says it is given
 ‘ by nature for the use of families, that no steward’s
 ‘ table can be without it, that it strengthens digestion,
 ‘ excludes surfeits, fevers and physick; which green
 ‘ wines of any kind cannot do. Pray get a pure
 ‘ snug room, and I hope next term to help fill your
 ‘ bumper with our people of the club; but you must
 ‘ have no bells stirring when the *Spectator* comes; I
 ‘ forbore ringing to dinner while he was down with
 ‘ me in the country. Thank you for the little hams
 ‘ and *Portugal* onions; pray keep some always by you.

- You know my supper is only good *Cheshire* cheese,
- best mustard, a golden pippin, attended with a pipe
- of *John Sly's* best. Sir *Harry* has stol'n all your songs,
- and tells the story of the 5th of *November* to perfection.

Yours to serve you,

Roger de Coverley.

- We have lost old *John* since you were here. T



N^o 265

Thursday, January 3.

*Dixerit è multis aliquis, quid virus in angues
Adjicis? & rabidæ tradis ovile lupæ?*

Ovid. de Art. Am. lib. 3. ver. 7.

But some exclaim; What frenzy rules your mind?
Would you increase the craft of womankind;
Teach 'em new wiles and arts? As well you may
Instruct a snake to bite, or wolf to prey.

CONGREVE.

ONE of the fathers, if I am rightly informed, has defined a woman to be ζῷον φιλόκοσμον, *an animal that delights in finery*. I have already treated of the sex in two or three papers, conformably to this definition, and have in particular observed, that in all ages they have been more careful than the men to adorn that part of the head, which we generally call the outside.

This observation is so very notorious, that when in ordinary discourse we say a man has a fine head, a long head, or a good head, we express ourselves metaphorically, and speak in relation to his understanding; whereas when we say of a woman, she has a fine, a long or a good head, we speak only in relation to her commode.

It is observed among birds, that nature has lavished all her ornaments upon the male, who very often appears in a most beautiful head-dress: whether it be a crest, a comb, a tuft of feathers, or a natural little plume,

plume, erected like a kind of pinnacle on the very top of the head. As nature on the contrary has poured out her charms in the greatest abundance upon the female part of our species, so they are very assiduous in bestowing upon themselves the finest garnitures of art. The peacock, in all his pride, does not display half the colours that appear in the garments of a *British* Lady, when she is dressed either for a ball or a birth-day.

But to return to our female heads. The Ladies have been for some time in a kind of *moulting season*, with regard to that part of their dress, having cast great quantities of ribbon, lace, and cambrick, and in some measure reduced that part of the human figure to the beautiful globular form, which is natural to it. We have for a great while expected what kind of ornament would be substituted in the place of those antiquated commodos. But our female projectors were all the last summer so taken up with the improvement of their petticoats, that they had not time to attend any thing else; but having at length sufficiently adorned their lower parts, they now begin to turn their thoughts upon the other extremity, as well remembering the old kitchen proverb, that if you light your fire at both ends, the middle will shift for itself.

I am engaged in this speculation by a sight which I lately met with at the opera. As I was standing in the hinder part of the box, I took notice of a little cluster of women sitting together in the prettiest coloured hoods that I ever saw. One of them was blue, another yellow, and another philomot; the fourth was of a pink colour, and the fifth of a pale green. I looked with as much pleasure upon this little party-coloured assembly, as upon a bed of tulips, and did not know at first whether it might not be an embassy of *Indian Queens*; but upon my going about into the pit, and taking them in front, I was immediately undeceived, and saw so much beauty in every face, that I found them all to be *English*. Such eyes, and lips, cheeks and foreheads, could be the growth of no other country. The complexion of their faces hindred me from observing any farther the colour of their hoods, though I could easily perceive by that unspeakable satisfaction which appeared in their looks, that

that their own thoughts were wholly taken up on those pretty ornaments they wore upon their heads.

I am informed that this fashion spreads daily, in so much that the whig and tory Ladies begin already to hang out different colours, and to shew their principles in their head dress. Nay if I may believe my friend WILL HONEYCOMB, there is a certain old coquette of his acquaintance who intends to appear very suddenly in a rainbow hood; like the *Iris* in *Dryden's Virgil*, not questioning but that among such variety of colours she shall have a charm for every heart.

My friend WILL, who very much values himself upon his great insights into galantry, tells me, that he can already guess at the humour a Lady is in by her hood, as the courtiers of *Morocco* know the disposition of their present Emperor by the colour of the dress which he puts on. When *Melefinda* wraps her head in flame colour, her heart is set upon execution. When she covers it with purple, I would not, says he, advise her lover to approach her; but if she appears in white, it is peace, and he may hand her out of her box with safety.

WILL informs me likewise, that these hoods may be used as signals. Why else, says he, does *Cornelia* always put on a black hood when her husband is gone into the country?

Such are my friend HONEYCOMB's dreams of galantry. For my own part, I impute this diversity of colours in the hoods to the diversity of complexion in the faces of my pretty countrywomen. *Ovid* in his *Art of Love* has given some precepts as to this particular, though I find they are different from those which prevail among the moderns. He recommends a red striped silk to the pale complexion; white to the brown, and dark to the fair. On the contrary my friend WILL, who pretends to be a greater master in this art than *Ovid*, tells me, that the palest features look the most agreeable in white sarsenet; that a face which is overflushed appears to advantage in the deepest scarlet, and that the darkest complexion is not a little alleviated by a black hood. In short, he is for losing the colour of the face in that of the hood, as a fire burns dimly, and a candle goes half out, in the light of the sun.

This,

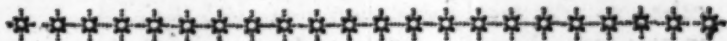
This, says he, your *Ovid* himself has hinted, where he treats of these matters, when he tells us that the blue water nymphs are dressed in sky-coloured garments; and that *Aurora*, who always appears in the light of the rising sun, is robed in saffron.

Whether these observations are justly grounded I cannot tell: But I have often known him, as we have stood together behind the Ladies, praise or dispraise the complexion of a face which he never saw, from observing the colour of her hood, and has been very seldom out in these his guesses.

As I have nothing more at heart than the honour and improvement of the Fair sex, I cannot conclude this paper without an exhortation to the *British* Ladies, that they would excel the women of all other nations as much in virtue and good sense, as they do in beauty; which they may certainly do if they will be as industrious to cultivate their minds, as they are to adorn their bodies: In the mean while I shall recommend to their most serious consideration the saying of an old *Greek* poet,

Γυναικὶ κόσμος ὁ τρέπεται, καὶ ἡ χρυσία.

C



Id verò est, quod ego mihi puto palmarium,

Me reperisse, quomodo adolescentulus

Meretricum ingenia & mores possit noscere:

Maturè ut cùm cognôrit perpetuò oderit.

Ter. Eun. Act. 5. Sc. 4.

I look upon it as my master-piece, that I have found out how a young fellow may know the disposition and behaviour of harlots, and by early knowing come to detest them.

NO vice or wickedness which people fall into from indulgence to desires which are natural to all, ought to place them below the compassion of the virtuous part of the world; which indeed often makes me a little apt to suspect the sincerity of their virtue, who

who are too warmly provoked at other peoples personal sins. The unlawful commerce of the sexes is of all other the hardest to avoid; and yet there is no one which you shall hear the rigider part of womankind speak of with so little mercy. It is very certain that a modest woman cannot abhor the breach of chastity too much; but pray let her hate it for herself, and only pity it in others. WILL HONEYCOMB calls these over-offended Ladies, the outrageously-virtuous.

I do not design to fall upon failures in general, with relation to the gift of chastity, but at present only enter upon that large field, and begin with the consideration of poor and publick whores. The other evening passing along near *Covent-Garden*, I was jogged on the elbow as I turned into the piazza, on the right hand coming out of *James-street*, by a slim young girl of about seventeen, who with a pert air asked me if I was for a pint of wine. I do not know but I should have indulged my curiosity in having some chat with her, but that I am informed the man of the *Bumper* knows me: and it would have made a story for him not very agreeable to some part of my writings, though I have in others so frequently said that I am wholly unconcerned in any scene I am in, but merely as a spectator. This impediment being in my way, we stood under one of the arches by twilight; and there I could observe as exact features as I had ever seen, the most agreeable shape, the finest neck and bosom, in a word, the whole person of a woman exquisitely beautiful. She affected to allure me with a forced wantonness in her look and air; but I saw it checked with hunger and cold: Her eyes were wan and eager, her dress thin and tawdry, her mien genteel and childish. This strange figure gave me much anguish of heart, and to avoid being seen with her I went away, but could not forbear giving her a crown. The poor thing sighed, curtsied, and with a blessing expressed with the utmost vehemence, turned from me. This creature is what they call *newly come upon the town*, but who, I suppose, falling into cruel hands was left in the first month from her dishonour, and exposed to pass through the hands and discipline of one of those hags of hell whom we call bawds. But lest I should grow too suddenly

suddenly grave on this subject, and be myself outrageously good, I shall turn to a scene of one of *Fletcher's* plays, where this character is drawn, and the economy of whoredom most admirably described. The passage I would point to is in the third scene of the second act of *The Humorous Lieutenant*. *Leucippe*, who is agent for the King's lust, and bawds at the same time for the whole court, is very pleasantly introduced, reading her minutes as a person of business, with two maids, her under-secretaries, taking instructions at a table before her. Her women, both these under her present tutelage, and those which she is laying wait for, are alphabetically set down in her book; and she is looking over the letter C, in a muttering voice, as if between soliloquy and speaking out, she says,

*Her maidenhead will yield me; let me see now;
She is not fifteen they say: For her complexion——
Cloe, Cloe, Cloe, here I have her,
Cloe, the daughter of a country Gentleman;
Her age upon fifteen. Now her complexion,
A lovely brown; here 'tis; eyes black and rolling,
The body neatly built; she strikes a lute well,
Sings most enticingly: These helps consider'd,
Her maidenhead will amount to some three hundred,
Or three hundred and fifty crowns, 'twill bear it band-
Her father's poor, some little share deducted, [singly,
To buy him a hunting Nag——*

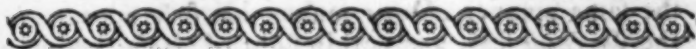
These creatures are very well instructed in the circumstances and manners of all who are any way related to the fair one whom they have a design upon. As *Cloe* is to be purchased with 350 crowns, and the father taken off with a pad; the merchant's wife next to her, who abounds in plenty, is not to have downright money, but the mercenary part of her mind is engaged with a present of plate and a little ambition. She is made to understand that it is a young man of quality who dies for her. The examination of a young girl for business, and the crying down her value for being a slight thing, together with every other circumstance in the scene, are imimitably excellent, and have the true spirit of comedy; though

though it were to be wished the author had added a circumstance which should make *Leucippe's* baseness more odious.

It must not be thought a digression from my intended speculation, to talk of bawds in a discourse upon wenches; for a woman of the town is not thoroughly and properly such, without having gone through the education of one of these houses. But the compassionate case of very many is, that they are taken into such hands without any the least suspicion, previous temptation, or admonition to what place they are going. The last week I went to an inn in the city to inquire for some provisions which were sent by a waggon out of the country; and as I waited in one of the boxes till the chamberlain had looked over his parcel, I heard an old and a young voice repeating the questions and responses of the church-catechism. I thought it no breach of good-manners to peep at a crevice, and look in at people so well employed; but who should I see there but the most artful procuress in the town, examining a most beautiful country-girl, who had come up in the same waggon with my things, *Whether she was well educated, could forbear playing the wanton with servants and idle fellows, of which this town, says she, is too full: At the same time, whether she knew enough of breeding, as that if a Squire or a Gentleman, or one that was her betters, should give her a civil salute, she should curtsy and be humble, nevertheless. Her innocent forsooths, yes's, and't please you's, and she would do her endeavour,* moved the good old Lady to take her out of the hands of a country bumkin her brother, and hire her for her own maid. I staid till I saw them all marched out to take coach; the brother loaded with a great cheese, he prevailed upon her to take for her civilities to his sister. This poor creature's fate is not far off that of her's whom I spoke of above, and it is not to be doubted, but after she has been long enough a prey to lust, she will be delivered over to famine. The ironical commendation of the industry and charity of these antiquated Ladies, these directors of sin, after they can no longer commit it, makes up the beauty of the inimitable dedication to the *Plain-Dealer*, and is a master piece of rally on this vice. But to understand

stand all the purlues of this game the better, and to illustrate this subject in future discourses, I must venture myself, with my friend WILL, into the haunts of beauty and galantry; from pampered vice in the habitations of the wealthy, to distressed indigent wickedness expelled the harbours of the brothel.

T



N^o 267 Saturday, January 5.

Cedite Romani scriptores cedite Graii.

Propert. El. 34. lib. 2. ver. 65.

Give place, ye Roman, and ye Grecian wits.

THERE is nothing in nature so irksome as general discourses, especially when they turn chiefly upon words. For this reason I shall wave the discussion of that point which was started some years since, whether *Milton's Paradise Lost* may be called an heroic poem? Those who will not give it that title, may call it (if they please) a *Divine Poem*. It will be sufficient to its perfection, if it has in it all the beauties of the highest kind of poetry; and as for those who alledge it is not an heroic poem, they advance no more to the diminution of it, than if they should say *Adam* is not *Aeneas*, or *Eve Helen*.

I shall therefore examine it by the rules of epic poetry, and see whether it falls short of the *Iliad* or *Aeneid*, in the beauties which are essential to that kind of writing. The first thing to be considered in an epic poem, is the fable, which is perfect or imperfect, according as the action which it relates is more or less so. This action should have three qualifications in it. First, It should be but one action. Secondly, It should be an intire action; and Thirdly, It should be a great action. To consider the action of the *Iliad*, *Aeneid*, and *Paradise Lost*, in these three several lights. *Homer* to preserve the unity of his action hastens into the midst of things, as *Horace* has observed: Had he gone up to *Leda's* egg,
or

or begun much later even at the rape of *Helen*, or the investing of *Troy*, it is manifest that the story of the poem would have been a series of several actions. He therefore opens his poem with the discord of his princes, and artfully interweaves, in the several succeeding parts of it, an account of every thing material which relates to them, and had passed before that fatal dissension. After the same manner *Aeneas* makes his first appearance in the *Tyrrhene* seas, and within sight of *Italy*, because the action proposed to be celebrated was that of his settling himself in *Latium*. But because it was necessary for the reader to know what had happened to him in the taking of *Troy*, and in the preceding parts of his voyage, *Virgil* makes his hero relate it by way of episode in the second and third books of the *Aeneid*. The contents of both which books come before those of the first book in the thread of the story, though for preserving of this unity of action they follow them in the disposition of the poem. *Milton*, in imitation of these two great poets, opens his *Paradise Lost*, with an infernal council plotting the fall of man, which is the action he proposed to celebrate; and as for those great actions, which preceded in point of time, the battle of the angels, and the creation of the world, (which would have intirely destroyed the unity of his principal action, had he related them in the same order that they happened) he casts them into the fifth, sixth, and seventh books, by way of episode to this noble poem.

Aristotle himself allows, that *Homer* has nothing to boast of as to the unity of his fable, though at the same time that great critick and philosopher endeavours to palliate this imperfection in the *Greek Poet* by imputing it in some measure to the very nature of an epic poem. Some have been of opinion, that the *Aeneid* also labours in this particular, and has episodes which may be looked upon as excrescencies rather than as parts of the action. On the contrary, the poem, which we have now under our consideration, hath no other episodes than such as naturally arise from the subject, and yet is filled with such a multitude of astonishing incidents, that it gives us at the same time a pleasure of the greatest variety, and of the greatest simplicity;

ty; uniform in its nature, though diversified in the execution.

I must observe also, that as *Virgil*, in the poem which was designed to celebrate the original of the *Roman Empire*, has described the birth of its great rival, the *Carthaginian* commonwealth: *Milton*, with the like art in his poem on the *Fall of Man*, has related the fall of those angels who are his professed enemies. Besides the many other beauties in such an episode, its running parallel with the great action of the poem hinders it from breaking the unity so much as another episode would have done, that had not so great an affinity with the principal subject. In short, this is the same kind of beauty which the critics admire in *The Spanish Friar*, or *The Double Discovery*, where the two different plots look like counter-parts and copies of one another.

The second qualification required in the action of an epic poem, is, that it should be an *entire* action: An action is entire when it is complete in all its parts; or, as *Aristotle* describes it, when it consists of a beginning, middle, and an end. Nothing should go before it, be intermixed with it, or follow after it, that is not related to it. As on the contrary, no single step should be omitted in that just and regular process which it must be supposed to take from its original to its consummation. Thus we see the anger of *Achilles* in its birth, its continuance and effects; and *Aeneas's* settlement in *Italy*, carried on through all the oppositions in his way to it both by sea and land. The action in *Milton* excels (I think) both the former in this particular: we see it contrived in hell, executed upon earth, and punished by heaven. The parts of it are told in the most distinct manner, and grow out of one another in the most natural method.

The third qualification of an epic poem is its *Greatness*. The anger of *Achilles* was of such consequence, that it embroiled the Kings of *Greece*, destroyed the heroes of *Troy*, and engaged all the gods in factions. *Aeneas's* settlement in *Italy* produced the *Cæsars*, and gave birth to the *Roman Empire*. *Milton's* subject was still greater than either of the former; it does not determine the fate of single persons or nations, but of a whole

whole species. The united powers of hell are joined together for the destruction of mankind, which they effected in part, and would have completed, had not Omnipotence itself interposed. The principal actors are man in his greatest perfection, and woman in her highest beauty. Their enemies are the fallen angels; the Messiah their friend, and the Almighty their protector. In short, every thing that is great in the whole circle of being, whether within the verge of nature, or out of it, has a proper part assigned it in this noble poem.

In poetry, as in architecture, not only the whole, but the principal members, and every part of them, should be great. I will not presume to say, that the book of games in the *Æneid*, or that in the *Iliad* are not of this nature, or to reprehend *Virgil's* simile of the top, and many other of the same kind in the *Iliad*, as liable to any censure in this particular; but I think we may say, without derogating from those wonderful performances, that there is an unquestionable magnificence in every part of *Paradise Lost*, and indeed a much greater than could have been formed upon any pagan system.

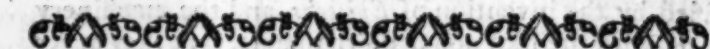
But *Aristotle*, by the greatness of the action, does not only mean that it should be great in its nature, but also in its duration, or in other words that it should have a due length in it, as well as what we properly call greatness. The just measure of this kind of magnitude, he explains by the following similitude. An animal, no bigger than a mite, cannot appear perfect to the eye, because the sight takes it in at once, and has only a confused idea of the whole, and not a distinct idea of all its parts; if on the contrary you should suppose an animal of ten thousand furlongs in length, the eye would be so filled with a single part of it, that it could not give the mind an idea of the whole. What these animals are to the eye, a very short or a very long action would be to the memory. The first would be, as it were, lost and swallowed up by it, and the other difficult to be contained in it. *Homer* and *Virgil* have shewn their principal art in this particular; the action of the *Iliad*, and that of the *Æneid*, were in themselves exceeding short, but are so beautifully extended and di-

verfified

verified by the invention of *Episodes*, and the machinery of gods, with the like poetical ornaments, that they make up an agreeable story, sufficient to employ the memory without overcharging it. *Milton's* action is enriched with such a variety of circumstances, that I have taken as much pleasure in reading the contents of his books, as in the best invented story I ever met with. It is possible, that the traditions, on which the *Iliad* and *Aeneid* were built, had more circumstances in them than the history of the *Fall of Man*, as it is related in scripture. Besides, it was easier for *Homer* and *Virgil* to dash the truth with fiction, as they were in no danger of offending the religion of their country by it. But as for *Milton*, he had not only a very few circumstances upon which to raise his poem, but was also obliged to proceed with the greatest caution in every thing that he added out of his own invention. And, indeed, notwithstanding all the restraint he was under, he has filled his story with so many surprising incidents, which bear so close an analogy with what is delivered in holy writ, that it is capable of pleasing the most delicate reader, without giving offence to the most scrupulous.

The modern criticks have collected from several hints in the *Iliad* and *Aeneid* the space of time, which is taken up by the action of each of those poems: but as a great part of *Milton's* story was transacted in regions that lie out of the reach of the sun and the sphere of day, it is impossible to gratify the reader with such a calculation, which indeed would be more curious than instructive; none of the criticks, either ancient or modern, having laid down rules to circumscribe the action of an epic poem with any determined number of years, days or hours.

This piece of criticism on Milton's Paradise Lost shall be carried on in the following Saturdays papers. T



No 268 Monday, January 7.

*Minus aptus acutis
Naribus horum hominum* —

Hor. Sat. 3. lib. 1. ver. 29.

He cannot bear the rallery of the age. CREECH.

IT is not that I think I have been more witty than I ought of late, that at present I wholly forbear any attempt towards it: I am of opinion that I ought sometimes to lay before the world the plain letters of my correspondents in the artless dress in which they hastily send them, that the reader may see I am not accuser and judge myself, but that the indictment is properly and fairly laid, before I proceed against the criminal.

MR. SPECTATOR,

AS you are *Spectator-General*, I apply myself to you in the following case, *viz.* I do not wear a sword, but I often divert myself at the theatre, where I frequently see a set of fellows pull plain people, by way of humour and frolick, by the nose, upon frivolous or no occasions. A friend of mine the other night applauding what a graceful exit Mr. *Wilks* made, one of these nose-wringers overhearing him, pinched him by the nose. I was in the pit the other night, (when it was very much crouded) a Gentleman leaning upon me, and very heavily, I very civilly requested him to move his hand; for which he pulled me by the nose. I would not resent it in so publick a place, because I was unwilling to create a disturbance; but have since reflected upon it as a thing that is unmanly and disingenuous, renders the nose-puller odious, and makes the person pulled by the nose look little and contemptible. This grievance I humbly request you would endeavour to redress.

I am your admirer, &c.

James Esqy.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

YOUR discourse of the 29th of *December* on love and marriage is of so useful a kind, that I cannot forbear adding my thoughts to yours on that subject. Methinks it is a misfortune, that the marriage state, which in its own nature is adapted to give us the completest happiness this world is capable of, should be so uncomfortable a one to so many as it daily proves. But the mischief generally proceeds from the unwise choice people make for themselves, and an expectation of happiness from things not capable of giving it. Nothing but the good qualities of the person beloved can be a foundation for a love of judgment and discretion; and whoever expects happiness from any thing but virtue, wisdom, good-humour, and a similitude of manners, will find themselves widely mistaken. But how few are there who seek after these things, and do not rather make riches their chief if not their only aim? How rare is it for a man, when he engages himself in the thoughts of marriage, to place his hopes of having in such a woman a constant, agreeable companion? One who will divide his cares and double his joys? Who will manage that share of his estate he intrusts to her conduct with prudence and frugality, govern his house with oeconomy and discretion, and be an ornament to himself and family? Where shall we find the man who looks out for one who places her chief happiness in the practice of virtue, and makes her duty her continual pleasure? No: men rather seek for money as the complement of all their desires; and regardless of what kind of wives they take, they think riches will be a minister to all kind of pleasures, and enable them to keep mistresses, horses, hounds, to drink, feast, and game with their companions, pay their debts contracted by former extravagancies, or some such vile and unworthy end; and indulge themselves in pleasures which are a shame and scandal to human nature. Now as for the women; how few of them are there who place the happiness of their marriage in the having a wife and virtuous friend? One who

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will

‘ will be faithful and just to all, and constant and loving to them? Who with care and diligence will look after and improve the estate, and without grudging allow whatever is prudent and convenient? Rather how few are there who do not place their happiness in out-shining others in pomp and show? And that do not think within themselves when they have married such a rich person, that none of their acquaintance shall appear so fine in their equipage, so adorned in their persons, or so magnificent in their furniture as themselves? thus their heads are filled with vain ideas; and I heartily wish I could say that equipage and show were not the chief good of so many women as I fear it is.

‘ After this manner do both sexes deceive themselves, and bring reflexions and disgrace upon the most happy and most honourable state of life; whereas if they would but correct their depraved taste, moderate their ambition, and place their happiness upon proper objects, we should not find felicity in the marriage state such a wonder in the world as it now is.

‘ Sir, if you think these thoughts worth inserting among your own, be pleased to give them a better dress, and let them pass abroad; and you will oblige

your admirer,

A. B.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

‘ **A**S I was this day walking in the street, there happened to pass by on the other side of the way a beauty whose charms were so attracting, that it drew my eyes wholly on that side, insomuch that I neglected my own way, and chanced to run my nose directly against a post; which the Lady no sooner perceived, but fell out into a fit of laughter, though at the same time she was sensible that herself was the cause of my misfortune, which in my opinion was the greater aggravation of her crime. I being busy wiping off the blood which trickled down my face, had not time to acquaint her with her barbarity as also with my resolution, *viz.* never to look out of my way for one of her sex more: Therefore, that

‘ your

‘ your humble servant may be revenged, he desires you
 ‘ to insert this in one of your next papers, which he
 ‘ hopes will be a warning to all the rest of the women-
 ‘ gazers, as well as to poor

Anthony Gape.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

‘ I Desire to know in your next, if the merry game
 ‘ of *The parson has lost his cloke*, is not mightily in
 ‘ vogue amongst the fine Ladies this *Christmas*; be-
 ‘ cause I see they wear hoods of all colours, which I
 ‘ suppose is for that purpose: If it is, and you think it
 ‘ proper, I will carry some of those hoods with me to
 ‘ our Ladies in *Yorkshire*; because they enjoined me to
 ‘ bring them something from *London* that was very
 ‘ new. If you can tell any thing in which I can obey
 ‘ their commands more agreeably, be pleased to in-
 ‘ form me, and you will extremely oblige

your humble servant.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

Oxford, Dec. 29.

‘ SINCE you appear inclined to be a friend to the
 ‘ distressed, I beg you would assist me in an affair
 ‘ under which I have suffered very much. The reigning
 ‘ toast of this place is *Patetia*; I have pursued her with
 ‘ the utmost diligence this twelve-month, and find no-
 ‘ thing stands in my way but one who flatters her more
 ‘ than I can. Pride is her favourite passion: therefore
 ‘ if you would be so far my friend as to make a favour-
 ‘ able mention of her in one of your papers, I believe I
 ‘ should not fail in my addresses. The scholars stand in
 ‘ rows, as they did to be sure in your time, at her
 ‘ pew-door; and she has all the devotion paid to her
 ‘ by a croud of youths who are unacquainted with the
 ‘ sex, and have inexperience added to their passion:
 ‘ However, if it succeeds according to my vows, you
 ‘ will make me the happiest man in the world, and the
 ‘ most obliged amongst all

your humble servants.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

I Came to my mistress's toilet this morning, for I am admitted when her face is stark naked: she frowned and cried Pish when I said a thing that I stole; and I will be judged by you whether it was not very pretty. Madam, said I, you shall forbear that part of your dress; it may be well in others, but you cannot place a patch where it does not hide a beauty.



N^o 269

Tuesday, January 8.

— *Arvo rarissima nostra*

Simplicitas — Ovid. Ars Am. lib. 1. ver. 241.

And brings our old simplicity again. DRYDEN.

I Was this morning surpris'd with a great knocking at the door, when my landlady's daughter came up to me, and told me that there was a man below desired to speak with me. Upon my asking her who it was, she told me it was a very grave elderly person, but that she did not know his name. I immediately went down to him, and found him to be the coachman of my worthy friend Sir ROGER DE COVERLEY. He told me that his master came to town last night, and would be glad to take a turn with me in *Gray's-linn* walks. As I was wondring in myself what had brought Sir ROGER to town, not having lately received any letter from him, he told me that his master was come up to get a fight of Prince *Eugene*, and that he desired I would immediately meet him.

I was not a little pleas'd with the curiosity of the old Knight, though I did not much wonder at it, having heard him say more than once in private discourse, that he looked upon Prince *Eugenio* (for so the Knight

Knight always calls him) to be a greater man than *Scanderbeg*.

I was no sooner come into *Gray's Inn* walks, but I heard my friend upon the terrace hemming twice or thrice to himself with great vigour, for he loves to clear his pipes in good air (to make use of his own phrase) and is not a little pleased with any one who takes notice of the strength which he still exerts in his morning hems.

I was touched with a secret joy at the sight of the good old man, who before he saw me was engaged in conversation with a beggar-man that had asked an alms of him. I could hear my friend chide him for not finding out some work; but at the same time saw him put his hand in his pocket and give him six-pence.

Our salutations were very hearty on both sides, consisting of many kind shakes of the hand, and several affectionate looks which we cast upon one another. After which the Knight told me my good friend his chaplain was very well, and much at my service, and that the *Sunday* before he had made a most incomparable sermon out of *Dr. Barrow*. I have left, says he, all my affairs in his hands, and being willing to lay an obligation upon him, have deposited with him thirty marks, to be distributed among his poor parishioners.

He then proceeded to acquaint me with the welfare of *Will Wimble*. Upon which he put his hand into his fob and presented me in his name with a tobacco-stopper, telling me that *Will* had been busy all the beginning of the winter in turning great quantities of them; and that he made a present of one to every Gentleman in the country who has good principles, and smokes. He added, that poor *Will* was at present under great tribulation, for that *Tom Touchy* had taken the law of him for cutting some hazel sticks out of one of his hedges.

Among other pieces of news which the Knight brought from his country-seat he informed me that *Moll White* was dead; and that about a month after her death the wind was so very high, that it blew down the end of one of his barns. But for my own part, says Sir

ROGER, I do not think that the old woman had any hand in it.

He afterwards fell into an account of the diversions which had passed in his house during the holidays; for Sir ROGER, after the laudable custom of his ancestors, always keeps open house at *Christmas*. I learned from him that he had killed eight fat hogs for this season, that he had dealt about his chinees very liberally amongst his neighbours, and that in particular he had sent a string of hogs-puddings with a pack of cards to every poor family in the parish. I have often thought, says Sir ROGER, it happens very well that *Christmas* should fall out in the middle of winter. It is the most dead uncomfortable time of the year, when the poor people would suffer very much from their poverty and cold, if they had not good cheer, warm fires, and *Christmas* Gambols to support them. I love to rejoice their poor hearts at this season, and to see the whole village merry in my great hall. I allow a double quantity of malt to my small beer, and set it a running for twelve days to every one that calls for it. I have always a piece of cold beef and a mince-pye upon the table, and am wonderfully pleased to see my tenants pass away a whole evening in playing their innocent tricks, and smutting one another. Our friend *Will Wimble* is as merry as any of them, and shews a thousand roguish tricks upon these occasions.

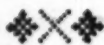
I was very much delighted with the reflexion of my old friend, which carried so much goodness in it. He then launched out into the praise of the late act of parliament for securing the Church of *England*, and told me with great satisfaction, that he believed it already began to take effect, for that a rigid dissenter who chanced to dine at his house on *Christmas* day, had been observed to eat very plentifully of his plumb-porridge.

After having dispatched all our country matters, Sir ROGER made several inquiries concerning the club, and particularly of his old antagonist Sir ANDREW FREEMONT. He asked me with a kind of a smile, whether Sir ANDREW had not taken the advantage of his absence, to vent among them some of his republican

lican doctrines; but soon after gathering up his countenance into a more than ordinary seriousness, Tell me truly, says he, don't you think Sir ANDREW had a hand in the pope's procession—but without giving me time to answer him, Well, well, says he, I know you are a wary man, and do not care to talk of public matters.

The Knight then asked me, if I had seen Prince *Eugenio*, and made me promise to get him a stand in some convenient place where he might have a full sight of that extraordinary man, whose presence does so much honour to the *British* nation. He dwelt very long on the praises of this great General, and I found that, since I was with him in the country, he had drawn many observations together out of his reading in *Baker's* chronicle, and other authors, who always lie in his hall window, which very much redound to the honour of this Prince.

Having passed away the greatest part of the morning in hearing the Knight's reflexions, which were partly private and partly political, he asked me if I would smoke a pipe with him over a dish of coffee at *Squire's*. As I love the old man, I take delight in complying with every thing that is agreeable to him, and accordingly waited on him to the coffee-house, where his venerable figure drew upon us the eyes of the whole room. He had no sooner seated himself at the upper end of the high table, but he called for a clean pipe, a paper of tobacco, a dish of coffee, a wax-candle, and the *Supplement*, with such an air of chearfulness and good-humour, that all the boys in the coffee-room (who seemed to take pleasure in serving him) were at once employed on their several errands, insomuch that nobody else could come at a dish of tea, until the Knight had got all his conveniencies about him, L.





N^o 270 Wednesday, January 9.

Discit enim citius, meminitque libentius illud.

Quod quis deridet, quàm quod probat——

Hor. Ep. 1. lib. 2. ver. 262.

For what's derided by the censuring crowd,
Is thought no more than what is just and good.

CREECH.

I Do not know that I have been in greater delight for these many years, than in beholding the boxes at the play the last time *The Scornful Lady* was acted. So great an assembly of Ladies placed in gradual rows in all the ornaments of jewels, silks, and colours, gave so lively and gay an impression to the heart, that methought the season of the year was vanished; and I did not think it an ill expression of a young fellow who stood near me, that called the boxes those beds of tulips. It was a pretty variation of the prospect, when any one of those fine Ladies rose up and did honour to herself and friend at a distance, by curtsying; and gave opportunity to that friend to shew her charms to the same advantage in returning the salutation. Here that action is as proper and graceful, as it is at church unbecoming and impertinent. By the way I must take the liberty to observe that I did not see any one who is usually so full of civilities at church, offer at any such indecorum during any part of the action of the play. Such beautiful prospects gladden our minds, and when considered in general, give innocent and pleasing ideas. He that dwells upon any one object of beauty may fix his imagination to his disquiet; but the contemplation of a whole assembly together, is a defence against the inroad of desire: At least to me, who have taken pains to look at beauty abstracted from the consideration of its being the object of desire; at power, only as it sits upon another, without any hopes of partaking any share

share of it; at wisdom and capacity, without any pretensions to rival or envy its acquisitions: I say to me, who am really free from forming any hopes by beholding the persons of beautiful women, or warming myself into ambition from the successes of other men, this world is not only a mere scene, but a very pleasant one. Did mankind but know the freedom which there is in keeping thus aloof from the world, I should have more imitators, than the powerfullest man in the nation has followers. To be no man's rival in love, or competitor in business, is a character which if it does not recommend you as it ought to benevolence among those whom you live with, yet has it certainly this effect, that you do not stand so much in need of their approbation, as you would if you aimed at it more, in setting your heart on the same things which the generality dote on. By this means, and with this easy philosophy, I am never less at a play than when I am at the theatre; but indeed I am seldom so well pleased with action as in that place; for most men follow nature no longer than while they are in their night-gowns, and all the busy part of the day are in characters which they neither become nor act in with pleasure, to themselves or their beholders. But to return to my Ladies: I was very well pleased to see so great a crowd of them assembled at a play, wherein the heroine, as the phrase is, is so just a picture of the vanity of the sex in tormenting their admirers. The Lady who pines for the man whom she treats with so much impertinence and inconstancy is drawn with much art and humour. Her resolutions to be extremely civil, but her vanity arising just at the instant that she resolved to express herself kindly, are described as by one who had studied the sex. But when my admiration is fixed upon this excellent character, and two or three others in the play, I must confess I was moved with the utmost indignation at the trivial, senseless, and unnatural representation of the chaplain. It is possible there may be a pedant in holy orders, and we have seen one or two of them in the world; but such a driveler as Sir Roger, so bereft of all manner of pride, which is the characteristick of a pedant, is what one would not believe could come into the head of the

same man who drew the rest of the play. The meeting between *Welford* and him shews a wretch without any notion of the dignity of his function; and it is out of all common sense that he should give an account of himself *as one sent four or five miles in a morning on foot for eggs*. It is not to be denied, but this part and that of the maid, whom he makes love to, are excellently well performed; but a thing which is blameable in itself, grows still more so by the success in the execution of it. It is so mean a thing to gratify a loose age with a scandalous representation of what is reputable among men, not to say what is sacred, that no beauty, no excellence in an author ought to atone for it; nay such excellence is an aggravation of his guilt, and an argument that he errs against the conviction of his own understanding and conscience. Wit should be tried by this rule, and an audience should rise against such a scene as throws down the reputation of any thing which the consideration of religion or decency should preserve from contempt. But all this evil arises from this one corruption of mind, that makes men resent offences against their virtue, less than those against their understanding. An author shall write as if he thought there was not one man of honour or woman of chastity in the house, and come off with applause: For an insult upon all the ten commandments with the little criticks, is not so bad as the breach of an unity of time and place. Half wits do not apprehend the miseries that must necessarily flow from degeneracy of manners; nor do they know that order is the support of society. Sir *Roger* and his mistress are monsters of the poet's own forming; the sentiments in both of them are such as do not arise in fools of their education. We all know that a silly scholar, instead of being below every one he meets with, is apt to be exalted above the rank of such as are really his superiors: His arrogance is always founded upon particular notions of distinction in his own head, accompanied with a pedantick scorn of all fortune and pre-eminence, when compared with his knowledge and learning. This very one character of Sir *Roger*, as silly as it really is, has done more towards the disparagement of holy orders, and consequently of virtue itself, than all the wit that author or any other could make up

for

for in the conduct of the longest life after it. I do not pretend, in saying this, to give myself airs of more virtue than my neighbours, but assert it from the principles by which mankind must always be governed. Sallies of imagination are to be overlooked, when they are committed out of warmth in the recommendation of what is praise-worthy; but a deliberate advancing of vice, with all the wit in the world, is as ill an action as any that comes before the magistrate, and ought to be received as such by the people. T



N^o 271 Thursday, January 10.

Mille trabens varios ad-verso sole colores.

Virg. *Æn.* 4. ver. 70r.

Drawing a thousand colours from the light.

DRYDEN.

I Receive a double advantage from the letters of my correspondents, first, as they shew me which of my papers are most acceptable to them; and in the next place as they furnish me with materials for new speculations. Sometimes indeed I do not make use of the letter itself, but form the hints of it into plans of my own invention; sometimes I take the liberty to change the language or thought into my own way of speaking and thinking, and always (if it can be done without prejudice to the sense) omit the many compliments and applauses which are usually bestowed upon me.

Besides the two advantages above-mentioned which I receive from the letters that are sent me, they give me an opportunity of lengthening out my paper by the skilful management of the subscribing part at the end of them, which perhaps does not a little conduce to the ease, both of myself and reader.

Some will have it, that I often write to myself, and am the only punctual correspondent I have. This objection would indeed be material, were the letters I com-

municate to the public stuffed with my own commendations; and if instead of endeavouring to divert or instruct my readers, I admired in them the beauty of my own performances. But I shall leave these wise conjecturers to their own imaginations, and produce the three following letters for the entertainment of the day.

S I R,

I Was last *Thursday* in an assembly of Ladies, where there were thirteen different coloured hoods. Your *Spectator* of that day lying upon the table, they ordered me to read it to them, which I did with a very clear voice, until I came to the *Greek* verse at the end of it. I must confess I was a little startled at its popping upon me so unexpectedly. However, I covered my confusion as well as I could, and after having muttered two or three hard words to myself, laughed heartily, and cryed, *A very good jest, faith*. The Ladies desired me to explain it to them; but I begged their pardon for that, and told them, that if it had been proper for them to hear, they might be sure the author would not have wrapped it up in *Greek*. I then let drop several expressions, as if there was something in it that was not fit to be spoken before a company of Ladies. Upon which the matron of the assembly, who was dressed in a cherry-coloured hood, commended the discretion of the writer for having thrown his filthy thoughts into *Greek*, which was likely to corrupt but few of his readers. At the same time she declared herself very well pleased, that he had not given a decisive opinion upon the new-fashioned hoods; for to tell you truly, says she, I was afraid he would have made us ashamed to shew our heads. Now, Sir, you must know, since this unlucky accident happened to me in a company of Ladies, among whom I passed for a most ingenious man, I have consulted one who is well versed in the *Greek* language, and he assures me upon his word, that your late quotation means no more than that *Manners not dress are the ornaments of a woman*. If this comes to the knowledge of my female admirers, I shall be very hard put to it to bring myself off handsomely:

‘ somly. In the mean while, I give you this account,
 ‘ that you may take care hereafter not to betray any
 ‘ of your well-wishers into the like inconveniences.
 ‘ It is in the number of these that I beg leave to sub-
 ‘ scribe myself,

Tom Trippit.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

‘ **Y**Our readers are so well pleased with your cha-
 ‘ racter of Sir ROGER DE COVERLEY, that there
 ‘ appeared a sensible joy in every coffee-house, upon
 ‘ hearing the old Knight was come to town. I am now
 ‘ with a knot of his admirers, who make it their joint
 ‘ request to you, that you would give us public no-
 ‘ tice of the window or balcony where the Knight in-
 ‘ tends to make his appearance. He has already given
 ‘ great satisfaction to several who have seen him at
 ‘ Squire’s coffee-house. If you think fit to place your
 ‘ short face at Sir ROGER’s left elbow, we shall take the
 ‘ hint, and gratefully acknowledge so great a favour.

I am, S I R,

your most devoted humble servant,

C. D.

S I R,

‘ **K**Nowing that you are very inquisitive after every
 ‘ thing that is curious in nature, I will wait on
 ‘ you if you please in the dusk of the evening, with
 ‘ my *show* upon my back, which I carry about with
 ‘ me in a box, as only consisting of a man, a woman,
 ‘ and an horse. The two first are married, in which
 ‘ state the little cavalier has so well acquitted himself,
 ‘ that his Lady is with child. The big-bellied wo-
 ‘ man, and her husband, with their whimsical palfry,
 ‘ are so very light, that when they are put together
 ‘ into a scale, an ordinary man may weigh down the
 ‘ whole family. The little man is a bully in his na-
 ‘ ture; but when he grows cholerick I confine him to
 ‘ his box until his wrath is over, by which means I have
 ‘ hitherto prevented him from doing mischief. His
 ‘ horse is likewise very vicious, for which reason I am
 ‘ forced to tie him close to his manger with a pack-
 ‘ thread.

‘ thread. The woman is a coquette. She struts as
 ‘ much as it is possibly for a Lady of too foot high, and
 ‘ would ruin me in silks, were not the quantity that
 ‘ goes to a large pin-cushion sufficient to make her a
 ‘ gown and petticoat. She told me the other day, that
 ‘ she heard the Ladies wore coloured hoods, and order-
 ‘ ed me to get her one of the finest blue. I am forced
 ‘ to comply with her demands whilst she is in her pre-
 ‘ sent condition, being very willing to have more of
 ‘ the same breed. I do not know what she may pro-
 ‘ duce me, but provided it be a *show* I shall be very
 ‘ well satisfied. Such novelties should not, I think, be
 ‘ concealed from the *British Spectator*; for which reason
 ‘ I hope you will excuse this presumption in

*your most dutiful, most obedient,
 and most humble servant,*

L

S. T.



N^o 272 Friday, January 11.

————— *Longa est injura, longæ*

Ambages —————

Virg. *Æn.* 1. ver. 345.

Great is the injury, and long the tale.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

‘ **T**HE occasion of this letter is of so great im-
 ‘ portance, and the circumstances of it such,
 ‘ that I know you will but think it just to in-
 ‘ fert it, in preference of all other matters that can pre-
 ‘ sent themselves to your consideration. I need not, af-
 ‘ ter I have said this, tell you that I am in love. The
 ‘ circumstances of my passion I shall let you understand
 ‘ as well as a disordered mind will admit. That cursed
 ‘ pickthank Mrs. *Jane*! Alas, I am railing at one to you
 ‘ by her name as familiarly as if you were acquainted
 ‘ with

with her as well as myself: But I will tell you all, as fast as the alternate interruptions of love and anger will give me leave. There is a most agreeable young woman in the world whom I am passionately in love with, and from whom I have for some space of time received as great marks of favour as were fit for her to give, or me to desire. The successful progress of the affair of all others the most essential towards a man's happiness gave a new life and spirit not only to my behaviour and discourse, but also a certain grace to all my actions in the commerce of life in all things though never so remote from love. You know the predominant passion spreads itself through all a man's transactions, and exalts or depresses him according to the nature of such passion. But alas! I have not yet begun my story, and what is making sentences and observations when a man is pleading for his life? To begin then: This lady has corresponded with me under the names of Love, she my *Belinda*, I her *Cleantes*. Though I am thus well got into the account of my affair, I cannot keep in the thread of it so much as to give you the character of Mrs. *Jane*, whom I will not hide under a borrowed name; but let you know that this creature has been since I knew her very handsom, (though I will not allow her even she *has been* for the future) and during the time of her bloom and beauty was so great a tyrant to her lovers, so over-valued herself, and under-rated all her pretenders, that they have deserted her to a man; and she knows no comfort but that common one to all in her condition, the pleasure of interrupting the amours of others. It is impossible but you must have seen several of these volunteers in malice, who pass their whole time in the most laborious way of life in getting intelligence, running from place to place with new whispers, without reaping any other benefit but the hopes of making others as unhappy as themselves. Mrs. *Jane* happened to be at a place where I, with many others well acquainted with my passion for *Belinda*, passed a *Christmas*-evening. There was among the rest a young Lady, so free in mirth, so amiable in a just reserve that accompanied it; I wrong her to call it

it a reserve, but there appeared in her a mirth or cheer-
 fulness which was not a forbearance of more immoderate joy, but the natural appearance of all which could flow from a mind possessed with an habit of innocence and purity. I must utterly have forgot *Belinda* to have taken no notice of one who was growing up to the same womanly virtues which shine to perfection in her, had I not distinguished one who seemed to promise to the world the same life and conduct with my faithful and lovely *Belinda*. When the company broke up, the fine young thing permitted me to take care of her home. Mrs. *Jane* saw my particular regard to her, and was informed of my attending her to her father's house. She came early to *Belinda* the next morning, and asked if Mrs. *Such-a-one* had been with her? No. If Mr. *Such-a-one's* Lady? No. Nor your cousin *Such-a-one*? No. Lord, says Mrs. *Jane*, what is the friendship of women?—Nay, they may laugh at it. And did no one tell you any thing of the behaviour of your lover Mr. *What d'ye call* last night? But perhaps it is nothing to you that he is to be married to young Mrs. — on *Tuesday* next? *Belinda* was here ready to die with rage and jealousy. Then Mrs. *Jane* goes on: I have a young kinsman who is clerk to a great conveyancer, who shall shew you the rough draught of the marriage settlement. The world says her father gives him two thousand pounds more than he could have with you. I went innocently to wait on *Belinda* as usual, but was not admitted; I writ to her, and my letter was sent back unopened. Poor *Betty* her maid, who is on my side, has been here just now blubbering, and told me the whole matter. She says she did not think I could be so base; and that she is now odious to her mistress for having so often spoke well of me, that she dare not mention me more. All our hopes are placed in having these circumstances fairly represented in the *SPECTATOR*, which *Betty* says she dare not but bring up as soon as it is brought in; and has promised when you have broke the ice to own this was laid between us: And when I can come to an hearing, the young Lady will support what we say by her

†

‘testi-

‘ testimony, that I never saw her but that once in my
 ‘ whole life. Dear Sir, do not omit this true relation,
 ‘ nor thing it too particular; for there are crowds of
 ‘ forlorn coquettes who intermingle themselves with
 ‘ other Ladies, and contract familiarities out of ma-
 ‘ lice, and with no other design but to blast the hopes
 ‘ of lovers, the expectation of parents, and the bene-
 ‘ volence of kindred. I doubt not but I shall be,

S I R,

your most obliged humble servant,

CLEANTHES.

S I R.

Will's Coffee-house, Jan. 10.

‘ THE other day entering a room adorned with
 ‘ the fair sex, I offered, after the usual manner,
 ‘ to each of them a kiss; but one, more scornful than
 ‘ the rest, turned her cheek. I did not think it proper
 ‘ to take any notice of it until I had asked your advice.

Your humble servant,

E. S.

The correspondent is desired to say which cheek the
 offender turned to him.

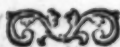
ADVERTISEMENT.

From the parish-vestry, *January 9.*

*All Ladies who come to church in the new-fashioned
 hoods, are desired to be there before divine service begins,
 lest they divert the attention of the congregation.*

T

RALPH.





N^o 273 Saturday, January 12,

— Notandi sunt tibi mores.

Hor. Ars Poet. ver. 156.

Note well the manners.

HAVING examined the action of *Paradise Lost*, let us in the next place consider the actors. This is *Aristotle's* method of considering, first the fable, and secondly the manners; or, as we generally call them in *English*, the fable and the characters.

Homer has excelled all the heroic poets that ever wrote in the multitude and variety of his characters. Every God that is admitted into his poem, acts a part which would have been suitable to no other deity. His Princes are as much distinguished by their manners, as by their dominions; and even those among them, whose characters seem wholly made up of courage, differ from one another as to the particular kinds of courage in which they excel. In short, there is scarce a speech or action in the *Illiad*, which the reader may not ascribe to the person who speaks or acts, without seeing his name at the head of it.

Homer does not only outshine all other poets in the variety, but also in the novelty of his characters. He has introduced among his *Grecian* princes a person who had lived thrice the age of man, and conversed with *Theseus*, *Hercules*, *Polyphemus*, and the first race of heroes. His principal actor is the son of a goddess, not to mention the offspring of other deities, who have likewise a place in his poem, and the venerable *Trojan* prince, who was the father of so many kings and heroes. There is in the several characters of *Homer*, a certain dignity as well as novelty, which adapts them in a more peculiar manner to the nature of an heroic poem. Though at the same time, to give them the greater variety, he has described a *Vulcan*, that is a buffoon among his gods, and a *Thersites* among his mortals.

Virgil

Virgil falls infinitely short of *Homer* in the characters of his poem, both as to their variety and novelty. *Æneas* is indeed a perfect character, but as for *Achates*, though he is stiled the hero's friend, he does nothing in the whole poem which may deserve that title. *Gyas*, *Mnestheus*, *Sergestus* and *Gloanthus*, are all of them men of the same stamp and character.

——— *Fortemque Gyan, fortemque Gloanthum.*

There are indeed several natural incidents in the Part of *Ascanius*; as that of *Dido* cannot be sufficiently admired. I do not see any thing new or particular in *Turnus*. *Pallas* and *Evander* are remote copies of *Hector* and *Priam*, as *Laius* and *Mezentius* are almost parallels to *Pallas* and *Evander*. The characters of *Nisus* and *Euryalus* are beautiful, but common. We must not forget the parts of *Sinon*, *Camilla*, and some few others, which are fine improvements on the *Greek* poet. In short, there is neither that variety nor novelty in the persons of the *Æneid*, which we meet with in those of the *Iliad*.

If we look into the characters of *Milton*, we shall find that he has introduced all the variety his fable was capable of receiving. The whole species of mankind was in two persons at the time to which the subject of his poem is confined. We have however, four distinct characters in these two persons. We see man and woman in the highest innocence and perfection, and in the most abject state of guilt and infirmity. The two last characters are, indeed, very common and obvious, but the two first are not only more magnificent, but more new than any characters either in *Virgil* or *Homer*, or indeed in the whole circle of nature.

Milton was so sensible of this defect in the subject of his poem, and of the few characters it would afford him, that he has brought into it two actors of a shadowy and fictitious nature, in the persons of *Sin* and *Death*, by which means he has wrought into the body of his fable a very beautiful and well-invented allegory. But notwithstanding the fineness of this allegory may atone for it in some measure; I cannot think that persons of such a chimerical existence are proper actors in an epic poem; because there is not that measure of probability annexed

to

to them, which is requisite in writings of this kind, as I shall shew more at large hereafter.

Virgil has, indeed, admitted *Fame* as an actress in the *Æneid*, but the part she acts is very short, and none of the most admired circumstances in that divine work. We find in mock-heroic poems, particularly in the *Dispensary* and the *Lutrin*, several allegorical persons of this nature, which are very beautiful in those compositions, and may perhaps be used as an argument, that the authors of them were of opinion, such characters might have a place in an epic work. For my own part I should be glad the reader would think so, for the sake of the poem I am now examining, and must further add, that if such empty unsubstantial Beings may be ever made use of on this occasion, never were any more nicely imagined, and employed in more proper actions, than those of which I am now speaking.

Another principal actor in this poem is the great enemy of mankind. The part of *Ulysses* in *Homer's Odyssey* is very much admired by *Aristotle*, as perplexing that fable with very agreeable plots and intricacies, not only by the many adventures in his voyage, and the subtilty of his behaviour, but by the various concealments and discoveries of his person in several parts of that poem. But the crafty Being I have now mentioned, makes a much longer voyage than *Ulysses*, puts in practice many more wiles and stratagems, and hides himself under a greater variety of shapes and appearances, all of which are severally detected, to the great delight and surprise of the reader.

We may likewise observe with how much art the poet has varied several characters of the persons that speak in his infernal assembly. On the contrary, how has he represented the whole Godhead exerting itself towards man in its full benevolence under the three-fold distinction of a Creator, a Redeemer, and a Comforter!

Nor must we omit the person of *Raphael*, who, amidst his tenderness and friendship for man, shews such a dignity and condescension in all his speech and behaviour, as are suitable to a superior nature. The angels are indeed as much diversified in *Milton*, and distinguished by their

their proper parts, as the gods are in *Homer* or *Virgil*. The reader will find nothing ascribed to *Uriel*, *Gabriel*, *Michael*, or *Raphael*, which is not in a particular manner suitable to their respective characters.

There is another circumstance in the principal actors of the *Iliad* and *Æneid*, which gives a peculiar beauty to those two poems, and was therefore contrived with very great judgment. I mean the authors having chosen, for their heroes, persons who were so nearly related to the people for whom they wrote. *Achilles* was a *Greek*, and *Æneas* the remote founder of *Rome*. By this means their countrymen (whom they principally proposed to themselves for their readers) were particularly attentive to all the parts of their story, and sympathized with their heroes in all their adventures. A *Roman* could not but rejoice in the escapes, successes and victories of *Æneas*, and be grieved at any defeats, misfortunes or disappointments that befel him; as a *Greek* must have had the same regard for *Achilles*. And it is plain, that each of those poems have lost this great advantage, among those readers to whom their heroes are as strangers, or indifferent persons.

Milton's poem is admirable in this respect, since it is impossible for any of its readers, whatever nation, country or people he may belong to, not to be related to the persons who are the principal actors in it; but what is still infinitely more to its advantage, the principal actors in this poem are not only our progenitors, but our representatives. We have an actual interest in every thing they do, and no less than our utmost happiness is concerned, and lies at stake in all their behaviour.

I shall subjoin as a corollary to the foregoing remark, an admirable observation out of *Aristotle*, which hath been very much misrepresented in the quotations of some modern criticks. 'If a man of perfect and consummate virtue falls into a misfortune, it raises our pity, but not our terror, because we do not fear that it may be our own case, who do not resemble the suffering person.' But as that great philosopher adds, 'if we see a man of virtue mixt with infirmities, fall into any misfortune, it does not only raise our pity but our terror; because we are afraid that the like misfortunes may

‘ may happen to ourselves, who resemble the character
 ‘ of the suffering persons.’

I shall take another opportunity to observe, that a person of an absolute and consummate virtue should never be introduced in tragedy, and shall only remark in this place, that the foregoing observation of *Aristotle*, though it may be true in other occasions, does not hold in this; because in the present case, though the persons who fall into misfortune are of the most perfect and consummate virtue, it is not to be considered as what may possibly be, but what actually is our own case; since we are embarked with them on the same bottom, and must be partakers of their happiness or misery.

In this, and some other very few instances, *Aristotle's* rules for epic poetry (which he had drawn from his reflections upon *Homer*) cannot be supposed to quadrate exactly with the heroic poems which have been made since his time; since it is plain his rules would still have been more perfect, could he have perused the *Æneid* which was made some hundred years after his death.

In my next, I shall go through other parts of *Milton's* poem; and hope that what I shall there advance, as well as what I have already written, will not only serve as a comment upon *Milton*, but upon *Aristotle*.



N^o 274 Monday, January 14.

Audire est operæ pretium, procedere rectè

Qui mæchis non vultis

Hor. Sat. 2. lib. 1. ver. 37.

All you, who think the city ne'er can thrive,
 Till ev'ry cuckold-maker's slay'd alive,
 Attend. —

POPE.

I Have upon several occasions (that have occurred since I first took into my thoughts the present state of fornication) weighed with myself in behalf of guilty females, the impulses of flesh and blood, together with
 the

the arts and galantries of crafty men; and reflect with some scorn that most part of what we in our youth think gay and polite, is nothing else but an habit of indulging a pruriency that way. It will cost some labour to bring people to so lively a sense of this, as to recover the manly modesty in the behaviour of my men readers, and the bashful grace in the faces of my women; but in all cases which come into debate, there are certain things previously to be done before we can have a true light into the subject matter; therefore it will, in the first place, be necessary to consider the impotent wenchers and industrious hags, who are supplied with, and are constantly supplying, new sacrifices to the devil of lust. You are to know then, if you are so happy as not to know it already, that the great havock which is made in the habitations of beauty and innocence, is committed by such as can only lay waste and not enjoy the soil. When you observe the present state of vice and virtue, the offenders are such as one would think should have no impulse to what they are pursuing; as in business, you see sometimes fools pretend to be knaves, so in pleasure, you will find old men set up for wenchers. This latter sort of men are the great basis and fund of iniquity in the kind we are speaking of: You shall have an old rich man often receive scrawls from the several quarters of the town, with descriptions of the new wares in their hands, if he will please to send word when he will be waited on. This interview is contrived, and the innocent is brought to such indecencies as from time to time banish shame and raise desire. With these preparatives the hags break their wards by little and little, until they are brought to lose all apprehensions of what shall befall them in the possession of younger men. It is a common postscript of a hag to a young fellow whom she invites to a new woman, *She has, I assure you, seen none but old Mr. Such-a-one.* It pleases the old fellow that the nymph is brought to him unadorned, and from his bounty she is accommodated with enough to dress her for other lovers. This is the most ordinary method of bringing beauty and poverty into the possession of the town: But the particular cases of kind keepers, skilful pimps, and all others who drive a separate trade, and are not in the general

general society or commerce of sin, will require distinct consideration. At the same time that we are thus severe on the abandoned, we are to represent the case of others with that mitigation as the circumstances demand. Calling names does no good; to speak worse of any thing than it deserves, does only take off from the credit of the accuser, and has implicitly the force of an apology in the behalf of the person accused. We shall therefore, according as the circumstances differ, vary our appellations of these criminals: Those who offend only against themselves, and are not scandalous to society, but out of deference to the sober part of the world, have so much good left in them as to be ashamed, must not be huddled in the common word due to the worst of women; but regard is to be had to their circumstances when they fell, to the uneasy perplexity under which they lived under senseless and severe parents, to the importunity of poverty, to the violence of a passion in its beginning well grounded, and all other alleviations which make unhappy women resign the characteristic of their sex, modesty. To do otherwise than thus, would be to act like a pedantick stoick, who thinks all crimes alike, and not like an impartial SPECTATOR, who looks upon them with all the circumstances that diminish or enhance the guilt. I am in hopes, if this subject be well pursued, women will hereafter from their infancy be treated with an eye to their future state in the world; and not have their tempers made too untractable from an improper sourness or pride, or too complying from familiarity or forwardness contracted at their own houses. After these hints on this subject, I shall end this paper with the following genuine letter; and desire all who think they may be concerned in future speculations on this subject, to send in what they have to say for themselves for some incidents in their lives, in order to have proper allowances made for their conduct.

Mr. SPECTATOR, Jan. 5, 1711.

THE subject of your yesterday's paper is of so great importance, and the thorough handling of it may be so very useful to the preservation of many an innocent young creature, that I think every one is obliged

' obliged to furnish you with what lights he can, to expose the pernicious arts and practices of those unnatural women called bawds. In order to this the inclosed is sent you, which is *verbatim* the copy of a letter written by a bawd of figure in this town to a noble Lord. I have concealed the names of both, my intention being not to expose the persons but the thing.

I am, S I R,

your humble servant.

My Lord,

' **I** Having a great esteem for your honour, and a better opinion of you than of any of the quality, makes me acquaint you of an affair that I hope will oblige you to know. I have a niece that came to town about a fortnight ago. Her parents being lately dead she came to me, expecting to find me in so good a condition as to set her up in a milliner's shop. Her father gave fourscore pounds with her for five years: Her time is out, and she is not sixteen: as pretty a black gentlewoman as ever you saw, a little woman, which I knew your Lordship likes: well shaped, and as fine a complexion for red and white as ever I saw; I doubt not but your Lordship will be of the same opinion. She designs to go down about a month hence except I can provide for her, which I cannot at present: Her father was one with whom all he had died with him, so there is four children left destitute; so if your Lordship thinks fit to make an appointment where I shall wait on you with my niece, by a line or two, I stay for your answer; for I have no place fitted up since I left my house, fit to entertain your honour. I told her she should go with me to see a Gentleman a very good friend of mine; so I desire you to take no notice of my letter by reason she is ignorant of the ways of the town. My Lord, I desire if you meet us to come alone; for upon my word and honour you are the first that ever I mentioned her to. So I remain,

your Lordship's

most humble servant to command.

' I beg of you to burn it when you've read it. T

VOL. IV.

E

N^o 275 Tuesday, January 15.

—*tribus Anticyris caput insanabile*—

Hor. Ars Poet. ver. 300.

A head, no Helebre can cure.

I Was yesterday engaged in an assembly of virtuosos, where one of them produced many curious observations which he had lately made in the anatomy of an human body. Another of the company communicated to us several wonderful discoveries, which he had also made on the same subject, by the help of very fine glasses. This gave birth to a great variety of uncommon remarks, and furnished discourse for the remaining part of the day.

The different opinions which were started on this occasion, presented to my imagination so many new ideas, that by mixing with those which were already there, they employed my fancy all the last night, and composed a very wild extravagant dream.

I was invited, methought, to the dissection of a *Beau's Head* and of a *Coquette's Heart*, which were both of them laid on a table before us. An imaginary operator opened the first with a great deal of nicety, which, upon a cursory and superficial view, appeared like the head of another man; but upon applying our glasses to it, we made a very odd discovery, namely, that what we looked upon as brains, were not such in reality, but an heap of strange materials wound up in that shape and texture, and packed together with wonderful art in the several cavities of the skull. For, as *Homer* tells us, that the blood of the gods is not real blood, but only something like it: so we found that the brain of a Beau is not real brain, but only something like it.

The *Pineal Gland*, which many of our modern philosophers suppose to be the seat of the soul, smelt very strong of essence and orange-flower water, and was encompassed with a kind of horny substance, cut into a
thou-

thousand little faces or mirrours, which were imperceptible to the naked eye, insomuch that the soul, if there had been any here, must have been always taken up in contemplating her own beauties.

We observed a long *Antrum* or cavity in the *Sinciput*, that was filled with ribbons, lace and embroidery, wrought together in a most curious piece of network, the parts of which were likewise imperceptible to the naked eye. Another of these *Antrum* or cavities was stuffed with invisible billet-doux, love letters, pricked dances, and other trumpery of the same nature. In another we found a kind of powder, which set the whole company a sneezing, and by the scent discovered itself to be right *Spanish*. The several other cells were stored with commodities of the same kind, of which it would be tedious to give the reader an exact inventory.

There was a large cavity on each side of the head, which I must not omit. That on the right side was filled with fictions, flatteries, and falsehoods, vows, promises, and protestations; that on the left with oaths and imprecations. There issued out a *Duct* from each of these cells, which ran into the root of the tongue, where both joined together, and passed forward in one common *Duct* to the tip of it. We discovered several little roads or canals running from the ear into the brain, and took particular care to trace them out through their several passages. One of them extended itself to a bundle of sonnets and little musical instruments. Others ended in several bladders which were filled either with wind or froth. But the latter canal entered into a great cavity of the skull, from whence there went another canal into the tongue. This great cavity was filled with a kind of spongy substance, which the *French* anatomists call *Galimatias*, and the *English* nonsense.

The skins of the forehead were extremely tough and thick, and, what very much surprised us, had not in them any single blood-vessel that we were able to discover, either with or without our glasses; from whence we concluded, that the party when alive must have been intirely deprived of the faculty of blushing.

The *Os Cribriforme* was exceedingly stuffed, and in some places damaged with snuff. We could not but take

notice in particular of that small muscle which is not often discovered in dissections, and draws the nose upwards, when it expresses the contempt which the owner of it has, upon seeing any thing he does not like, or hearing any thing he does not understand. I need not tell my learned reader, this is that muscle which performs the motion so often mentioned by the *Latin* poets, when they talk of a man's cocking his nose, or playing the Rhinoceros.

We did not find any thing very remarkable in the eye, saving only, that the *Museuli Amatorii*, or as we may translate it into *English*, the *Ogling Muscles*, were very much worn and decayed with use; whereas on the contrary, the *Elevator*, or the muscle which turns the eye towards heaven, did not appear to have been used at all.

I have only mentioned in this dissection such new discoveries as we were able to make, and have not taken any notice of those parts which are to be met with in common heads. As for the skull, the face, and indeed the whole outward shape and figure of the head, we could not discover any difference from what we observe in the heads of other men. We were informed, that the person to whom this head belonged, had passed for a *Man* above five and thirty years; during which time he eat and drank like other people, dressed well, talked loud, laughed frequently, and on particular occasions had acquitted himself tolerably at a ball or an assembly; to which one of the company added, that a certain knot of ladies took him for a wit. He was cut off in the flower of his age by the blow of a paring-shovel, having been surprised by an eminent citizen, as he was tending some civilities to his wife.

When we had thoroughly examined this head with all its apartments, and its several kinds of furniture, we put up the brain, such as it was, into its proper place, and laid it aside under a broad piece of scarlet cloth, in order to be *prepared*, and kept in a great repository of dissections; our operator telling us that the preparation would not be so difficult as that of another brain, for that he had observed several of the little pipes and tubes which ran through the brain were already filled with a kind of mercurial substance, which he looked upon to be true quick-silver.

He

He applied himself in the next place to the *coquette's* heart, which he likewise laid open with great dexterity. There occurred to us many particularities in this dissection; but being unwilling to burden my reader's memory too much, I shall reserve this subject for the speculation of another day. L



N^o 276 Wednesday, January 16.

Errori nomen virtus posuisset honestum.

Hor. Sat. 3. lib. 1. ver. 42.

Misconduct screen'd behind a specious name.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

I Hope you have philosophy enough to be capable of bearing the mention of your faults. Your papers which regard the fallen part of the fair sex, are, I think, written with an indelicacy which makes them unworthy to be inserted in the writings of a moralist who knows the world. I cannot allow that you are at liberty to observe upon the actions of mankind with the freedom which you seem to resolve upon; at least if you do so, you should take along with you the distinction of manners of the world, according to the quality and way of life of the persons concerned. A man of breeding speaks of even misfortune among Ladies without giving it the most terrible aspect it can bear: And this tenderness towards them, is much more to be preserved when you speak of vices. All mankind are so far related, that care is to be taken, in things to which all are liable, you do not mention what concerns one in terms which shall disgust another. Thus to tell a rich man of the indigence of a kinsman of his, or abruptly inform a virtuous woman of the lapse of one who until then was in the same degree of esteem with herself, is in a kind involving each of them in some participation of those disadvantages. It is therefore expected from every writer, to treat his argument in such a manner, as is most proper to entertain the sort of readers to whom his

discourse is directed. It is not necessary when you write to the tea-table, that you should draw vices which carry all the horror of shame and contempt: If you paint an impertinent self-love, an artful glance, an assumed complexion, you say all which you ought to suppose they can possibly be guilty of. When you talk with this limitation, you behave yourself so as that you may expect others in conversation may second your rallery; but when you do it in a stile which every body else forbears in respect to their quality, they have an easy remedy in forbearing to read you, and hearing no more of their faults. A man that is now and then guilty of intemperance is not to be called a drunkard; but the rule of polite rallery, is to speak of a man's faults as if you loved him. Of this nature is what was said by *Cæsar*: When one was railing with an uncourtly vehemence, and broke out, What must we call him who was taken in an intrigue with another man's wife? *Cæsar* answered very gravely, *A careless fellow*. This was at once a reprimand for speaking of a crime which in those days had not the abhorrence attending it as it ought, as well as an intimation that all intemperate behaviour before superiors loses its aim, by accusing in a method unfit for the audience. A word to the wife. All I mean here to say to you is, That the most free person of quality can go no further than being a kind woman; and you should never say of a man of figure worse, than that he knows the world.

I am, S I R,

your most humble servant,

Francis Courtly.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

I Am a woman of an unspotted reputation, and I know nothing I have ever done which should encourage such insolence; but here was one the other day, and he was dressed like a Gentleman too, who took the liberty to name the words, *Lusty fellow*, in my presence. I doubt not but you will resent it in behalf of,

S I R, your humble servant,

CELIA.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

YOU lately put out a dreadful paper, wherein you promise a full account of the state of criminal love; and call all the Fair who have transgressed in that kind by one very rude name which I do not care to repeat: But I desire to know of you whether I am or I am not of those? My case is as follows. I am kept by an old bachelor, who took me so young, that I knew not how he came by me: He is a benchman of one of the inns of court, a very gay healthy old man; which is a very lucky thing for him, who has been, he tells me, a scowerer, a scamperer, a breaker of windows, and invader of constables, in the days of yore, when all dominion ended with the day, and males and females met helter skelter, and the scowrers drove before them all who pretended to keep up order or rule to the interruption of love and honour. This is his way of talk, for he is very gay when he visits me; but as his former knowledge of the town has alarmed him into an invincible jealousy, he keeps me in a pair of slippers, neat bodice, warm petticoats, and my own hair woven in ringlets, after a manner, he says, he remembers. I am not mistress of one farthing of money, but have all necessaries provided for me, under the guard of one who procured for him while he had any desires to gratify. I know nothing of a wench's life, but the reputation of it: I have a natural voice, and a pretty untaught step in dancing. His manner is to bring an old fellow who has been his servant from his youth, and is grey-headed: This man makes on the violin a certain jiggish noise to which I dance, and when that is over I sing to him some loose air that has more wantonness than musick in it. You must have seen a strange windowed house near *Hide-Park*, which is so built that no one can look out of any of the apartments; my rooms are after that manner, and I never see man, woman or child, but in company with the two persons above-mentioned. He sends me in all the books, pamphlets, plays, operas and songs that come out; and his utmost delight in me as a woman, is to talk over all his old amours in my presence,

‘ to play with my neck, say *the time was*, give me a
 ‘ kiss, and bid me be sure to follow the directions of my
 ‘ guardian, (the above mentioned Lady) and I shall never
 ‘ want. The truth of my case is, I suppose, that I was
 ‘ educated for a purpose he did not know he should be
 ‘ unfit for when I came to years. Now, Sir, what I
 ‘ ask of you, as a casuist, is to tell me how far in these
 ‘ circumstances I am innocent, though submissive; he
 ‘ guilty, though impotent?

I am, S I R,

your constant reader.

PUCELLA.

To the man called the SPECTATOR.

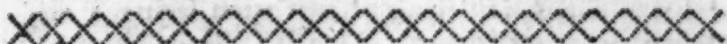
Friend,

‘ **F**Orasmuch as at the birth of thy labour, thou didst
 ‘ promise upon thy word, that letting alone the va-
 ‘ nities that do abound, thou wouldst only endeavour to
 ‘ strengthen the crooked morals of this our *Babylon*, I
 ‘ gave credit to thy fair speeches, and admitted one of
 ‘ thy papers, every day save *Sunday*, into my house; for
 ‘ the edification of my daughter *Tabitha*, and to the end
 ‘ that *Susannah* the wife of my bosom might profit there-
 ‘ by. But alas! my friend, I find that thou art a liar,
 ‘ and that the truth is not in thee; else why didst thou
 ‘ in a paper which thou didst lately put forth, make
 ‘ mention of those vain coverings for the heads of our
 ‘ females, which thou lovest to liken unto tulips, and
 ‘ which are lately sprung up among us? Nay why didst
 ‘ thou make mention of them in such a seeming, as if
 ‘ thou didst approve the invention, insomuch that my
 ‘ daughter *Tabitha* beginneth to wax wanton, and to lust
 ‘ after these foolish vanities? Surely thou dost see with
 ‘ the eyes of the flesh. Verily therefore, unless thou dost
 ‘ speedily amend and leave off following thine own ima-
 ‘ ginations, I will leave off thee.

Thy friend as hereafter thou dost demean thyself,

T

Hezekiah Broadbrim.



Nº 277 Thursday, January 17.

—*fas est & ab hoste doceri.*

Ovid. Met. lib. 4. ver. 428.

Receive instruction from an enemy.

I Presume I need not inform the polite part of my readers, that before our correspondence with *France* was unhappily interrupted by the war, our Ladies had all their fashions from thence; which the milliners took care to furnish them with by means of a jointed baby, that came regularly over once a month, habited after the manner of the most eminent toasts in *Paris*.

I am credibly informed, that even in the hottest time of the war, the sex made several efforts, and raised large contributions towards the importation of this wooden *Madamoiselle*.

Whether the vessel they set out was lost or taken, or whether its cargo was seized on by the officers of the custom-house as a piece of contraband goods, I have not yet been able to learn; it is, however, certain, that their first attempts were without success, to the no small disappointment of our whole female world; but as their constancy and application, in a matter of so great importance, can never be sufficiently commended, I am glad to find, that in spite of all opposition, they have at length carried their point, of which I received advice by the two following letters.

MR. SPECTATOR,

I Am so great a lover of whatever is *French*, that I lately discarded an humble admirer, because he neither spoke that tongue, nor drank claret. I have long bewailed, in secret, the calamities of my sex during the war, in all which-time we have laboured under the insupportable inventions of *English* tire-women, who, though they sometimes copy indifferently well, can never compose with that *gout* they do in *France*.

‘ I was almost in despair of ever more seeing a model from that dear country, when last *Sunday* I over-heard a Lady in the next pew to me whisper another, that at the *Seven Stars* in *King-street*, *Covent-garden*, there was a *Mademoiselle* completely dressed just come from *Paris*.

‘ I was in the utmost impatience during the remaining part of the service, and as soon as ever it was over, heaving learnt the milliner’s *adresse*, I went directly to her house in *King-street*, but was told that the *French* Lady was at a person of quality’s in *Pall-mall*, and would not be back again until very late that night. I was therefore obliged to renew my visit very early this morning, and had then a full view of the dear moppet from head to foot.

‘ You cannot imagine, worthy Sir, how ridiculously I find we have all been trussed up during the war, and how infinitely the *French* dress excels ours.

‘ The mantua has no leads in the sleeves, and I hope we are not lighter than the *French* Ladies, so as to want that kind of ballast; the petticoat has no whalebone, but fits with an air altogether gallant and *degagé*: the *Coiffure* is inexpressibly pretty, and in short, the whole dress has a thousand beauties in it, which I would not have as yet made too publick.

‘ I thought fit, however, to give this notice, that you may not be surpris’d at my appearing *à la mode de Paris* on the next birth-night.

I am, S I R, your humble servant,

Teraminta.

Within an hour after I had read this letter, I received another from the owner of the puppet.

S I R,

‘ *O*N *Saturday* last being the 12th instant, there arrived at my house in *King-street*, *Covent-Garden*, a *French* baby for the year 1712. I have taken the utmost care to have her dressed by the most celebrated tire-women and mantua-makers in *Paris*, and do not find that I have any reason to be sorry for the expence I have been at in her cloaths and importation: However, as I know no person who is so good a judge of dress

dress as yourself, if you please to call at my house in your way to the city, and take a view of her, I promise to amend whatever you shall disapprove in your next paper, before I exhibit her as a pattern to the publick.

I am, S I R,

*your most humble admirer,
and most obedient servant,*

Betty Cross-stitch.

As I am willing to do any thing in reason for the service of my countrywomen, and had much rather prevent faults than find them, I went last night to the house of the above-mentioned Mrs. *Cross-stitch*. As soon as I entered, the maid of the shop, who I suppose, was prepared for my coming, without asking me any questions, introduced me to the little damsel, and ran away to call her mistress.

The puppet was dressed in a cherry coloured gown and petticoat, with a short working apron over it, which discovered her shape to the most advantage. Her hair was cut and divided very prettily, with several ribbons stuck up and down in it. The milliner assured me, that her complexion was such as was worn by all the Ladies of the best fashion in *Paris*. Her head was extremely high, on which subject having long since declared my sentiments, I shall say nothing more to it at present. I was also offended at a small patch she wore on her breast, which I cannot suppose is placed there with any good design.

Her necklace was of an immoderate length, being tied before in such a manner, that the two ends hung down to her girdle; but whether these supply the place of kissing-strings in our enemy's country, and whether our *British* Ladies have any occasion for them, I shall leave to their serious consideration.

After having observed the particulars of her dress, as I was taking a view of it altogether, the shop-maid, who is a pert wench, told me that *Mademoiselle* had something very curious in the tying of her garters; but

as I pay a due respect even to a pair of sticks when they are in petticoats, I did not examine into that particular.

Upon the whole I was well enough pleased with the appearance of this gay Lady, and the more so because she was not talkative, a quality very rarely to be met with in the rest of her country-women.

As I was taking my leave the milliner farther informed me, that with the assistance of a watch-maker, who was her neighbour, and the ingenious Mr. *Powel*, she had also contrived another puppet, which by the help of several little springs to be wound up within it, could move all its limbs, and that she had sent it over to her correspondent in *Paris* to be taught the various leanings and bendings of the head, the rising of the bosom, the curtsy and recovery, the genteel trip, and the agreeable jet, as they are now practised in the court of *France*.

She added that she hoped she might depend upon having my encouragement as soon as it arrived; but as this was a petition of too great importance to be answered *extempore*, I left her without reply, and made the best of my way to WILL HONEYCOMB's lodgings, without whose advice I never communicate any thing to the public of this nature. X

etM5betM5betM55*etM5betM5ceM55
N^o 278 . Friday, January 18.

—*Sermones ego mallem*

Repentes per humum—Hor. Ep. 1. lib. 2. ver. 250.

I rather choose a low and creeping stile.

MR. SPECTATOR,

S I R,

Y OUR having done considerable services in this great city, by rectifying the disorders of families, and several wives having preferred your advice and directions to those of their husbands,

em-

‘ emboldens me to apply to you at this time. I am a
‘ shop-keeper and though but a young man, I find by
‘ experience that nothing but the utmost diligence
‘ both of husband and wife (among trading people)
‘ can keep affairs in any tolerable order. My wife at
‘ the beginning of our establishment shewed herself
‘ very assisting to me in my business as much as could
‘ lie in her way, and I have reason to believe it was
‘ with her inclination; but of late she has got acquaint-
‘ ed with a schoolman, who values himself for his
‘ great knowledge in the *Greek* tongue. He entertains
‘ her frequently in the shop with discourses of the
‘ beauties and excellencies of that language; and re-
‘ peats to her several passages out of the *Greek* poets,
‘ wherein he tells her there is unspeakable harmony and
‘ agreeable sounds that all other languages are wholly
‘ unacquainted with. He has so infatuated her with
‘ his jargon, that instead of using her former diligence
‘ in the shop, she now neglects the affairs of the house,
‘ and is wholly taken up with her tutor in learning by
‘ heart scraps of *Greek*, which she vents upon all occa-
‘ sions. She told me some days ago, that whereas I use
‘ some *Latin* inscriptions in my shop, she advised me
‘ with a great deal of concern to have them changed
‘ into *Greek*; it being a language less understood, would
‘ be more conformable to the mystery of my profession;
‘ that our good friend would be assisting to us in this
‘ work; and that a certain faculty of Gentlemen
‘ would find themselves so much obliged to me, that
‘ they would infallibly make my fortune: In short her
‘ frequent importunities upon this and other imperti-
‘ nencies of the like nature makes me very uneasy;
‘ and if your remonstrances have no more effect upon
‘ her than mine, I am afraid I shall be obliged to ruin
‘ myself to procure her a settlement at *Oxford* with her
‘ tutor, for she is already too mad for *Bedlam*. Now,
‘ Sir, you see the danger my family is exposed to, and
‘ the likelihood of my wife’s becoming both trouble-
‘ some and useless, unless her reading herself in your
‘ paper may make her reflect. She is so very learned
‘ that I cannot pretend by word of mouth to argue
‘ with her. She laughed out at your ending a paper in
‘ *Greek*,

• *Greek*, and said it was a hint to women of litera-
 • ture, and very civil not to translate it to expose them
 • to the vulgar. You see how it is with,

S I R, your humble servant.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

• **I**F you have that humanity and compassion in your
 • nature that you take such pains to make one
 • think you have, you will not deny your advice to a
 • distressed damsel, who intends to be determined by
 • your judgment in a matter of great importance to
 • her. You must know then, There is an agreeable
 • young fellow, to whose person, wit, and humour
 • no body makes any objection, that pretends to have
 • been long in love with me. To this I must add
 • whether it proceeds from the vanity of my nature,
 • or the seeming sincerity of my lover, (I will not pre-
 • tend to say) that I verily believe he has a real value
 • for me; which if true, you will allow may justly aug-
 • ment his merit with his mistress. I short, I am so sen-
 • sible of his good qualities, and what I owe to his pas-
 • sion, that I think I could sooner resolve to give up my
 • liberty to him than any body else, were there not
 • an objection to be made to his fortunes, in regard
 • they do not answer the utmost mine may expect, and
 • are not sufficient to secure me from undergoing the
 • reproachful phrase so commonly used, That she has
 • played the fool. Now, though I am one of those few
 • who heartily despise equipage, diamonds, and a cox-
 • comb, yet since such opposite notions from mine pre-
 • vail in the world, even amongst the best, and such as
 • are esteem'd the most prudent people, I cannot find
 • in my heart to resolve upon incurring the censure
 • of those wise folks, which I am conscious I shall do
 • if when I enter into a married state, I discover a
 • thought beyond that of equalling, if not advancing
 • my fortunes. Under this difficulty I now labour,
 • not being in the least determined whether I shall be go-
 • verned by the vain world, and the frequent examples
 • I meet with, or hearken to the voice of my lover, and
 • the motions I find in my heart in favour of him.

• Your

N^o 278 THE SPECTATOR. III

' Your opinion and advice in this affair, is the only
' thing I know can turn the balance ; and which I ear-
' nestly intreat I may receive soon ; for until I have your
' thoughts upon it, I am engaged not to give my
' swain a final discharge.

' Besides the particular obligation you will lay on me,
' by giving this subject room in one of your papers, it
' is possible it may be of use to some others of my sex,
' who will be as grateful for the favour as,

Sir, your humble servant,

Florinda.

P. S. *To tell you the truth I am married to him already,
but pray say something to justify me.*

Mr. SPECTATOR,

' **Y**OU will forgive us Professors of Musick if we
' make a second application to you, in order to
' promote our design of exhibiting entertainments of
' musick in *York-Buildings*. It is industriously insinu-
' ated that our intention is to destroy operas in gene-
' ral, but we beg of you to insert this plain explana-
' tion of ourselves in your paper. Our purpose is only
' to improve our circumstances, by improving the art
' which we profess. We see it utterly destroyed at
' present, and as we were the persons who introduced
' operas, we think it a groundless imputation that we
' should set up against the opera itself. What we pre-
' tend to assert is, That the songs of different authors
' injudiciously put together, and a foreign tone and
' manner which are expected in every thing now per-
' formed amongst us, has put musick itself to a stand ;
' insomuch that the ears of the people cannot now be
' entertained with any thing but what has an imperti-
' nent gaiety, without any just spirit, or a languish-
' ment of notes, without any passion or common sense.
' We hope those persons of sense and quality who have
' done us the honour to subscribe, will not be ashamed
' of

‘ of their patronage towards us, and not receive im-
 ‘ pressions that patronising us is being for or against
 ‘ the opera, but truly promoting their own diversions
 ‘ in a more just and elegant manner than has been
 ‘ hitherto performed.

We are, Sir,

your most humble servants,

Thomas Clayton.

Nicolino Haym.

Charles Dieupart.

*There will be no performances in York-buildings until
 after that of the subscription.* T



N^o 279 Saturday, January 19.

Reddere personæ scit convenientia cuique.

Hor. Ars Poet. ver. 316.

He knows what best befits each character.

WE have already taken a general survey of the
 fable and characters in *Milton's Paradise Lost*.
 The parts which remain to be considered, ac-
 cording to *Aristotle's* method, are the *Sentiments* and the
Language. Before I enter upon the first of these, I must
 advertise my reader, that it is my design as soon as I
 have finished my general reflexions on these four several
 heads, to give particular instances out of the poem
 which is now before us of beauties and imperfections
 which may be observed under each of them, as also of
 such other particulars as may not properly fall under
 any of them. This I thought fit to premise, that the
 reader may not judge too hastily of this piece of criti-
 cism, or look upon it as imperfect, before he has seen
 the whole extent of it.

The sentiments in an Epic poem are the thoughts
 and behaviour which the author ascribes to the persons
 whom he introduces, and are *just* when they are con-
 formable to the characters of the several persons. The
 sentiments

sentiments have likewise a relation to *things* as well as *persons*, and are then perfect when they are such as are adapted to the subject. If in either of these cases the poet endeavours to argue or explain, to magnify or diminish, to raise love or hatred, pity or terror, or any other passion, we ought to consider whether the sentiments he makes use of are proper for those ends. *Homer* is censured by the criticks for his defect as to this particular in several parts of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, though at the same time those, who have treated this great poet with candour, have attributed this defect to the times in which he lived. It was the fault of the age, and not of *Homer*, if there wants that delicacy in some of his sentiments, which now appears in the works of men of a much inferior genius. Besides, if there are blemishes in any particular thoughts there is an infinite beauty in the greatest part of them. In short, if there are many poets who would not have fallen into the meanness of some of his sentiments, there are none who could have risen up to the greatness of others. *Virgil* has excelled all others in the propriety of his sentiments. *Milton* shines likewise very much in this particular: Nor must we omit one consideration which adds to his honour and reputation. *Homer* and *Virgil* introduced persons whose characters are commonly known among men, and such are to be met with either in history, or in ordinary conversation. *Milton's* characters, most of them lie out of nature, and were to be formed purely by his own invention. It shews a greater genius in *Shakespear* to have drawn his *Calyban*, than his *Hotspur*, or *Julius Caesar*: The one was to be supplied out of his own imagination, whereas the other might have been formed upon tradition, history and observation. It was much easier therefore for *Homer* to find proper sentiments for an assembly of *Grecian* Generals, than for *Milton* to diversify his infernal council with proper characters, and inspire them with a variety of sentiments. The loves of *Dido* and *Aeneas* are only copies of what has passed between other persons. *Adam* and *Eve*, before the fall, are a different species from that of mankind, who are descended from them; and none but a poet of

of the most unbounded invention, and the most exquisite judgment, could have filled their conversation and behaviour with so many apt circumstances during their state of innocence.

Nor is it sufficient for an Epic poem to be filled with such thoughts as are *natural*, unless it abound also with such as are *sublime*. *Virgil* in this particular falls short of *Homer*. He has not indeed so many thoughts that are low and vulgar; but at the same time has not so many thoughts that are sublime and noble. The truth of it is, *Virgil* seldom rises into very astonishing sentiments, where he is not fired by the *Iliad*. He every where charms and pleases us by the force of his own genius; but seldom elevates and transports us where he does not fetch his hints from *Homer*.

Milton's chief talent, and indeed his distinguishing excellence, lies in the sublimity of his thoughts. There are others of the moderns who rival him in every other part of poetry; but in the greatness of his sentiments he triumphs over all the poets both modern and ancient, *Homer* only excepted. It is impossible for the imagination of man to distend itself with greater ideas, than those which he has laid together in his first, second and sixth books. The seventh, which describes the creation of the world, is likewise wonderfully sublime, though not so apt to stir up emotion in the mind of the reader, nor consequently so perfect in the epic way of writing, because it is filled with less action. Let the judicious reader compare what *Longinus* has observed on several passages in *Homer*, and he will find parallels for most of them in the *Paradise Lost*.

From what has been said we may infer, that as there are two kinds of sentiments, the Natural and the Sublime, which are always to be pursued in an heroic poem, there are also two kinds of thoughts which are carefully to be avoided. The first are such as are affected and unnatural; the second such as are mean and vulgar. As for the first kind of thoughts, we meet with little or nothing that is like them in *Virgil*: He has none of those trifling points and puerilities that are so often to be met with in *Ovid*, none of the epigrammatick

mattick turns of *Lucan*, none of those swelling sentiments which are so frequent in *Statius* and *Claudian*, none of those mixed embellishments of *Tasso*. Every thing is just and natural. His sentiments shew that he had a perfect insight into human nature, and that he knew every thing which was the most proper to affect it.

Mr. *Dryden* has in some places, which I may hereafter take notice of, misrepresented *Virgil's* way of thinking as to this particular, in the translation he has given us of the *Aeneid*. I do not remember that *Homer* any where falls into the faults abovementioned, which were indeed the false refinements of later ages. *Milton* it must be confest, has sometimes erred in this respect, as I shall show more at large in another paper; though considering how all the poets of the age in which he writ were infected with this wrong way of thinking, he is rather to be admired that he did not give more into it, than that he did sometimes comply with the vicious taste which still prevails so much among modern writers.

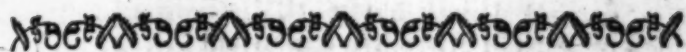
But since several thoughts may be natural which are low and groveling, an epic poet should not only avoid such sentiments as are unnatural or affected, but also such as are mean and vulgar. *Homer* has opened a great field of rallery to men of more delicacy than greatness of genius, by the homeliness of some of his sentiments. But, as I have before said, these are rather to be imputed to the simplicity of the age in which he lived, to which I may also add, of that which he described, than to any imperfection in that divine poet. *Zojlus*, among the ancients, and Monsieur *Perrault*, among the moderns, pushed their ridicule very far upon him, on account of some such sentiments. There is no blemish to be observed in *Virgil* under this head, and but a very few in *Milton*.

I shall give but one instance of this impropriety of thought in *Homer*, and at the same time compare it with an instance of the same nature, both in *Virgil* and *Milton*. Sentiments, which raise laughter, can very seldom be admitted with any decency into an heroic poem, whose business it is to excite passions of a much nobler nature. *Homer*, however, in his characters of *Vulcan* and *Thersites*, in his story of *Mars* and *Venus*, in his

his behaviour of *Irus*, and in other passages, has been observed to have lapsed into the burlesque character, and to have departed from that serious air which seems essential to the magnificence of an epic poem. I remember but one laugh in the whole *Aeneid*, which rises in the fifth book, upon *Monates*, where he is represented as thrown overboard, and drying himself upon a rock. But this piece of mirth is so well timed that the severest critick can have nothing to say against it; for it is in the book of games and diversions, where the reader's mind may be supposed to be sufficiently relaxed for such an entertainment. The only piece of pleasantry in *Paradise Lost*, is where the evil spirits are described as rallying the angels upon the success of their new-invented artillery. This passage I look upon to be the most exceptionable in the whole poem, as being nothing else but a string of puns, and those too very indifferent ones,

—————Satan beheld their plight,
And to his mates thus in derision call'd.
O friends, why come not on those victors proud?
Ere-while they fierce were coming, and when we,
To entertain them fair with open front,
And breast (what could we more?) propounded terms
Of Composition, straight they chang'd their minds,
Flew off, and into strange vagaries fell
As they would dance: yet for a dance they seem'd
Somewhat extravagant, and wild; perhaps
For joy of offer'd peace; but I suppose
If our proposals once ag in were heard,
We should compel them to a quick result.

To whom thus Belial in like gamefome mood:
Leader, the terms we sent were terms of weight,
Of hard contents, and full of force urged home;
Such as we might perceive amus'd them all,
And stumbled many: who receives them right,
Had need from head to foot well understand;
Not understood, this gift they have besides,
They shew us when our foes walk not upright.
Thus they among themselves in pleasant vein
Stood scoffing —————

N^o 280 Monday, January 21.*Principibus placuisse viris non ultima laus est.*

Hor. Ep. 17. lib. ver. 35.

To please the great is not the smallest praise. CREECH.

THE desire of pleasing makes a man agreeable or unwelcome to those with whom he converses, according to the motive from which that inclination appears to flow. If your concern for pleasing others arises from an innate benevolence, it never fails of success; if from a vanity to excel, its disappointment is no less certain. What we call an agreeable man, is he who is endowed with the natural bent to do acceptable things from a delight he takes in them merely as such; and the affectation of that character is what constitutes a fop. Under these leaders one may draw up all those who make any manner of figure, except in dumb show. A rational and select conversation is composed of persons, who have the talent of pleasing with delicacy of sentiments flowing from habitual chastity of thought; but mixed company is frequently made up of pretenders to mirth, and is usually pestered with constrained, obscene and painful witticisms. Now and then you meet with a man, so exactly formed for pleasing, that it is no matter what he is doing or saying, that is to say, that there need no manner of importance in it, to make him gain upon every body who hears or beholds him. This felicity is not the gift of nature only, but must be attended with happy circumstances, which add a dignity to the familiar behaviour which distinguishes him whom we call an agreeable man. It is from this that every body loves and esteems *Polycarpus*. He is in the vigour of his age and the gaiety of life, but has passed through very conspicuous scenes in it; though no soldier, he has shared the danger,

danger, and acted with great galantry and generosity on a decisive day of battle. To have those qualities which only make other men conspicuous in the world as it were supernumerary to him, is a circumstance which gives weight to his most indifferent actions; for as a known credit is ready cash to a trader, so is acknowledged merit immediate distinction, and serves in the place of equipage to a gentleman. This renders *Poly-carpus* graceful in mirth, important in business, and regarded with love, in every ordinary occurrence. But not to dwell upon characters which have such particular recommendations to our hearts, let us turn our thoughts rather to the methods of pleasing which must carry men through the world who cannot pretend to such advantages. Falling in with the particular humour or manner of one above you, abstracted from the general rules of good behaviour, is the life of a slave. A parasite differs in nothing from the meanest servant, but that the footman hires himself for bodily labour, subjected to go and come at the will of his master, but the other gives up his very soul: he is prostituted to speak, and professes to think after the mode of him whom he courts. This servitude to a patron, in an honest nature, would be more grievous than that of wearing his livery; therefore we will speak of those methods only, which are worthy and ingenuous.

The happy talent of pleasing either those above you or below you, seems to be wholly owing to the opinion they have of your sincerity. This quality is to attend the agreeable man in all the actions of his life; and I think there need no more be said in honour of it, than that it is what forces the approbation even of your opponents. The guilty man has an honour for the judge who with justice pronounces against him the sentence of death itself. The author of the sentence at the head of this paper, was an excellent judge of human life, and passed his own in company the most agreeable that ever was in the world. *Augustus* lived amongst his friends as if he had his fortune to make in his own court: Candour and affability, accompanied with as much power as ever mortal was vested with, were what made him in the utmost manner agreeable among a set of admirable men,

men, who had thoughts too high for ambition, and views too large to be gratified by what he could give them in the disposal of an empire, without the pleasures of their mutual conversation. A certain unanimity of taste and judgement, which is natural to all of the same order in the species, was the band of this society; and the emperor assumed no figure in it, but what he thought was his due from his private talents and qualifications, as they contributed to advance the pleasures and sentiments of the company.

Cunning people, hypocrites, all who are but half virtuous, or half wise, or incapable of tasting the refined pleasure of such an equal company as could wholly exclude the regard of fortune in their conversations. *Horace*, in the discourse from whence I take the hint of the present speculation, lays down excellent rules for conduct in conversation with men of power; but he speaks it with an air of one who had no need of such an application for any thing which related to himself. It shews he understood what it was to be a skilful courtier, by just admonitions against importunity, and shewing how forcible it was to speak modestly of your own wants. There is indeed something so shameless in taking all opportunities to speak of your own affairs, that he who is guilty of it towards him on whom he depends, fares like the beggar, who exposes his sores, which instead of moving compassion makes the man he begs of turn away from the object.

I cannot tell what is become of him, but I remember about sixteen years ago an honest fellow, who so justly understood how disagreeable the mention or appearance of his wants would make him, that I have often reflected upon him as a counterpart of *Irus*, whom I have formerly mentioned. This man, whom I have missed for some years in my walks, and have heard was some way employed about the army, made it a maxim, That good wigs, delicate linen, and a chearful air, were to a poor dependant the same that working tools are to a poor artificer. It was no small entertainment to me, who knew his circumstances, to see him, who had fasted two days, attribute the thinness they told him of to the violence

violence of some galantries he had lately been guilty of. The skilful dissembler carried this on with the utmost address; and if any suspected his affairs were narrow, it was attributed to indulging himself in some fashionable vice rather than an irreproachable poverty, which saved his credit with those on whom he depended.

The main art is to be as little troublesome as you can, and make all you hope for come rather as a favour from your patron than claim from you. But I am here prating of what is the method of pleasing so as to succeed in the world, when there are crowds who have, in city, town, court, and country, arrived to considerable acquisitions, and yet seem incapable of acting in any constant tenour of life, but have gone on from one successful error to another: Therefore I think I may shorten this inquiry after the method of pleasing; and as the old beau said to his son, once for all, *Pray, Jack, be a fine gentleman*, so may I, to my reader, abridge my instructions, and finish the art of pleasing, in a word, *Be rich*. T



N^o 281 Tuesday, January 22.

Pectoribus inbians spirantia consulit exta.

Virg. *Æn.* 4. ver. 64.

Anxious the reeking entrails he consults.

HAVING already given an account of the dissection of a *Beau's Head*, with the several discoveries made on that occasion; I shall here, according to my promise, enter upon the dissection of a *Coquette's* heart, and communicate to the publick such particularities as we observed in that curious piece of anatomy.

I should perhaps have waved his undertaking, had not I been put in mind of my promise by several of my unknown correspondents, who are very importunate with me to make an example of the coquette, as I have already done of the beau. It is therefore in compliance with

with the request of friends, that I have looked over the minutes of my former dream, in order to give the publick an exact relation of it, which I shall enter upon without farther preface.

Our operator, before he engaged in this visionary dissection, told us, that there was nothing in his art more difficult than to lay open the heart of a coquette, by reason of the many labyrinths and recesses which are to be found in it, and which do not appear in the heart of any other animal.

He desired us first of all to observe the *Pericardium*, or outward case of the heart, which we did very attentively; and by the help of our glasses discerned in it millions of little scars, which seemed to have been occasioned by the points of innumerable darts and arrows, that from time to time had glanced upon the outward coat; though we could not discover the smallest orifice, by which any of them had entered and pierced the inward substance.

Every smatterer in anatomy knows that this *Pericardium*, or case of the heart, contains in it a thin reddish liquor, supposed to be bred from the vapours which exhale out of the heart, and, being stopt here, are condensed into this watry substance. Upon examining this liquor, we found that it had in it all the qualities of that spirit which is made use of in the thermometer, to shew the change of weather.

Nor must I here omit an experiment one of the company assured us he himself had made with this liquor, which he found in great quantity about the heart of a coquette whom he had formerly dissected. He affirmed to us, that he had actually inclosed it in a small tube made after the manner of a weather glass; but that instead of acquainting him with the variations of the atmosphere, it shewed him the qualities of those persons who entered the room where it stood. He affirmed also, that it rose at the approach of a plume of feathers, an embroidered coat, or a pair of fringed gloves; and that it fell as soon as an ill-shaped periwig, a clumsy pair of shoes, or an unfashionable coat came into his house: Nay, he proceeded so far as to assure us, that upon his laughing aloud when he stood by it, the li-

quor mounted very sensibly, and immediately sunk again upon his looking serious. In short, he told us, that he knew very well by this invention whenever he had a man of sense or a coxcomb in his room.

Having cleared away the *Pericardium*, or the case and liquor above-mentioned, we came to the heart itself. The outward surface of it was extremely slippery, and the *Mucro*, or point, so very cold withal, that, upon endeavouring to take hold of it, it glided through the fingers like a smooth piece of ice.

The fibres were turned and twisted in a more intricate and perplexed manner than they are usually found in other hearts; insomuch that the whole heart was wound up together in a Gordian knot, and must have had very irregular and unequal motions, whilst it was employed in its vital function.

One thing we thought very observable, namely, that, upon examining all the vessels which came into it or issued out of it, we could not discover any communication that it had with the tongue.

We could not but take notice likewise, that several of those little nerves in the heart which are affected by the sentiments of love, hatred, and other passions, did not descend to this before us from the brain, but from the muscles which lie about the eye.

Upon weighing the heart in my hand, I found it to be extremely light, and consequently very hollow, which I did not wonder at, when, upon looking into the inside of it, I saw multitudes of cells and cavities running one within another, as our historians describe the apartments of *Rosalind's* bower. Several of these little hollows were stuffed with innumerable sorts of trifles, which I shall forbear giving any particular account of, and shall therefore only take notice of what lay first and uppermost, which, upon our unfolding it and applying our microscopes to it, appeared to be a flame coloured hood.

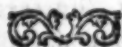
We were informed that the lady of this heart, when living, received the addresses of several who made love to her, and did not only give each of them encouragement, but made every one she conversed with believe that she regarded him with an eye of kindness; for which
reason

reason we expected to have seen the impression of multitudes of faces among the several plaits and foldings of the heart; but to our great surprise not a single print of this nature discovered itself until we came into the very core and center of it. We there observed a little figure, which, upon applying our glasses to it, appeared dressed in a very fantastick manner. The more I looked upon it, the more I thought I had seen the face before, but could not possibly recollect either the place or time; when, at length, one of the company, who had examined this figure more nicely than the rest, shewed us plainly by the make of his face, and the several turns of its features, that the little idol which was thus lodged in the very middle of the heart was the deceased beau, whose head I gave some account of in my last *Tuesday's* paper.

As soon as we had finished our dissection, we resolved to make an experiment of the heart, not being able to determine among ourselves the nature of its substance, which differed in so many particulars from that of the heart in other females. Accordingly we laid it into a pan of burning coals, when we observed in it a certain salamandrine quality, that made it capable of living in the midst of fire and flame, without being consumed, or so much as singed.

As we were admiring this strange *Phenomenon*, and standing round the heart in a circle, it gave a most prodigious sigh or rather crack, and dispersed all at once in smoke and vapour. This imaginary noise, which methought was louder than the burst of a cannon, produced such a violent shake in my brain, that it dissipated the fumes of sleep, and left me in an instant broad awake.

L





N^o 282 Wednesday, January 23.

— *Spes incerta futuri.* Virg. *Æn.* 8. ver. 580.

Hopes and fears in equal balance laid.

DRYDEN.

IT is a lamentable thing that every man is full of complaints, and constantly uttering sentences against the fickleness of fortune, when people generally bring upon themselves all the calamities they fall into, and are constantly heaping up matter for their own sorrow and disappointment. That which produces the greatest part of the delusions of mankind, is a false hope which people indulge with so sanguine a flattery to themselves, that their hearts are bent upon fantastical advantages which they had no reason to believe should ever have arrived to them. By this unjust measure of calculating their happiness, they often mourn with real affliction for imaginary losses. When I am talking of this unhappy way of accounting for ourselves, I cannot but reflect upon a particular set of people, who, in their own favour, resolve every thing that is possible into what is probable, and then reckon on that probability as on what must certainly happen. WILL HONEYCOMB, upon my observing his looking on a Lady with some particular attention, gave me an account of the great distresses which had laid waste that her very fine face, and had given an air of melancholy to a very agreeable person. That Lady, and a couple of sisters of hers, were, said WILL, fourteen years ago, the greatest fortunes about town; but without having any loss by bad tenants, by bad securities, or any damage by sea or land, are reduced to very narrow circumstances. They were at that time the most inaccessible haughty beauties in town; and their pretensions to take upon them at that unmerciful rate, were raised upon the following scheme,

scheme, according to which all their lovers were answered.

‘ Our father is a youngish man, but then our mother is somewhat older, and not likely to have any children: His estate being 800*l.* *per Annum*, at 20 years purchase, is worth 16,000*l.* Our uncle, who is above 50, has 400*l.* *per Annum*, which at the afore-said rate, is 8000*l.* There is a widow aunt, who has 10,000*l.* at her own disposal left by her husband, and an old maiden aunt, who has 6000*l.* Then our father’s mother has 900*l.* *per Annum*, which is worth 18,000*l.* and 100 *l.* each of us has of her own, which cannot be taken from us. These summed up together stand thus.

	£		This equally divided
Father’s	800—16,000		between us three a-
Uncle’s	400—8000		mounts to 20,000 <i>l.</i>
Aunts. {	10,000 } —16,000		each; an allowance be-
	6000 }		ing given for enlarge-
Grandmother	900—18,000		ment upon common
Own 1000 each	— 3000		fame, we may lawfully
	—————		pass for 30,000 <i>l.</i>
Total	61,000		fortunes.

In prospect of this, and the knowledge of their own personal merit, every one was contemptible in their eyes, and they refused those offers which had been frequently made them. *But mark the end:* The mother dies, the father is married again, and has a son, on him was entailed the father’s, uncle’s, and grand-mother’s estate. This cut off 43,000*l.* The maiden aunt married a tall *Irishman*, and with her went the 6000. The widow died, and left but enough to pay her debts and bury her; so that there remained for these three girls but their own 1000*l.* They had by this time passed their prime, and got on the wrong side of thirty; and must pass the remainder of their days, upbraiding mankind that they mind nothing but money, and bewailing that virtue, sense and modesty, are had at present in no manner of estimation.

I mention this case of Ladies before any other, because it is the most irreparable: For though youth is the time less capable of reflexion, it is in that sex the only season in which they can advance their fortunes. But if we turn our thoughts to the men, we see such crouds of unhappy from no other reason, but an ill-grounded hope, that it is hard to say which they rather deserve, our pity or contempt. It is not unpleasant to see a fellow, after grown old in attendance, and after having passed half a life in servitude, call himself the unhappiest of all men, and pretend to be disappointed because a courtier broke his word. He that promises himself any thing but what may naturally arise from his own property or liberty, and goes beyond the desire of possessing above two parts in three even of that, lays up for himself an increasing heap of afflictions and disappointments. There are but two means in the world of gaining by other men, and these are by being either agreeable or considerable. The generality of mankind do all things for their own sakes; and when you hope any thing from persons above you, if you cannot say, I can be thus agreeable or thus serviceable, it is ridiculous to pretend to the dignity of being unfortunate when they leave you; you were injudicious, in hoping for any other than to be neglected for such as can come within these descriptions of being capable to please or serve your patron, when his humour or interests call for their capacity either way.

It would not methinks be an useless comparison between the condition of a man who shuns all the pleasures of life, and of one who makes it his business to pursue them. Hope in the recluse makes his austerities comfortable, while the luxurious man gains nothing but uneasiness from his enjoyments. What is the difference in the happiness of him who is macerated by abstinence and his who is surfeited with excess? He who resigns the world, has no temptation to envy, hatred, malice, anger, but is in constant possession of a serene mind; he who follows the pleasures of it, which are in their very nature disappointing, is in constant search of care, solicitude, remorse, and confusion.

Mr.

Mr. SPECTATOR, *January the 14th, 1712.*

I Am a young woman and have my fortune to make, for which reason I come constantly to church to hear divine service, and make conquests: But one great hindrance in this my design, is that our clerk, who was once a gardener, has this *Christmas* so over-deckt the church with greens, that he has quite spoilt my prospect, inso-much that I have scarce seen the young baronet I dress at these three weeks, though we have both been very constant at our devotions, and do not sit above three pews off. The church, as it is now equipt, looks more like a green-house than a place of worship: The middle isle is a very pretty shady walk, and the pews look like so many arbours of each side of it. The pulpit itself has such clusters of ivy, holly, and rosemary about it, that a light fellow in our pew took occasion to say, that the congregation heard the word out of a bush, like *Moses*. Sir *Anthony Lowe's* pew in particular is so well hedged, that all my batteries have no effect. I am obliged to shoot at random among the boughs, without taking any manner of aim. Mr. SPECTATOR, unless you will give orders for removing these greens, I shall grow a very awkward creature at church, and soon have little else to do there but to say my prayers. I am in haste,

Dear S I R,

your most obedient servant,

Jenny Simper.



N^o 283 Thursday, January 24.

Magister artis & largitor ingeni

Venter —

Perf. Prolog. ver. 10.

Necessity is the mother of invention.

English Proverb.

LUcian rallies the philosophers in his time, who could not agree whether they should admit *Riches* into the number of *real goods*; the professors of the severer sects threw them quite out, while others as resolutely inserted them.

I am apt to believe, that as the world grew more polite, the rigid doctrines of the first were wholly discarded; and I do not find any one so hardy at present as to deny that there are very great advantages in the enjoyment of a plentiful fortune. Indeed the best and wisest of men, though they may possibly despise a good part of those things which the world calls pleasures, can, I think, hardly be insensible of that weight and dignity which a moderate share of wealth adds to their characters, counsels, and actions.

We find it a general complaint in professions and trades, that the richest members of them are chiefly encouraged, and this is falsely imputed to the ill-nature of mankind, who are ever bestowing their favours on such as least want them. Whereas if we fairly consider their proceedings in this case, we shall find them founded on undoubted reason: Since supposing both equal in their natural integrity, I ought, in common prudence, to fear foul play from an indigent person, rather than from one whose circumstances seem to have placed him above the bare temptation of money.

This reason also makes the commonwealth regard her richest subjects, as those who are most concerned for her quiet and interest, and consequently fittest to be intrusted with her highest employments. On the contrary, *Catiline's*

line's saying to those men of desperate fortunes, who applied themselves to him, and of whom he afterwards composed his army, that *they had nothing to hope for but a civil war*, was too true not to make the impressions he desired.

I believe I need not fear but that what I have said in praise of money, will be more than sufficient with most of my readers to excuse the subject of my present paper, which I intend as an essay on *The ways to raise a man's fortune*, or, *The art of growing rich*.

The first and most infallible method towards the attaining of this end is *Thrift*: All men are not equally qualified for getting money, but it is in the power of every one alike to practise this virtue, and I believe there are very few persons, who, if they please to reflect on their past lives, will not find that had they saved all those little sums which they have spent unnecessarily, they might at present have been masters of a competent fortune. *Diligence* justly claims the next place to *Thrift*: I find both these excellently well recommended to common use in the three following *Italian* proverbs.

Never do that by proxy which you can do yourself.
Never defer that 'till to-morrow which you can do to-day.
Never neglect small matters and expences.

A third instrument in growing rich, is *Method in business*, which as well as the two former, is also attainable by persons of the meanest capacities.

The famous *De Wit*, one of the greatest statesmen of the age in which he lived, being asked by a friend, How he was able to dispatch that multitude of affairs in which he was engaged? replied, That his whole art consisted in doing *one thing at once*. If, says he, I have any necessary dispatches to make, I think of nothing else until those are finished: If any domestic affairs require my attention, I give myself up wholly to them until they are set in order.

In short, we often see men of dull and phlegmatick tempers, arriving to great estates, by making a regular and orderly disposition of their business, and that with-

out it the greatest parts and most lively imaginations rather puzzle their affairs, than bring them to an happy issue.

From what has been said, I think I may lay it down as a maxim, that every man of good common sense may, if he pleases, in his particular station of life most certainly be rich. The reason why we sometimes see that men of the greatest capacities are not so, is either because they despise wealth in comparison of something else; or at least are not content to be getting an estate, unless they may do it their own way, and at the same time enjoy all the pleasures and gratifications of life.

But besides these ordinary forms of growing rich, it must be allowed that there is room for genius as well in this as in all other circumstances of life.

Though the ways of getting money were long since very numerous; and though so many new ones have been found out of late years, there is certainly still remaining so large a field for invention, that a man of an indifferent head might easily sit down and draw up such a plan for the conduct and support of his life, as was never yet once thought of.

We daily see methods put in practice by hungry and ingenious men, which demonstrate the power of invention in this particular.

It is reported of *Scaramouche*, the first famous Italian comedian, that being at *Paris* and in great want, he be-thought himself of constantly plying near the door of a noted perfumer in that city, and when any one came out who had been buying snuff, never failed to desire a taste of them: when he had by this means got together a quantity made up of several different sorts, he sold it again at a lower rate to the same perfumer, who finding out the trick, called it *Tobac de mille fleurs*, or *snuff of a thousand flowers*. The story farther tells us, that by this means he got a very comfortable subsistence, until making too much haste to grow rich, he one day took such an unreasonable pinch out of the box of a *Swiss* officer, as engaged him in a quarrel, and obliged him to quit this ingenious way of life.

Nor can I in this place omit doing justice to a youth of my own country, who, though he is scarce yet
twelve

twelve years old, has with great industry and application attained to the art of beating the grenadiers march on his chin. I am credibly informed that by this means he does not only maintain himself and his mother, but that he is laying up money every day, with a design, if the war continues, to purchase a drum at least, if not a pair of colours.

I shall conclude these instances with the device of the famous *Rabelais*, when he was at a great distance from *Paris*, and without money to bear his expences thither. This ingenious author being thus sharp set, got together a convenient quantity of brick-dust, and having disposed of it into several papers, writ upon one *Poison for Monsieur*, upon a second, *Poison for the Dauphin*, and on a third, *Poison for the King*. Having made this provision for the Royal family of *France*, he laid his papers so that this landlord, who was an inquisitive man, and a good subject, might get a sight of them.

The plot succeeded as he desired: The host gave immediate intelligence to the secretary of state. The secretary presently sent down a special messenger, who brought up the traitor to court, and provided him at the King's expence with proper accommodations on the road. As soon as he appeared he was known to be the celebrated *Rabelais*, and his powder upon examination being found very innocent, the jest was only laughed at; for which a less eminent *Droll* would have been sent to the gallies.

Trade and commerce might doubtless be still varied a thousand ways, out of which would arise such branches as have not yet been touched. The famous *Daily* is still fresh in every one's memory, who raised a fortune by finding out materials for such stuffs as might at once be cheap and genteel. I have heard it affirmed, that had not he discovered this frugal method of gratifying our pride, we should hardly have been able to carry on the last war.

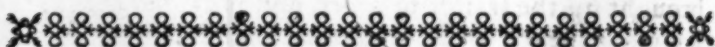
I regard trade not only as highly advantageous to the commonwealth in general; but as the most natural and likely method of making a man's fortune, having observed, since my being a *Spectator* in the world, greater estates got about *Change*, than at *Whitehall* or *St. James's*.

I believe I may also add, that the first acquisitions are generally attended with more satisfaction, and as good a conscience.

I must not however close this essay, without observing that what has been said is only intended for persons in the common ways of thriving, and is not designed for those men who from low beginnings push themselves up to the top of states, and the most considerable figures in life. My maxim of *Saving* is not designed for such as these, since nothing is more usual than for *Fbrist* to disappoint the ends of *Ambition*; it being almost impossible that the mind should be intent upon trifles, while it is at the same time forming some great design.

I may therefore compare these men to a great poet, who, as *Longinus* says, while he is full of the most magnificent ideas, is not always at leisure to mind the little beauties and niceties of his art.

I would however have all my readers take great care how they mistake themselves for uncommon *Genius's*, and men above rule, since it is very easy for them to be deceived in this particular. X



N^o 284 Friday, January 25.

Posthabui tamen illorum mea seria ludo.

Virg. Ecl. 7. ver. 17.

Their mirth to share, I bid my business wait.

A N unaffected behaviour is without question a very great charm; but under the notion of being unconstrained and disengaged, people take upon them to be unconcerned in any duty of life. A general negligence is what they assume upon all occasions, and set up for an aversion to all manner of business and attention. *I am the careleffest creature in the world, I have certainly the worst memory of any man living*, are frequent expressions in the mouth of a pretender of this sort. It is a professed maxim with these people never to *think*; there is something so solemn in reflection, they, forsooth,

can

can never give themselves time for such a way of employing themselves. It happens often that this sort of man is heavy enough in his nature to be a good proficient in such matters as are attainable by industry; but alas! he has such an ardent desire to be what he is not, to be too volatile, to have the faults of a person of spirit, that he professes himself the most unfit man living for any manner of application. When this humour enters into the head of a female, she generally professes sickness upon all occasions, and acts all things with an indisposed air: She is offended, but her mind is too lazy to raise her to anger, therefore she lives only as actuated by a violent spleen and gentle scorn. She has hardly curiosity to listen to scandal of her acquaintance, and has never attention enough to hear them commended. This affectation in both sexes makes them vain of being useless, and take a certain pride their insignificancy.

Opposite to this folly is another no less unreasonable, and that is the impertinence of being always in a hurry. There are those who visit Ladies, and beg pardon, before they are well seated in their chairs, that they just called in, but are obliged to attend business of importance elsewhere the very next moment: Thus they run from place to place, professing that they are obliged to be still in another company than that which they are in. These persons who are just a going somewhere else should never be detained; let all the world allow that business is to be minded, and their affairs will be at an end. Their vanity is to be importuned, and compliance with their multiplicity of affairs would effectually dispatch them. The travelling ladies, who have half the town to see in an afternoon, may be pardoned for being in constant hurry; but it is inexcusable in men to come where they have no business, to profess they absent themselves where they have. It has been remarked by some nice observers and criticks, that there is nothing discovers the true temper of a person so much as his letters. I have by me two epistles, which are written by two people of the different humours above-mentioned. It is wonderful that a man cannot observe upon himself when he sits down to write, but that he will gravely commit himself to paper the same man that he is in the freedom of conversation.

versation. I have hardly seen a line from any of these Gentlemen, but spoke them as absent from what they were doing, as they profess they are when they come into company. For the folly is, that they have persuaded themselves they really are busy. Thus their whole time is spent in suspense of the present moment to the next, and then from the next to the succeeding, which to the end of life, is to pass away with pretence to many things, and execution of nothing.

S I R,

THE post is just going out, and I have many other letters of very great importance to write this evening, but I could not omit making my compliments to you for your civilities to me when I was last in town. It is my misfortune to be full of business, that I cannot tell you a thousand things which I have to say to you. I must desire you to communicate the contents of this to no one living; but believe me to be, with the greatest fidelity,

S I R,

your most obedient

bumble servant,

Stephen Courier.

Madam,

I Hate writing, of all things in the world; however, though I have drank the waters, and am told I ought not to use my eyes so much, I cannot forbear writing to you, to tell you I have been to the last degree hipped since I saw you. How could you entertain such a thought, as that I should hear of that silly fellow with patience? Take my word for it, there is nothing in it; and you may believe it when so lazy a creature as I am undergo the pains to assure you of it by taking pen, ink, and paper in my hand. Forgive this, you know I shall not often offend in this kind. I am very much

Your servant,

Bridget Eitherdown.

*The fellow is of your country, pr'ythee send me word how-
ever whether he has so great an estate.*

Mr;

MR. SPECTATOR,

Jan. 24, 1712.

I Am clerk of the parish from whence Mrs. *Simper* sends her complaint, in your yesterday's *Spectator*. I must beg of you to publish this as a publick admonition to the aforesaid Mrs. *Simper*, otherwise all my honest care in the disposition of the greens in the church will have no effect: I shall therefore with your leave lay before you the whole matter. I was formerly, as she charges me, for several years a gardiner in the county of *Kent*: But I must absolutely deny, that it is out of any affection I retain for my old employment that I have placed my greens so liberally about the church, but out of a particular spleen I conceived against Mrs. *Simper* (and others of the same sisterhood) sometime ago. As to herself, I had one day set the hundredth *Psalm*, and was singing the first line in order to put the congregation into the tune, she was all the while curtsying to Sir *Anthony*, in so affected and indecent a manner, that the indignation I conceived at it made me forget myself so far, as from the tune of that *Psalm* to wander into *Southwell* tune, and from thence into *Windsor* tune, still unable to recover myself, until I had with the utmost confusion set a new one. Nay, I have often seen her rise up and smile, and curtsy to one at the lower end of the church in the midst of a *Gloria Patri*; and when I have spoke the assent to a prayer with a long *Amen*, uttered with decent gravity, she has been rolling her eyes around about in such a manner, as plainly shewed, however she was moved, it was not towards an heavenly object. In fine, she extended her conquests so far over the males, and raised such envy in the females, that what between love of those, and the jealousy of these, I was almost the only person that looked in a prayer-book all church-time. I had several projects in my head to put a stop to this growing mischief; but as I have long lived in *Kent*, and there often heard how the *Kentish* men evaded the conqueror, by carrying green boughs over their heads, it put me in mind of practising this device

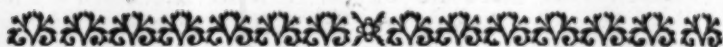
against

‘ against Mrs. *Simper*. I find I have preserved many a
 ‘ young man from her eye-shot by this means: there-
 ‘ fore humbly pray the boughs may be fixed, until she
 ‘ shall give security for her peaceable intentions.

Your humble servant,

T

Francis Sternhold.



N^o 285 Saturday, January 26.

*Ne, quicumque Deus, quicumque adhibebitur heros,
 Regali conspectus in auro nuper & ostro,
 Migret in obscuras humili sermone tabernas:
 Aut, dum vitat humum, nubes & inania captet.*

Hor. Ars Poet. ver. 227.

But then they did not wrong themselves so much,
 To make a God, a Hero, or a King
 (Stript of his golden crown, and purple robe)
 Descend to a mechanick dialect;
 Nor (to avoid such meanness) soaring high,
 With empty sound, and airy notions, fly.

ROSCOMMON.

HAVING already treated of the fable, the characters
 and sentiments in the *Paradise Lost*, we are in the
 last place to consider the *Language*; and as the
 learned world is very much divided upon *Milton* as to
 this point, I hope they will excuse me if I appear par-
 ticular in any of my opinions, and incline to those who
 judge the most advantageously of the author.

It is requisite that the language of an heroic poem
 should be both perspicuous and sublime. In proportion
 as either of these two qualities are wanting, the lan-
 guage is imperfect. Perspicuity is the first and most ne-
 cessary qualification; insomuch that a good-natured rea-
 der sometimes overlooks a little slip even in the gram-
 mar

mar or *Syntax*, where it is impossible for him to mistake the poet's sense. Of this kind is that passage in *Milton*, wherein he speaks of *Satan*;

—God and his Son except,
Created thing nought valu'd he nor shunn'd.

And that in which he describes *Adam* and *Eve*.

Adam the goodliest man of men since born
His sons, the fairest of her daughters Eve.

It is plain, that in the former of these passages according to the natural *Syntax*, the divine persons mentioned in the first line are represented as created beings; and that, in the other, *Adam* and *Eve* are confounded with their sons and daughters. Such little blemishes as these, when the thought is great and natural, we should with *Horace*, impute to a pardonable inadvertency, or to the weakness of human nature, which cannot attend to each minute particular, and give the last finishing to every circumstance in so long a work. The ancient criticks therefore, who were act'd by a spirit of candour, rather than that of cavilling, invented certain figures of speech, on purpose to palliate little errors of this nature in the writings of those authors who had so many greater beauties to atone for them.

If clearness and perspicuity were only to be consulted, the poet would have nothing else to do but to clothe his thoughts in the most plain and natural expressions. But since it often happens that the most obvious phrases, and those which are used in ordinary conversation, become to familiar to the ear, and contract a kind of meanness by passing through the mouths of the vulgar; a poet should take particular care to guard himself against idiomatic ways of speaking. *Ovid* and *Lucan* have many poornesses of expression upon this account, as taking up with the first phrases that offered, without putting themselves to the trouble of looking after such as would not only have been natural, but also elevated and sublime. *Milton* has but few failings in this kind, of which, however, you may meet with some instances, as in the following passages.

Embrios

*Embrios and idiots, eremites and friers,
White, black, and gray, with all their trumpery,
Here pilgrims roam——*

*—— A while discourse they hold,
No fear lest dinner cool; when thus began——*

Our Author——

*Who of all ages to succeed, but feeling
The evil on him brought by me, will curse
My head, ill fare our ancestor impure,
For this we may thank Adam.*

The great masters in composition, knew very well that many an elegant phrase becomes improper for a poet or an orator, when it has been debased by common use. For this reason the works of ancient authors, which are written in dead languages, have a great advantage over those which are written in languages that are now spoken. Were there any mean phrases or idioms in *Virgil* and *Homer*, they would not shock the ear of the most delicate modern reader, so much as they would have done that of an old *Greek* or *Roman*, because we never hear them pronounced in our streets, or in ordinary conversation.

It is not therefore sufficient, that the language of an epic poem be perspicuous, unless it be also sublime. To this end it ought to deviate from the common forms and ordinary phrases of speech. The judgment of a poet very much discovers itself in shunning the common roads of expression, without falling into such ways of speech as may seem stiff and unnatural; he must not swell into a false sublime, by endeavouring to avoid the other extreme. Among the *Greeks*, *Æschylus*, and sometimes *Sophocles*, were guilty of this fault; among the *Latins*, *Claudian* and *Statius*; and among our own countrymen, *Shakspear* and *Lee*. In these authors the affectation of greatness often hurts the perspicuity of the stile, as in many others the endeavour after perspicuity prejudices its greatness.

Aristotle has observed, that the idiomatick stile may be avoided, and the sublime formed, by the following methods. First, by the use of metaphors; such are those of *Milton*.

Imparadised

Imparadised in one another's arms.
 — And in his hand a reed
 Stood waving tipt with fire. —
 The grassy clods now calv'd, —
 Spangled with eyes —

In these and innumerable other instances, the metaphors are very bold but just; I must however observe that the metaphors are not so thick sown in *Milton*, which always favours too much of wit; that they never clash with one another, which, as *Aristotle* observes, turns a sentence into a kind of an enigma or riddle; and that he seldom has recourse to them where the proper and natural words will do as well.

Another way of raising the language, and giving it a poetical turn, is to make use of the idioms of other tongues. *Virgil* is full of the *Greek* forms of speech, which the criticks call *Hellenisms*, as *Horace* in his odes abounds with them much more than *Virgil*. I need not mention the several dialects which *Homer* has made use of for this end. *Milton*, in conformity with the practice of the ancient poets, and with *Aristotle's* rule, has infused a great many *Latinisms*, as well as *Græcisms*, and sometimes *Hebraisms*, into the language of his poem; as towards the beginning of it.

Nor did they not perceive the evil plight
 In which they were, or the fierce pains not seek.
 Yet to their gen'ral's voice they soon obey'd —
 — Who shall tempt with wand'ring feet
 The dark unbottom'd infinite abyss,
 And through the palpable obscure find out
 His uncouth way, or spread his airy flight
 Upborn with indefatigable wings
 Over the vast abrupt!

— So both ascend
 In the visions of God —

Book 2.

Under this head may be reckoned the placing the adjective after the substantive, the transposition of words, the turning the adjective into a substantive, with several other foreign modes of speech which this poet has naturalized

turalized to give his verse the greater sound, and throw it out of prose.

The third method mentioned by *Aristotle* is what agrees with the genius of the *Greek* language more than with that of any other tongue, and is therefore more used by *Homer* than by any other poet. I mean the lengthening of a phrase by the addition of words, which may either be inserted or omitted, as also by the extending or contracting of particular words by the insertion or omission of certain syllables. *Milton* has put in practice this method of raising his language, as far as the nature of our tongue will permit, as in the passage above-mentioned, *Eremitte*, for what is *hermite*, in common discourse. If you observe the measure of his verse, he has with great judgment suppressed a syllable in several words, and shortened those of two syllables into one, by which method, besides the above mentioned advantage, he has given a greater variety to his numbers. But this practice is more particularly remarkable in the names of persons and of countries, as *Beëlzebub*, *Hessebon*, and in many other particulars, wherein he has either changed the name, or made use of that which is not the most commonly known, that he might the better depart from the language of the vulgar.

The same reason recommended to him several old words, which also makes his poem appear the more venerable, and gives it a greater air of antiquity.

I must likewise take notice, that there are in *Milton* several words of his own coining, as *cerberean*, *miscreated*, *Hell-doom'd*, *Embryon* atoms, and many others. If the reader is offended at this liberty in our *English* poet, I would recommend him to a discourse in *Plutarch*, which shews us how frequently *Homer* has made use of the same liberty.

Milton, by the above-mentioned helps, and by the choice of the noblest words and phrases which our tongue would afford him, has carried our language to a greater height than any of the *English* poets have ever done before or after him, and made the sublimity of his stile equal to that of his sentiments.

I have been the more particular in these observations on *Milton's Stile*, because it is in that part of him in which he

he appears the most singular. The remarks I have here made upon the practice of other poets, with my observations out of *Aristotle*, will perhaps alleviate the prejudice which some have taken to his poem upon this account; though after all, I must confess that I think his stile, though admirable in general, is in some places too much stiffened and obscured by the frequent use of those methods, which *Aristotle* has prescribed for the raising of it.

This redundancy of those several ways of speech, which *Aristotle* calls *foreign language*, and with which *Milton* has so very much enriched, and in some places darkened the language of his poem, was the more proper for his use, because his poem is written in blank verse. Rhyme, without any other assistance, throws the language off from prose, and very often makes an indifferent phrase pass unregarded; but where the verse is not built upon rhymes, there pomp of sound and energy of expression, are indispensibly necessary to support the style, and keep it from falling into the flatness of prose.

Those who have not a taste for this elevation of stile, and are apt to ridicule a poet when he departs from the common forms of expression, would do well to see how *Aristotle* has treated an ancient author called *Euclid*, for his insipid mirth upon this occasion. Mr. *Dryden* used to call these sort of men his prose critics.

I should, under this head of the language, consider *Milton's* numbers, in which he has made use of several elisions, which are not customary among other *English* poets, as many be particularly observed in his cutting off the letter *Y*, when it precedes a vowel. This, and some other innovation in the measure of his verse, has varied his numbers in such a manner, as makes them incapable of satiating the ear, and cloying the reader, which the same uniform measure would certainly have done, and which the perpetual returns of rhyme never fail to do in long narrative poems. I shall close these reflections upon the language of *Paradise Lost*, with observing that *Milton* has copied after *Homer* rather than *Virgil* in the length of his periods, the copiousness of his phrases, and the running of his verses into one another. L



N^o 286 Monday, January 28.

Nomina honesta prætenduntur vitiis

Tacit. Ann. l. 14. c. 21.

Specious names are lent to cover vices.

MR. SPECTATOR,

York, Jan. 18, 1712.

I Pretend not to inform a Gentleman of so just a taste, whenever he pleases to use it; but it may not be amiss to inform your readers, that there is a false delicacy as well as a true one. True delicacy, as I take it, consists in exactness of judgment and dignity of sentiment, or if you will, purity of affection, as this is opposed to corruption and grossness. There are pedants in breeding as well as in learning. The eye that cannot bear the light is not delicate but sore. A good constitution appears in the soundness and vigour of the parts, not in the squeamishness of the stomach; and a false delicacy is affectation, not politeness. What then can be the standard of delicacy but truth and virtue? Virtue, which, as the satirist long since observed, is real honour; whereas the other distinctions among mankind are merely titular. Judging by that rule in my opinion, and in that of many of your virtuous female readers, you are so far from deserving Mr. *Courtly's* accusation, that you seem too gentle, and to allow too many excuses for an enormous crime, which is the reproach of the age, and is in all its branches and degrees expressly forbidden by that religion we pretend to profess; and whose laws, in a nation that calls itself christian, one would think should take place of those rules which men of corrupt minds, and those of weak understandings, follow. I know not any thing more pernicious to good manners, than the giving fair names to foul actions: for this confounds vice and virtue, and takes off that natural

horror

horror we have to evil. An innocent creature, who would start at the name of strumpet, may think it pretty to be called a mistress, especially if her seducer has taken care to inform her, that a union of hearts is the principal matter in the sight of heaven, and that the business at church is a mere idle ceremony. Who knows not that the difference between obscene and modest words expressing the same action, consists only in the accessory idea, for there is nothing immodest in letters and syllables. Fornication and adultery are modest words; because they express an evil action as criminal, and so as to excite horror and aversion: Whereas words representing the pleasure rather than the sin, are for this reason indecent and dishonest. Your papers would be chargeable with something worse than indelicacy, they would be immoral, did you treat the detestable sins of uncleanness in the same manner as you rally an impertinent self-love, and an artful glance; as those laws would be very unjust, that should chastise, murder and petty larceny with the same punishment. Even delicacy requires that the pity shewn to distressed indigent wickedness, first betrayed into and then expelled the harbours of the brothel, should be changed to detestation, when we consider pampered vice in the habitations of the wealthy. The most free person of quality, in Mr. *Courtly's* phrase, that is, to speak properly, a woman of figure who has forgot her birth and breeding, dishonoured her relations and herself, abandoned her virtue and reputation, together with the natural modesty of her sex, and risked her very soul, is so far from deserving to be treated with no worse character than that of a kind woman, (which is doubtless Mr. *Courtly's* meaning, if he has any) that one can scarce be too severe on her, in as much as she sins against greater restraints, is less exposed, and liable to fewer temptations, than beauty in poverty and distress. It is hoped therefore, Sir, that you will not lay aside your generous design of exposing that monstrous wickedness of the town, whereby a multitude of innocents are sacrificed in a more barbarous manner than those who were offered

ferred to *Moloch*. The unchaste are provoked to see their vice exposed, and the chaste cannot rake into such filth without danger of defilement, but a mere SPECTATOR may look into the bottom, and come off without partaking in the guilt. The doing so will convince us you pursue publick good, and not merely your own advantage: But if your zeal slackens, how can one help thinking that Mr. *Courtly's* letter is but a feint to get off from a subject, in which either your own, or the private and base ends of others to whom you are partial, or those of whom you are afraid, would not endure a reformation?

I am, Sir, your humble servant and admirer, so long as you tread in the paths of truth, virtue, and honour.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

Trin. Coll. Cantab. Jan. 12, 1711-12.

IT is my fortune to have a chamber-fellow, with whom, though I agree very well in many sentiments, yet there is one in which we are as contrary as light and darkness. We are both in love: His mistress is a lovely fair, and mine a lovely brown. Now as the praise of our mistresses beauty employs much of our time, we have frequent quarrels in entering upon that subject, while each says all he can to defend his choice. For my own part, I have racked my fancy to the utmost; and sometimes, with the greatest warmth of imagination, have told him, That night was made before day, and many more fine things, though without any effect: Nay, last night I could not forbear saying with more heat than judgment, that the devil ought to be painted white. Now my desire is, Sir, that you would be pleased to give us in black and white your opinion in the matter of dispute between us; which will either furnish me with fresh and prevailing arguments to maintain my own taste, or make me with less repining allow that of my chamber-fellow. I know very well that I have *Jack Cleveland* and *Bond's Horace* on my side; but when he has such a band of rhymers and romance-writers, with which he opposes me, and is so continually chiming to the tune of

golden

' golden tresses, yellow locks, milk, marble, ivory, silver,
' swans, snow, daisies, doves, and the Lord knows what;
' which he is always sounding with so much vehemence
' in my ears, that he often puts me into a brown study
' how to answer him; and I find that I am in a fair
' way to be quite confounded, without your timely assis-
' tance afforded to,

S I R,

Your humble servant,

Z

Philobruno.



N^o 287 Tuesday, January 29.

Ω φιλάτνη γῆ μῆτερ, ὡς σιμωνὸν σφόδρ' εἶ
Τοῖς νῦν ἔχουσι κλῆμα;

Menand.

Dear native land, how do the good and wise
Thy happy clime and countless blessings prize!

I Look upon it as a peculiar happiness, that were I to choose of what religion I would be, and under what government I would live, I should most certainly give the preference to that form of religion and government which is established in my own country. In this point I think I am determined by reason and conviction; but if I shall be told that I am acted by prejudice, I am sure it is an honest prejudice, it is a prejudice that arises from the love of my country, and therefore such an one as I will always indulge. I have in several papers endeavoured to express my duty and esteem for the church of *England*, and design this as an essay upon the civil part of our constitution, having often entertained myself with reflexions on this subject, which I have not met with in other writers.

That form of government appears to me the most reasonable, which is most conformable to the equality that we find in human nature, provided it be consistent with

publick peace and tranquillity. This is what may properly be called liberty, which exempts one man from subjection to another so far as the order and œconomy of government will permit.

Liberty should reach every individual of a people, as they all share one common nature; if it only spreads among particular branches, there had better be none at all, since such a liberty only aggravates the misfortune of those who are deprived of it, by setting before them a disagreeable subject of comparison.

This liberty is best preserved, where the legislative power is lodged in several persons, especially if those persons are of different ranks and interests; for where they are of the same rank, and consequently have an interest to manage peculiar to that rank, it differs but little from a despotical government in a single person. But the greatest security a people can have for their liberty, is when the legislative power is in the hands of persons so happily distinguished, that by providing for the particular interests of their several ranks, they are providing for the whole body of the people; or in other words, when there is no part of the people that has not a common interest with at least one part of the legislators.

If there be but one body of legislators, it is no better than a tyranny; if there are only two, there will want a casting voice, and one of them must at length be swallowed up by disputes and contentions that will necessarily arise between them. Four would have the same inconvenience as two, and a greater number would cause too much confusion. I could never read a passage in *Polybius*, and another in *Cicero*, to this purpose, without a secret pleasure in applying it to the *English* constitution, which it suits much better than the *Roman*. Both these great authors give the pre-eminence to a mixt government, consisting of three branches, the regal, the noble, and the popular. They had doubtless in their thoughts the constitution of the *Roman* commonwealth, in which the Consul represented the King, the senate the nobles, and the tribunes the people. This division of the three powers in the *Roman* constitution was by no means so distinct and natural, as it is in the *English* form of government. Among several objections that might be made

to it, I think the chief are those that affect the consular power, which had only the ornaments without the force of the regal authority. Their number had not a casting voice in it; for which reason, if one did not chance to be employed abroad, while the other sat at home, the publick business was sometimes at a stand, while the consuls pulled two different ways in it. Besides, I do not find that the consuls had ever a negative voice in the passing of a law, or decree of senate, so that indeed they were rather the chief body of the nobility, or the first ministers of state, than a distinct branch of the sovereignty, in which none can be looked upon as a part, who are not a part of the legislature. Had the consuls been invested with the regal authority to as great a degree as our Monarchs, there would never have been any occasions for a dictatorship, which had in it the power of all the three orders, and ended in the subversion of the whole constitution.

Such an history as that of *Suetonius*, which gives us a succession of absolute princes, is to me an unanswerable argument against despotick power. Where the Prince is a man of wisdom and virtue, it is indeed happy for his people that he is absolute; but since in the common run of mankind, for one that is wise and good you find ten of a contrary character, it is very dangerous for a nation to stand to its chance, or to have its public happiness or misery depend on the virtues or vices of a single person. Look into the history I have mentioned, or into any series of absolute Princes, how many tyrants must you read through, before you come to an Emperor that is supportable. But this is not all; an honest private man often grows cruel and abandoned, when converted into an absolute Prince. Give a man power of doing what he pleases with impunity, you extinguish his fear, and consequently overturn in him one of the great pillars of morality. This too we find confirmed by matter of fact. How many hopeful heirs-apparent to grand Empires, when in the possession of them, have become such monsters of lust and cruelty as are a reproach to human nature.

Some tell us we ought to make our governments on earth like that in heaven, which, say they, is altogether monarchical and unlimited. Was man like his Creator in goodness and justice, I should be for following this great

model; but where goodness and justice are not essential to the ruler, I would by no means put myself into his hands to be disposed of according to his particular will and pleasure.

It is odd to consider the connexion between despotic government and barbarity, and how the making of one person more than man, makes the rest less. About nine parts of the world in ten are in the lowest state of slavery, and consequently sunk in the most gross and brutal ignorance. *European* slavery is indeed a state of liberty, if compared with that which prevails in the other three divisions of the world; and therefore it is no wonder that those who grovel under it have many tracks of light among them, of which the others are wholly destitute.

Riches and plenty are the natural fruits of liberty, and where those abound, learning and all the liberal arts will immediately lift up their heads and flourish. As a man must have no slavish fears and apprehensions hanging upon his mind, who will indulge the flights of fancy or speculation, and push his researches into all the abstruse corners of truth, so it is necessary for him to have about him a competency of all the conveniences of life.

The first thing every one looks after, is to provide himself with necessaries. This point will ingross our thoughts until it be satisfied. If this is taken care of to our hands, we look out for pleasures and amusements; and among a great number of idle people, there will be many whose pleasures will lie in reading and contemplation. These are the two great sources of knowledge, and as men grow wise they naturally love to communicate their discoveries; and others seeing the happiness of such a learned life, and improving by their conversation, emulate, imitate, and surpass one another, until a nation is filled with races of wise and understanding persons. Ease and plenty are therefore the great cherishers of knowledge: And as most of the despotic governments of the world have neither of them, they are naturally over-run with ignorance and barbarity. In *Europe*, indeed, notwithstanding several of its Princes are absolute, there are men famous for knowledge and learning; but the reason is because the subjects are many of them rich and wealthy, the Prince not thinking fit to exert himself in his full tyranny like the Princes

Princes of the eastern nations, lest his subjects should be invited to new-mould the constitution, having so many prospects of liberty within their view. But in all despotic governments, though a particular Prince may favour arts and letters, there is a natural degeneracy of mankind, as you may observe from *Augustus's* reign, how the *Romans* lost themselves by degrees until they fell to an equality with the most barbarous nations that surrounded them. Look upon *Greece* under its free states, and you would think its inhabitants lived in different climates, and under different heavens, from those at present; so different are the genius's which are formed under *Turkish* slavery, and *Grecian* liberty.

Besides poverty and want, there are other reasons that debase the minds of men, who live under slavery, though I look on this as the principal. This natural tendency of despotic power to ignorance and barbarity, though not insisted upon by others, is, I think, an unanswerable argument against that form of government, as it shews how repugnant it is to the good of mankind, and the perfection of human nature, which ought to be the great ends of all civil institutions. L



‘ interpreted. Now, Mr. SPECTATOR, you that are a
 ‘ professed friend to love, will, I hope, observe upon
 ‘ those who abuse that noble passion, and raise it in in-
 ‘ nocent minds by a deceitful affectation of it, after
 ‘ which they desert the enamoured. Pray bestow a lit-
 ‘ tle of your counsel to those fond believing females
 ‘ who already have or are in danger of broken hearts;
 ‘ in which you will oblige a great part of this town, but
 ‘ in a particular manner,

S I R, your (yet heart-whole) admirer,
 and devoted humble servant,

MELAINIA.

Melainia's complaint is occasioned by so general a folly, that it is wonderful one could so long overlook it. But this false galantry proceeds from an impotence of mind, which makes those who are guilty of it incapable of pursuing what they themselves approve. Many a man wishes a woman his wife whom he dares not take for such. Though no one has power over his inclinations or fortunes, he is a slave to common fame. For this reason I think *Melainia* gives them too soft a name in that of Male Coquets. I know not why irresolution of mind should not be more contemptible than impotence of body; and these frivolous admirers would be but tenderly used, in being only included in the same term with the insufficient another way. They whom my correspondent calls Male Coquets, should hereafter be called *Fribblers*. A *Fribbler* is one who professes rapture and admiration for the woman to whom he addresses, and dreads nothing so much as her consent. His heart can flutter by the force of imagination, but cannot fix from the force of judgment. It is not uncommon for the parents of young women of moderate fortune to wink at the addresses of *Fribblers*, and expose their children to the ambiguous behaviour which *Melainia* complains of, until by the fondness to one they are to lose, they become incapable of love towards others, and by consequence in their future marriage lead a joyless or a miserable life. As therefore I shall in the speculations which regard Love be as severe as I ought on jilts and

libertine women, so will I be as little merciful to insignificant and mischievous men. In order to this, all visitants who frequent families wherein there are young females, are forthwith required to declare themselves, or absent from places where their presence banishes such as would pass their time more to the advantage of those whom they visit. It is a matter of too great moment to be dallied with; and I shall expect from all my young people a satisfactory account of appearances. *Strephon* has from the publication hereof seven days to explain the riddle he presented to *Eudamia*; and *Chloris* an hour after this comes to her hand, to declare whether she will have *Philotas*, whom a woman of no less merit than herself, and of superior fortune, languishes to call her own.

To the SPECTATOR.

S I R,

‘ Since so many dealers turn authors, and write quaint
 ‘ advertisements in praise of their wares, one who
 ‘ from an author turned dealer may be allowed for the
 ‘ advancement of trade to turn author again. I will not
 ‘ however set up like some of them, for selling cheaper
 ‘ than the most able honest tradesmen can; nor do I send
 ‘ this to be better known for choice and cheapness of
 ‘ China and Japan wares, tea, fans, muslins, pictures,
 ‘ arrack, and other *Indian* goods. Placed as I am in
 ‘ *Leadenhall-street*, near the *India-Company*, and the cen-
 ‘ tre of that trade, thanks to my fair customers, my
 ‘ warehouse is graced as well as the benefit days of my
 ‘ plays and operas; and the foreign goods I sell seem no
 ‘ less acceptable than the foreign books I translated,
 ‘ *Rabelais* and *Don Quixote*: This the criticks allow me,
 ‘ and while they like my wares they may dispraise my
 ‘ writing. But as it is not so well known yet that I
 ‘ frequently cross the seas of late, and speaking *Dutch*
 ‘ and *French*, besides other languages, I have the conve-
 ‘ niency of buying and importing rich brocades, *Dutch*
 ‘ atlas’s; with gold and silver, or without, and other fo-
 ‘ reign silks of the newest modes and best fabricks, fine
 ‘ *Flanders* lace, linens and pictures, at the best hand;
 ‘ this

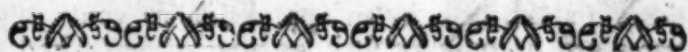
‘ this my new way of trade I have fallen into I cannot
 ‘ better publish than by an application to you. My
 ‘ wares are fit only for such as your readers; and I
 ‘ would beg of you to print this address in your paper,
 ‘ that those whose minds you adorn may take the orna-
 ‘ ments for their persons and houses from me. This,
 ‘ Sir, if I may presume to beg it, will be the greater
 ‘ favour, as I have lately received rich silks and fine lace
 ‘ to a considerable value, which will be sold cheap for a
 ‘ quick return, and as I have also a large stock of other
 ‘ goods. *Indian* silks were formerly a great branch of
 ‘ our trade; and since we must not sell them, we must
 ‘ seek amends by dealing in others. This I hope will
 ‘ plead for one who would lessen the number of teazers
 ‘ of the muses, and who, suiting his spirit to his circum-
 ‘ stances, humbles the poet to exalt the citizen. Like a
 ‘ true tradesman, I hardly ever look into any books but
 ‘ those of accounts. To say the truth, I cannot, I think,
 ‘ give you a better idea of my being a downright man
 ‘ of traffick, than by acknowledging I oftener read the
 ‘ advertisements, than the matter of even your paper.
 ‘ I am under a great temptation to take this opportu-
 ‘ nity of admonishing other writers to follow my exam-
 ‘ ple, and trouble the town no more; but as it is my
 ‘ present business to increase the number of buyers ra-
 ‘ ther than sellers, I hasten to tell you that I am,

*S I R, your most humble
 and most obedient servant,*

T

Peter Motteux.



N^o 289 Thursday, January 31.*Vitæ summa brevis spem nos vetat inchoare longam.*

Hor. Od. 4. l. 1. ver. 15.

Life's span forbids us to extend our cares,
And stretch our hopes beyond our years.

CREECH.

UPON taking my seat in a coffee-house I often draw the eyes of the whole room upon me, when in the hottest seasons of news, and at a time perhaps that the *Dutch* mail is just come in, they hear me ask the coffee-man for his last week's bill of mortality: I find that I have been sometimes taken on this occasion for a parish sexton, sometimes for an undertaker, and sometimes for a doctor of physick. In this, however, I am guided by the spirit of a philosopher, as I take occasion from hence to reflect upon the regular increase and diminution of mankind, and consider the several various ways through which we pass from life to eternity. I am very well pleased with these weekly admonitions, that bring into my mind such thoughts as ought to be the daily entertainment of every reasonable creature; and can consider with pleasure to myself, by which of those deliverances, or, as we commonly call them, distempers, I may possibly make my escape out of this world of sorrows, into that condition of existence, wherein I hope to be happier than it is possible for me at present to conceive.

But this is not all the use I make of the above-mentioned weekly paper. A bill of mortality is in my opinion an unanswerable argument for a Providence. How can we, without supposing ourselves under the constant care of a supreme Being, give any possible account for that nice proportion, which we find in every great city, between the deaths and births of its inhabitants, and between the number of males and that of females, who are brought into the world? What else could adjust in

so

so exact a manner the recruits of every nation to its losses, and divide these new supplies of people into such equal bodies of both sexes? Chance could never hold the balance with so steady a hand. Were we not counted out by an intelligent supervisor, we should sometimes be over-charged with multitudes, and at others waste away into a desert: We should be sometimes a *populus virorum*, as *Florus* elegantly expresses it, a generation of males, and at other a species of women. We may extend this consideration to every species of living creatures, and consider the whole animal world as an huge army made up of innumerable *Corps*, if I may use that term, whose quotas have been kept intire near five thousand years, in so wonderful a manner, that there is not probably a single species lost during this long tract of time. Could we have general bills of mortality of every kind of animals, or particular ones of every species in each continent and island, I could almost say in every wood, marsh or mountain, what astonishing instances would they be of that providence which watches over all its works?

I have heard of a great man in the *Romish* church, who upon reading those words in the vth chapter of *Genesis*, *And all the days that Adam lived were nine hundred and thirty years, and he died; and all the days of Seth, were nine hundred and twelve years, and he died; and all the days of Methuselah, were nine hundred and sixty nine years, and he died;* immediately shut himself up in a convent, and retired from the world, as not thinking any thing in this life worth pursuing, which had not regard to another.

The truth of it is, there is nothing in history which is so improving to the reader as those accounts which we meet with of the deaths of eminent persons, and of their behaviour in that dreadful season. I may also add, that there are no parts in history which affect and please the reader in so sensible a manner. The reason I take to be this, because there is no other single circumstance in the story of any person, which can possibly be the case of every one who reads it. A battle or a triumph are conjunctures in which not one man in a million is likely to be engaged; but when we see a person at the point of death, we cannot forbear being attentive to every thing he says or does, be-

cause we are sure that sometime or other we shall ourselves be in the same melancholy circumstances. The general, the statesman, or the philosopher, are perhaps characters which we may never act in, but the dying man is one whom, sooner or later, we shall certainly resemble.

It is, perhaps, for the same kind of reason that few books, written in *English*, have been so much perused as Dr. *Sherlock's* discourse upon death; though at the same time I must own, that he who has not perused this excellent piece, has not perhaps read one of the strongest persuasives to a religious life that ever was written in any language.

The consideration, with which I shall close this essay upon death, is one of the most ancient and most beaten morals that has been recommended to mankind. But its being so very common, and so universally received, though it takes away from it the grace of novelty, adds very much to the weight of it, as it shews that it falls in with the general sense of mankind. In short, I would have every one consider that he is in this life nothing more than a passenger, and that he is not to set up his rest here, but to keep an attentive eye upon that state of Being to which he approaches every moment, and which will be for ever fixed and permanent. This single consideration would be sufficient to extinguish the bitterness of hatred, the thirst of avarice, and the cruelty of ambition.

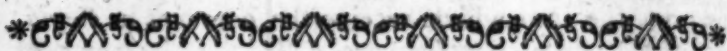
I am very much pleased with the passage of *Antiphanes*, a very ancient poet, who lived near an hundred years before *Socrates*, which represents the life of man under this view, as I have translated it word for word. *Be not grieved, says he, above measure for thy deceased friends. They are not dead, but have only finished that journey which it is necessary for every one of us to take: We ourselves must go to that great place of reception in which they are all of them assembled, and in this general rendezvous of mankind, live together in another state of Being.*

I think I have, in a former paper, taken notice of those beautiful metaphors in scripture, where life is termed a pilgrimage, and those who pass through it are all called strangers and sojourners upon earth. I shall conclude this with a story, which I have somewhere read in the travels of

of Sir *John Chardin*; that Gentleman after having told us, that the inns which receive the caravans in *Persia*, and the Eastern countries, are called by the name of *Caravansaries*, gives us a relation to the following purpose.

A *Dervise*, travelling through *Tartary*, being arrived at the town of *Balk*, went into the King's palace by mistake, as thinking it to be a public Inn or Caravansary. Having looked about him for sometime, he entered into a long gallery, where he laid down his wallet, and spread his carpet, in order to repose himself upon it, after the manner of the Eastern nations. He had not been long in this posture before he was discovered by some of the guards, who asked him what was his business in that place? The *Dervise* told them he intended to take up his night's lodging in that Caravansary. The guards let him know, in a very angry manner, that the house he was in was not a Caravansary, but the King's palace. It happened that the King himself passed through the gallery during this debate, and smiling at the mistake of the *Dervise*, asked him how he could possibly be so dull as not to distinguish a palace from a Caravansary? Sir, says the *Dervise*, give me leave to ask your Majesty a question or two. Who were the persons that lodged in this house when it was first built? The King replied, *His Ancestors*. And who, says the *Dervise*, was the last person that lodged here? The King replied, *His Father*. And who is it, says the *Dervise*, that lodges here at present? The King told him, *that it was he himself*. And who, says the *Dervise*, will be here after you? The King answered, *The young Prince his son*. 'Ah, Sir, said the *Dervise*, a house that changes its inhabitants so often, and receives such a perpetual succession of guests, is not a palace but a *Caravansary*.' L



N^o 290 Friday, February 1.*Projicit ampullas & sesquipedalia verba.*

Hor. Ars Poet. ver. 97.

Forgets his swelling and gigantick words.

ROSCOMMON.

THE players, who know I am very much their friend, take all opportunities to express a gratitude to me for being so. They could not have a better occasion of obliging me, than one which they lately took hold of. They desired my friend WILL HONEYCOMB to bring me to the reading of a new tragedy; it is called *The Distressed Mother*. I must confess, though some days are passed since I enjoyed that entertainment, the passions of the several characters dwell strongly upon my imagination; and I congratulate to the age, that they are at last to see truth and human life represented in the incidents which concern heroes and heroines. The stile of the play is such as becomes those of the first education, and the sentiments worthy those of the highest figure. It was a most exquisite pleasure to me, to observe real tears drop from the eyes of those who had long made it their profession to dissemble affliction; and the player, who read, frequently throw down the book, until he had given vent to the humanity which rose in him at some irresistible touches of the imagined sorrow. We have seldom had any female distress on the stage, which did not, upon cool examination, appear to flow from the weakness rather than the misfortune of the person represented: But in this tragedy you are not entertained with the ungoverned passions of such as are enamoured of each other, merely as they are men and women, but their regards are founded upon high conceptions of each other's virtue and merit; and the character which gives name to the play, is one who has behaved herself with heroic virtue in the most important

tant circumstances of a female life, those of a wife, a widow, and a mother. If there be those whose minds have been too attentive upon the affairs of life, to have any notion of the passion of love in such extremes as are known only to particular tempers, yet, in the above-mentioned considerations, the sorrow of the heroine will move even the generality of mankind. Domestick virtues concern all the world, and there is no one living who is not interested that *Andromache* should be an imitable character. The generous affection to the memory of her deceased husband, that tender care for her son, which is ever heightened with the consideration of his father, and these regards preserved in spite of being tempted with the possession of the highest greatness, are what cannot but be venerable even to such an audience as at present frequents the *English* theatre. My friend WILL HONEYCOMB commended several tender things that were said, and told me they were very genteel; but whispered me, that he feared the piece was not busy enough for the present taste. To supply this, he recommended to the players to be very careful in their scenes, and above all things, that every part should be perfectly new dressed. I was very glad to find that they did not neglect my friend's admonition, because there are a great many in this class of criticism who may be gained by it; but indeed the truth is, that as to the work itself, it is every where nature. The persons are of the highest quality in life, even that of Princes; but their quality is not represented by the poet, with direction that guards and waiters should follow them in every scene, but their grandeur appears in greatness of sentiments, flowing from minds worthy their condition. To make a character truly great, this author understands that it should have its foundation in superior thoughts and maxims of conduct. It is very certain, that many an honest woman would make no difficulty, though she had been the wife of *Hector*, for the sake of a kingdom, to marry the enemy of her husband's family and country; and indeed who can deny but she might be still an honest woman, but no heroine? That may be defensible, nay laudable in one character, which would be in the highest degree exceptionable in another. When

Cato

Cato Uticensis killed himself, *Cottius* a Roman of ordinary quality and character did the same thing; upon which one said, smiling, ' *Cottius* might have lived, though *Cæsar* has seized the Roman liberty.' *Cottius's* condition might have been the same, let things at the upper end of the world pass as they would. What is further very extraordinary in this work, is, that the persons are all of them laudable, and their misfortunes arise rather from unguarded virtue than propensity to vice. The town has an opportunity of doing itself justice in supporting the representations of passion, sorrow, indignation, even despair itself, within the rules of decency, honour and good-breeding; and since there is no one can flatter himself his life will be always fortunate, they may here see sorrow as they would wish to bear it whenever it arrives.

MR. SPECTATOR,

I Am appointed to act a part in the new tragedy called *The Distressed Mother*: It is the celebrated grief of *Orestes* which I am to personate; but I shall not act it as I ought, for I shall feel it too intimately to be able to utter it. I was last night repeating a paragraph to myself, which I took to be an expression of rage, and in the middle of a sentence there was a stroke of self-pity which quite unmanned me. Be pleased, Sir, to print this letter, that when I am oppressed in this manner at such an interval, a certain part of the audience may not think I am out; and I hope with this allowance to do it to satisfaction.

I am, Sir,

your most humble servant,

George Powell.

MR. SPECTATOR,

AS I was walking the other day in the *Park*, I saw a Gentleman with a very short face; I desire to know whether it was you. Pray inform me as soon as you can, lest I become the most heroic *Hecatiffa's* rival.

Your humble servant to command,

SOPHIA,

Dear Madam,

‘ I T is not me you are in love with, for I was very ill and kept my chamber all that day.

Your most humble servant,

T

The SPECTATOR.



Nº 291 Saturday, February 2.

— *Ubi plura nitent in carmine, non ego paucis
Offendor maculis, quas aut incuria fudit,
Aut humana parum cavit natura* —

Hor. Ars Poet. ver. 351.

But in a poem elegantly writ,
I will not quarrel with a slight mistake,
Such as our nature's frailty may excuse.

ROSCOMMON.

I Have now considered *Milton's Paradise Lost* under those four great heads of the fable, the characters, the sentiments, and the language; and have shewn that he excels, in general, under each of these heads. I hope that I have made several discoveries which may appear new, even to those who are versed in critical learning. Were I indeed to choose my readers, by whose judgment I would stand or fall, they should not be such as are acquainted only with the *French* and *Italian* criticks, but also with the antient and modern who have written in either of the learned languages. Above all, I would have them well versed in the *Greek* and *Latin* poets, without which a man very often fancies that he understands a critick, when in reality he does not comprehend his meaning.

It is in criticism, as in all other sciences and speculations; one who brings with him any implicit notions and observations, which he has made in his reading of the poets, will find his own reflections methodized and explained,

explained, and perhaps several little hints that had passed in his mind, perfected and improved in the works of a good critick; whereas one who has not these previous lights is very often an utter stranger to what he reads, and apt to put a wrong interpretation upon it.

Nor is it sufficient, that a man, who sets up for a judge in criticism, should have perused the authors above-mentioned, unless he has also a clear and logical head. Without this talent he is perpetually puzzled and perplexed amidst his own blunders, mistakes the sense of those he would confute, or, if he chances to think right, does not know how to convey his thoughts to another with clearness and perspicuity. *Aristotle*, who was the best critick, was also one of the best logicians that ever appeared in the world.

Mr. *Locke's* Essay on human understanding would be thought a very odd book for a man to make himself master of, who would get a reputation by critical writings; though at the same time it is very certain that an author, who has not learned the art of distinguishing between words and things, and of ranging his thoughts and setting them in proper lights, whatever notions he may have, will lose himself in confusion and obscurity. I might further observe that there is not a *Greek* or *Latin* critick, who has not shewn, even in the stile of his criticisms, that he was a master of all the elegance and delicacy of his native tongue.

The truth of it is there is nothing more absurd, than for a man to set up for a critick, without a good insight into all the parts of learning; whereas many of those, who have endeavoured to signalize themselves by works of this nature, among our *English* writers, are not only defective in the above-mentioned particulars, but plainly discover, by the phrases which they make use of, and by their confused way of thinking, that they are not acquainted with the most common and ordinary systems of arts and sciences. A few general rules extracted out of the *French* authors, with a certain cant of words, has sometimes set up an illiterate heavy writer for a most judicious and formidable critick.

One great mark, by which you may discover a critick who has neither taste nor learning, is this, that he seldom ventures

ventures to praise any passage in an author which has not been before received and applauded by the publick, and that his criticism turns wholly upon little faults and errors. This part of a critick is so very easy to succeed in, that we find every ordinary reader, upon the publishing of a new poem, has wit and ill-nature enough to turn several passages of it into ridicule, and very often in the right place. This Mr. Dryden has very agreeably remarked in those two celebrated lines;

*Errors, like straws, upon the surface flow;
He who would search for pearl, must dive below.*

A true critick ought to dwell rather upon excellencies than imperfections, to discover the concealed beauties of a writer, and communicate to the world such things as are worth their observation. The most exquisite words and finest strokes of an author are those which very often appear the most doubtful and exceptionable to a man who wants a relish for polite learning; and they are these, which a four distinguishing critick generally attacks with the greatest violence. Tully observes, that is very easy to brand or fix a mark upon what he calls *Verbum ardens*, or, as it may be rendered into English, *a glowing bold expression*, and to turn it into ridicule by a cold ill-natured criticism. A little wit is equally capable of exposing a beauty, and of aggravating a fault; and though such a treatment of an author naturally produces indignation in the mind of an understanding reader, it has however its effect among the generality of those whose hands it falls into, the rabble of mankind being very apt to think that every thing which is laughed at, with any mixture of wit, is ridiculous in itself.

Such a mirth as this is always unseasonable in a critick, as it rather prejudices the reader than convinces him, and is capable of making a beauty, as well as a blemish, the subject of derision. A man, who cannot write with wit on a proper subject, is dull and stupid; but one, who shews it in an improper place, is as impertinent and absurd. Besides, a man who has the gift of ridicule is apt to find fault with any thing that gives him an opportunity of exerting his beloved talent, and very often censures a passage, not because there is any fault in

in it, but because he can be merry upon it. Such kinds of pleasantry are very unfair and disingenuous in works of criticism, in which the greatest masters, both ancient and modern, have always appeared with a serious and instructive air.

As I intend in my next paper to shew the defects in *Milton's Paradise Lost*, I thought fit to premise these few particulars, to the end that the reader may know I enter upon it, as on a very ungrateful work, and that I shall just point at the imperfections without endeavouring to inflame them with ridicule. I must also observe with *Longinus*, that the productions of a great genius, with many lapses and inadvertencies, are infinitely preferable to the works of an inferior kind of author, which are scrupulously exact and conformable to all the rules of correct writing.

I shall conclude my paper with a story out of *Boccacini*, which sufficiently shews us the opinion that judicious author entertained of the sort of criticks I have been here mentioning. A famous critick, says he, having gathered together all the faults of an eminent poet, made a present of them to *Apollo*, who received them very graciously, and resolved to make the author a suitable return for the trouble he had been at in collecting them. In order to this, he set before him a sack of wheat, as it had been just thrashed out of the sheaf. He then bid him pick out the chaff from among the corn, and lay it aside by itself. The critick applied himself to the task with great industry and pleasure, and, after having made the due separation, was presented by *Apollo* with the chaff for his pains. L



N^o 292 Monday, February 4.

*Illam, quicquid agit, quoquē vestigia fleat,
Componit furtim, subsequiturque decor.*

Tibull. Eleg. 2. l. 4. ver. 8.

Whate'er she does, where'er her steps she bends,
Grace on each action silently attends.

AS no one can be said to enjoy health, who is only not sick, without he feel within himself a lightfom and invigorating principle, which will not suffer him to remain idle, but still spurs him on to action; so in the practice of every virtue, there is some additional grace required, to give a claim of excelling in this or that particular action. A diamond may want polishing, though the value may be intrinsically the same; and the same good may be done with different degrees of lustre. No man should be contented with himself that he barely does well, but he should perform every thing in the best and most becoming manner that he is able.

Tully tells us he wrote his book of *Offices*, because there was no time of life in which some correspondent duty might not be practised; nor is there a duty without a certain decency accompanying it, by which every virtue it is joined to will seem to be doubled. Another may do the same thing, and yet the action want that air and beauty which distinguish it from others; like that inimitable sunshine *Titian* is said to have diffused over his landscapes; which denotes them his, and has been always unequalled by any other person.

There is no one action in which this quality I am speaking of will be more sensibly perceived, than in granting a request or doing an office of kindness. *Mummius*, by his way of consenting to a benefaction, shall make it lose its name; while *Carus* doubles the kindness and the obligation: From the first the desired request drops indeed at last, but from so doubtful a brow, that the obliged has almost as much reason to resent the manner

ner

ner of bestowing it, as to be thankful for the favour itself. *Carus* invites with a pleasing air, to give him an opportunity of doing an act of humanity, meets the petition half way, and consents to a request with a countenance which proclaims the satisfaction of his mind in assisting the distressed.

The decency then that is to be observed in liberality seems to consist in its being performed with such cheerfulness, as may express the Godlike pleasure is to be met with in obliging one's fellow-creatures; that may shew good-nature and benevolence overflowed, and do not, as in some men, run upon the tilt, and taste of the sediments of a grutching uncommunicative disposition.

Since I have intimated that the greatest decorum is to be preserved in the bestowing our good offices, I will illustrate it a little by an example drawn from private life, which carries with it such a profusion of liberality, that it can be exceeded by nothing but the humanity and good-nature which accompanies it. It is a letter of *Pliny's*, which I shall here translate, because the action will best appear in its first dress of thought, without any foreign or ambitious ornaments.

PLINY to QUINTILIAN.

‘ **T**Hough I am fully acquainted with the contentment and just moderation of your mind, and the conformity the education you have given your daughter bears to your own character; yet since she is suddenly to be married to a person of distinction, whose figure in the world makes it necessary for her to be at a more than ordinary expence in clothes and equipage suitable to her husband's quality; by which, though her intrinsic worth be not augmented, yet will it receive both ornament and lustre: And knowing your estate to be as moderate as the riches of your mind are abundant, I must challenge to myself some part of the burden; and as a parent of your child, I present her with twelve hundred and fifty Crowns towards these expences; which sum had been much larger, had I not feared the smallness of it would be the greatest inducement with you to accept of it. Farewel.’

Thus

Thus should a benefaction be done with a good grace, and shine in the strongest point of light; it should not only answer all the hopes and exigencies of the receiver, but even out-run his wishes: It is this happy manner of behaviour which adds new charms to it, and softens those gifts of art and nature, which otherwise would be rather distasteful than agreeable. Without it, valour would degenerate into brutality, learning into pedantry, and the genteelest demeanour into affectation. Even religion itself, unless decency be the handmaid which waits upon her, is apt to make people appear guilty of sourness and ill-humour: but this shews virtue in her first original form, adds a comeliness to religion, and gives its professors the justest title to the beauty of holiness. A man fully instructed in this art, may assume a thousand shapes, and please in all: he may do a thousand actions shall become none other but himself; not that the things themselves are different, but the manner of doing them.

If you examine each feature by itself, *Aglaure* and *Calliclea* are equally handsom; but take them in the whole, and you cannot suffer the comparison: The one is full of numberless nameless graces, the other of as many nameless faults.

The comeliness of person, and the decency of behaviour, add infinite weight to what is pronounced by any one. It is the want of this that often makes the rebukes and advice of old rigid persons of no effect, and leave a displeasure in the minds of those they are directed to: But youth and beauty, if accompanied with a graceful and becoming severity, is of mighty force to raise, even in the most profligate, a sense of shame. In *Milton*, the devil is never described ashamed but once, and that at the rebuke of a beauteous angel.

*So spake the cherub, and his grave rebuke,
Severe in youthful beauty, added grace
Invincible: Abash'd the devil stood,
And felt how awful goodness is, and saw,
Virtue in her own shape how lovely! saw and pin'd
His life.*

The

The care of doing nothing unbecoming has accompanied the greatest minds to their last moments. They avoided even an indecent posture in the very article of death. Thus *Cæsar* gathered his robe about him, that he might not fall in a manner unbecoming of himself; and the greatest concern that appeared in the behaviour of *Lucretia*, when she stabbed herself, was, that her body should lie in an attitude worthy the mind which had inhabited it.

— *Ne non procumbat honestè,*

Extrema hæc etiam cura cadentis erat.

Ovid. Fast. l. 3. ver. 833.

'Twas her last thought, how decently to fall.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'**I** Am a young woman without a fortune; but of a very high mind: That is, good Sir, I am to the last degree proud and vain. I am ever railing at the rich, for doing things, which upon search into my heart, I find I am only angry because I cannot do the same myself. I wear the hooped petticoat, and I am all in calicoes when the finest are in silks. It is a dreadful thing to be poor and proud; therefore if you please, a lecture on that subject for the satisfaction of

your uneasy humble servant,

Z

JEZEBEL.



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N<sup>o</sup> 293 Tuesday, February 5.

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Πᾶσι γὰρ εὐφρονέσι συμμάχει τύχη.

Frag. Vet. Poet.

The prudent still have fortune on their side.

THE famous *Gratian*, in his little book wherein he lays down maxims for a man's advancing himself at court, advises his reader to associate himself with the fortunate, and to shun the company of the unfortunate; which, notwithstanding the baseness of the precept to an honest mind, may have something useful in it for those who push their interest in the world. It is certain a great part of what we call good or ill fortune, rises out of right or wrong measures and schemes of life. When I hear a man complain of his being unfortunate in all his undertakings, I shrewdly suspect him for a very weak man in his affairs. In conformity with this way of thinking, cardinal *Richlieu* used to say, that unfortunate and imprudent were but two words for the same thing. As the cardinal himself had a great share both of prudence and good fortune, his famous antagonist, the Count *d'Olivarez*, was disgraced at the court of *Madrid*, because it was alledged against him that he had never any success in his undertakings. This, says an eminent author, was *indirectly* accusing him of imprudence.

*Cicero* recommended *Pompey* to the *Romans* for their General upon three accounts, as he was a man of courage, conduct, and good fortune. It was, perhaps, for the reason above-mentioned, namely that a series of good fortune supposes a prudent management in the person whom it befalls, that not only *Sylla* the dictator, but several of the *Roman* Emperors, as is still to be seen upon their medals, among their other titles, gave themselves that of *Felix* or fortunate. The heathens, indeed, seem to have valued a man more for his good fortune than for any

• ther quality, which I think is very natural for those who have not a strong belief of another world. For how can I conceive a man crowned with many distinguishing blessings, that has not some extraordinary fund of merit and perfection in him, which lies open to the supreme eye, though perhaps it is not discovered by my observation? What is the reason *Homer's* and *Virgil's* heroes do not form a resolution, or strike a blow, without the conduct and direction of some deity? Doubtless, because the poets esteemed it the greatest honour to be favoured by the Gods, and thought the best way of praising a man was to recount those favours which naturally implied an extraordinary merit in the person on whom they descended.

Those who believe a future state of rewards and punishments act very absurdly, if they form their opinions of a man's merit from his successes. But certainly, if I thought the whole circle of our being was concluded between our births and deaths, I should think a man's good fortune the measure and standard of his real merit, since providence would have no opportunity of rewarding his virtue and perfections, but in the present life. A virtuous unbeliever, who lies under the pressure of misfortunes, has reason to cry out, as they say *Brutus* did a little before his death: *O virtue, I have worshipped thee as a substantial good, but I find thou art an empty name.*

But to return to our first point: though prudence does undoubtedly in a great measure produce our good or ill fortune in the world, it is certain there are many unforeseen accidents and occurrences which very often pervert the finest schemes that can be laid by human wisdom. The race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong. Nothing less than infinite wisdom can have an absolute command over fortune; the highest degree of it, which man can possess, is by no means equal to fortuitous events, and to such contingencies as may rise in the prosecution of our affairs. Nay, it very often happens, that prudence, which has always in it a great mixture of caution, hinders a man from being so fortunate as he might possibly have been without it. A person who only aims at what is likely to succeed, and follows closely the dictates of human prudence, never

meets

meets with those great and unforeseen successes, which are often the effect of a sanguine temper, or a more happy rashness; and this perhaps may be the reason, that, according to the common observation, fortune, like other females, delights rather in favouring the young than the old.

Upon the whole, since man is so short-sighted a creature, and the accidents which may happen to him so various, I cannot but be of Dr. *Tillotson's* opinion in another case, that were there any doubt of a Providence, yet it certainly would be very desirable there should be such a Being of infinite wisdom and goodness, on whose direction we might rely in the conduct of human life.

It is a great presumption to ascribe our successes to our own management, and not to esteem ourselves upon any blessing, rather as it is the bounty of heaven, than the acquisition of our own prudence. I am very well pleased with a Medal which was struck by Queen *Elizabeth*, a little after the defeat of the invincible armada, to perpetuate the memory of that extraordinary event, it is well known how the King of *Spain*, and others who were the enemies of that great Princess, to derogate from her glory, ascribed the ruin of their fleet rather to the violence of storms and tempests, than to the bravery of the *English*. Queen *Elizabeth*, instead of looking upon this as a diminution of her honour, valued herself upon such a signal favour of Providence, and accordingly, in the reverse of the medal above-mentioned, has represented a fleet beaten by a tempest, and falling foul upon one another, with that religious inscription, *Afflavit Deus, & dissipantur*. He blew with his wind, and they were scattered.

It is remarkable of a famous *Grecian* general, whose name I cannot at present recollect, and who had been a particular favourite of fortune, that, upon recounting his victories among his friends, he added at the end of several great actions, *And in this fortune had no share*. After which it is observed in history, that he never prospered in any thing he undertook.

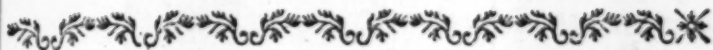
As arrogance and a conceitedness of our own abilities are very shocking and offensive to men of sense and virtue, we may be sure they are highly displeasing to that

Being who delights in an humble mind, and by several of his dispensations seems purposely to shew us, that our own schemes or prudence have no share in our advancements.

Since on this subject I have already admitted several quotations which have occurred to my memory upon writing this paper, I will conclude it with a little *Persian* fable. A drop of water fell out of a cloud into the sea, and finding itself lost in such an immensity of fluid matter, broke out into the following reflexion: 'Alas! What an insignificant creature am I in this prodigious ocean of waters; my existence is of no concern to the universe, I am reduced to a kind of nothing, and am less than the least of the works of God.' It so happened that an oyster, which lay in the neighbourhood of this drop, chanced to gape and swallow it up in the midst of this its humble soliloquy. The drop, says the fable, lay a great while hardening in the shell, until by degrees it was ripened into a pearl, which falling into the hands of a diver, after a long series of adventures, is at present that famous pearl which is fixed on the top of the *Persian* diadem. T





N<sup>o</sup> 294 Wednesday, February 6.

*Difficile est plurimam virtutem revereri qui semper secundam fortunam sit usus.* Tull. ad Herennium.

The man who is always fortunate, cannot easily have a great reverence for virtue.

Insolence is the crime of all others which every man is apt to rail at; and yet there is one respect in which almost all men living are guilty of it, and that is in the case of laying a greater value upon the gifts of fortune than we ought. It is here in *England* come into our very language, as a propriety of distinction, to say, when we would speak of persons to their advantage, They are people of condition. There is no doubt but the proper use of riches implies that a man should exert all the good qualities imaginable; and if we mean by a man of condition or quality, one who, according to the wealth he is master of, shews himself just, beneficent, and charitable, that term ought very deservedly to be had in the highest veneration; but when wealth is used only as it is the support of pomp and luxury, to be rich is very far from being a recommendation to honour and respect. It is indeed the greatest insolence imaginable, in a creature who would feel the extremes of thirst and hunger, if he did not prevent his appetites before they call upon him, to be so forgetful of the common necessity of human nature, as never to cast an eye upon the poor and needy. The fellow who escaped from a ship which struck upon a rock in the west, and joined with the country-people to destroy his brother sailors, and make her a wreck, was thought a most execrable creature; but does not every man who enjoys the possession of what he naturally wants, and is unmindful of the unsupplied distress of other men, betray the same temper of mind? When a man looks about him, and with regard to riches and poverty beholds some

drawn in pomp and equipage, and they and their very servants with an air of scorn and triumph overlooking the multitude that pass by them; and, in the same street, a creature of the same make crying out in the name of all that is good and sacred to behold his misery and give him some supply against hunger and nakedness; who would believe these two Beings were of the same species? But so it is, that the consideration of fortune has taken up all our minds, and, as I have often complained, poverty and riches stand in our imaginations in the places of guilt and innocence. But in all seasons there will be some instances of persons who have souls too large to be taken with popular prejudices, and while the rest of mankind are contending for superiority in power and wealth, have their thoughts bent upon the necessities of those below them. The charity schools, which have been erected of late years, are the greatest instances of publick spirit the age has produced: But indeed when we consider how long this sort of beneficence has been on foot, it is rather from good management of those institutions, than from the number or value of the benefactions to them, that they make so great a figure. One would think it impossible that in the space of fourteen years there should not have been five thousand pounds bestowed in gifts this way, nor sixteen-hundred children, including males and females, put out to methods of industry. It is not allowed me to speak of luxury and folly with the severe spirit they deserve; I shall only therefore say, I shall very readily compound with any Lady in a hoop-petticoat, if she gives the price of one half-yard of the silk towards clothing, feeding and instructing an innocent helpless creature of her own sex in one of these schools. The consciousness of such an action will give her features a nobler life on this illustrious day, than all the jewels that can hang in her hair, or can be clustered in her bosom. It would be uncourtly to speak in harsher words to the Fair; but to men one may take a little more freedom. It is monstrous how a man can live with so little reflexion as to fancy he is not in a condition very unjust and disproportioned to the rest of mankind, while he enjoys wealth, and exerts no benevolence or bounty to others.

others. As for this particular occasion of those schools, there cannot any offer more worthy a generous mind. Would you do an handsome thing without return? do it for an infant that is not sensible of the obligation: Would you do it for publick good? do it for one who will be an honest artificer: Would you do it for the sake of heaven? give it to one who shall be instructed in the worship of him for whose sake you give it. It is methinks a most laudable institution this, if it were of no other expectation than that of producing a race of good and useful servants, who will have more than a liberal, a religious education. What would not a man do, in common prudence, to lay out in purchase of one about him, who would add to all his orders he gave the weight of the commandments to enforce an obedience to them? for one who would consider his master as his father, his friend, and benefactor, upon the easy terms, and in expectation of no other return but moderate wages and gentle usage? It is the common vice of children to run too much among the servants; from such as are educated in these places they would see nothing but lowliness in the servant, which would not be dissingenuous in the child. All the ill offices and defamatory whispers, which take their birth from domesticks, would be prevented, if this charity could be made universal; and a good man might have a knowledge of the whole life of the persons he designs to take into his house for his own service, or that of his family or children, long before they were admitted. This would create endearing dependencies: And the obligation would have a paternal air in the master, who would be relieved from much care and anxiety from the gratitude and diligence of an humble friend attending him as his servant. I fall into this discourse from a letter sent to me, to give me notice that fifty boys would be clothed, and take their seats (at the charge of some generous benefactors) in *St. Bride's church* on *Sunday* next. I wish I could promise to myself any thing which my correspondent seems to expect from a publication of it in this paper; for there can be nothing added to what so many excellent and learned men have said on this occasion: But that there may be something here which would move a

generous mind, like that of him who writ to me, I shall transcribe an handsome paragraph of Dr. Snape's sermon on these charities, which my correspondent inclosed with this letter.

*The wise Providence has amply compensated the disadvantages of the poor and indigent, in wanting many of the conveniencies of this life, by a more abundant provision for their happiness in the next. Had they been higher born or more richly endowed, they would have wanted this manner of education, of which those only enjoy the benefit who are low enough to submit to it; where they have such advantages without money, and without price, as the rich cannot purchase with it. The learning which is given, is generally more edifying to them, than that which is sold to others: Thus do they become more exalted in goodness, by being depressed in fortune, and their poverty is, in reality, their preferment.*

T



No 295 Thursday, February 7.

*Prodiga non sentit pereuntem sæmina censum :  
At velut exhausta rediivivus pullulet arcã  
Nummus, & è pleno semper tollatur acervo,  
Non unquam reputat, quanti sibi gaudia constant.*

Juv. Sat. 6. ver 361.

But womankind, that never knows a mean,  
Down to the dregs their sinking fortunes drain :  
Hourly they give, and spend, and waste, and wear,  
And think no pleasure can be bought too dear.

DRYDEN:

MR. SPECTATOR,

I Am turned of my great climacteric, and am naturally a man of a meek temper. About a dozen years ago I was married, for my sins, to a young woman of a good family, and of an high spirit, but could not bring her to close with me, before I had entered

tered into a treaty with her longer than that of the grand alliance. Among other articles, it was therein stipulated, that she should have 400*l.* a year for *Pin-money*, which I obliged myself to pay quarterly into the hands of one who acted as her plenipotenitary in that affair. I have ever since religiously observed my part in this solemn agreement. Now, Sir, so it is, that the Lady has had several children since I married her; to which, if I should credit our malicious neighbours, her *Pin-money* has not a little contributed. The education of these my children, who, contrary to my expectation, are born to me every year, straitens me so much, that I have begged their mother to free me from the obligation of the above-mentioned *Pin-money*, that it may go towards making a provision for her family. This proposal makes her noble blood swell in her veins, insomuch that finding me a little tardy in her last quarter's payment, she threatens me every day to arrest me; and proceeds so far as to tell me, that if I do not do her justice, I shall die in a jail. To this she adds, when her passion will let her argue calmly, that she has several play-debts on her hand, which must be discharged very suddenly, and that she cannot lose her money as becomes a woman of her fashion, if she makes me any abatements in this article. I hope, Sir, you will take an occasion from hence to give your opinion upon a subject which you have not yet touched, and inform us if there are any precedents for this usage, among our ancestors; or whether you find any mention of *Pin-money* in *Grotius*, *Puffendorf*, or any other of the civilians.

*I am ever the humblest of your admirers,*

Josiah Fribble, *Esq.*

As there is no man living who is a more professed advocate for the Fair-sex than myself, so there is none that would be more unwilling to invade any of their ancient rights and privileges; but as the doctrine of *Pin-money* is of a very late date, unknown to our great grandmothers, and not yet received by many of our modern



Ladies, I think it is for the interest of both sexes to keep it from spreading.

Mr. *Fribble* may not, perhaps, be much mistaken where he intimates, that the supplying a man's wife with *Pin-money*, is furnishing her with arms against himself, and in a manner becoming accessary to his own dishonour. We may, indeed, generally observe, that in proportion as a woman is more or less beautiful, and her husband advanced in years, she stands in need of a greater or less number of *Pins*, and upon a treaty of marriage, rises or falls in her demands accordingly. It must likewise be owned, that high quality in a mistress does very much inflame this article in the marriage-reckoning.

But where the age and circumstances of both parties are pretty much upon a level, I cannot but think the insisting upon *Pin-money* is very extraordinary; and yet we find several matches broken off upon this very head. What would a foreigner, or one who is a stranger to this practice, think of a lover that forsakes his mistress, because he is not willing to keep her in *Pins*; but what would he think of the mistress, should he be informed that she asks five or six hundred pounds a year for this use? Should a man unacquainted with our customs be told the sums which are allowed in *Great-Britain*, under the title of *Pin-money*, what a prodigious consumption of *Pins* would he think there was in this island? *a Pin a Day*, says our frugal proverb, *is a groat a year*, so that, according to this calculation, my friend *Fribble's* wife must every year make use of eight millions six hundred and forty thousand *new Pins*.

I am not ignorant that our *British Ladies* alledge they comprehend under this general term several other conveniencies of life; I could therefore wish, for the honour of my country-women, that they had rather called it *Needle-money*, which might have implied something of good-housewifery, and not have given the malicious world occasion to think, that dress and trifle have always the uppermost place in a woman's thoughts.

I know several of my fair readers urge, in defence of this practice, that it is but an necessary provision they make for themselves, in case their husband proves a churl or a miser; so that they consider this allowance as a kind of alimony,

alimony, which they may lay their claim to without actually separating from their husbands. But with submission, I think a woman who will give up herself to a man in marriage, where there is the least room for such an apprehension, and trust her person to one whom she will not rely on for the common necessities of life, may very properly be accused (in the phrase of an homely proverb) of being *penny wise and pound foolish*.

It is observed of over-cautious generals, that they never engage in a battle without securing a retreat, in case the event should not answer their expectations; on the other hand, the greatest conquerors have burnt their ships, or broke down the bridges behind them, as being determined either to succeed or die in the engagement. In the same manner I should very much suspect a woman who takes such precautions for her retreat, and contrives methods how she may live happily, without the affection of one to whom she joins herself for life. Separate purses between man and wife are, in my opinion, as unnatural as separate beds. A marriage cannot be happy, where the pleasures, inclinations, and interests of both parties are not the same. There is no greater incitement to love in the mind of man, than the sense of a person's depending upon him for her ease and happiness; as a woman uses all her endeavours to please the person whom she looks upon as her honour, her comfort, and her support.

For this reason I am not very much surpris'd at the behaviour of a rough country squire, who, being not a little shocked at the proceeding of a young widow that would not recede from her demands of *Pin-money*, was so enraged at her mercenary temper, that he told her in great wrath, 'As much as she thought him her slave, he would shew all the world he did not care a pin for her.' Upon which he flew out of the room, and never saw her more.

*Socrates*, in *Plato's Alcibiades*, says, he was informed by one who had travelled through *Persia*, that as he passed over a great tract of lands, and inquired what the name of the place was, they told him it was the *Queen's Girdle*; to which he adds, that another wide field, which lay by it, was called the *Queen's Veil*; and that in the same manner there was a large portion of ground set aside for every

part of her majesty's dress. These lands might not be improperly called the Queen of *Persia's Pin-money*.

I remember my friend Sir ROGER, who I dare say never read this passage in *Plato*, told me sometime since, that upon his courting the perverse widow (of whom I have given an account in former papers) he had disposed of an hundred acres in a diamond-ring, which he would have presented her with, had she thought fit to accept it; and that upon her wedding-day she should have carried on her head fifty of the tallest oaks upon his estate. He further informed me that he would have given her a coal-pit to keep her in clean linen, that he would have allowed her the profits of a windmill for her fans, and have presented her once in three years with the shearing of his sheep for her under-petticoats. To which the Knight always adds, that though he did not care for fine clothes himself, there should not have been a woman in the country better dressed than my Lady *Coverley*. Sir ROGER, perhaps, may in this, as well as in many other of his devices, appear something odd and singular; but if the humour of *Pin-money* prevails, I think it would be very proper for every Gentleman of an estate to mark out so many acres of it under the title of *The Pins*. L



N<sup>o</sup> 296 Friday, February 8.

— *Nugis addere pondus*. Hor. Ep. 19. lib. 1. ver. 42.

— Add weight to trifles.

Dear SPEC,

‘ HAVING lately conversed much with the Fair sex on  
 ‘ the subject of your speculations, (which, since their  
 ‘ appearance in publick, have been the chief exercise  
 ‘ of the female loquacious faculty) I found the Fair  
 ‘ ones possessed with a dissatisfaction at your prefixing  
 ‘ *Greek* mottoes to the frontispiece of your late papers;  
 ‘ and, as a man of galantry, I thought it a duty incumbent  
 ‘ bent

‘ bent on me to impart it to you, in hopes of a reformation, which is only to be effected by a restoration of the *Latin* to the usual dignity in your papers, which, of late, the *Greek*, to the great displeasure of your female readers, has usurped; for though the *Latin* has the recommendation of being as unintelligible to them as the *Greek*, yet being written of the same character with their mother-tongue, by the assistance of a spelling-book it is legible; which quality the *Greek* wants: And since the introduction of operas into this nation, the Ladies are so charmed with sounds abstracted from their ideas, that they adore and honour the sound of *Latin* as it is old *Italian*. I am a solicitor for the Fair sex, and therefore think myself in that character more likely to be prevalent in this request, than if I should subscribe myself by my proper name.

J. M.

*I desire you may insert this in one of your Speculations, to shew my zeal for removing the dissatisfaction of the Fair-sex, and restoring you to their favour.*

S I R,

‘ I Was some time since in company with a young officer, who entertained us with the conquest he had made over a female neighbour of his; when a Gentleman who stood by, as I suppose, envying the captain’s good fortune, asked him what reason he had to believe the Lady admired him? Why, says he, my lodgings are opposite to hers, and she is continually at her window either at work, reading, taking snuff, or putting herself in some toying posture on purpose to draw my eyes that way. The confession of this vain soldier made me reflect on some of my own actions; for you must know, Sir, I am often at a window which fronts the apartments of several Gentlemen, who I doubt not have the same opinion of me. I must own I love to look at them all, one for being well dressed, a second for his fine eye, and one particular one, because he is the least man I ever saw; but there is something so easy and pleasant in the manner of my little man, that I observe he is a favourite of all his acquaintance. I could go on to tell you of  
 † many



many others, that I believe think I have encouraged them from my window : But pray let me have your opinion of the use of the window in a beautiful Lady ; and how often she may look out at the same man, without being supposed to have a mind to jump out to him.

*Yours,*

Aurelia Careless.

*Twice.*

MR. SPECTATOR,

I Have for some time made love to a Lady, who received it with all the kind returns I ought to expect : But without any provocation that I know of, she has of late shunned me with the utmost abhorrence, insomuch that she went out of church last *Sunday* in the midst of divine service, upon my coming into the same pew. Pray, Sir, what must I do in this business ?

*your servant,*

EUPHUES.

*Let her alone ten days.*

MR. SPECTATOR, *York, Jan. 20, 1711-12.*

WE have in this town a sort of people who pretend to wit, and write lampoons : I have lately been the subject of one of them. The scribbler had not genius enough in verse to turn my age, as indeed I am an old maid, into rallery, for affecting a youthier turn than is consistent with my time of day ; and therefore he makes the title of his Madrigal, the character of Mrs. *Judith Lovebane*, born in the year 1680. What I desire of you is, that you disallow that a coxcomb, who pretends to write verse, should put the most malicious thing he can say in prose. This I humbly conceive will disable our country wits, who indeed take a great deal of pains to say any thing in rhyme, though they say it very ill.

*I am, S I R,*

*your humble servant,*

Susanna Lovebane.



Mr. SPECTATOR,

WE are several of us, Gentlemen and Ladies, who board in the same house, and after dinner one of our company (an agreeable man enough otherwise) stands up and reads your paper to us all. We are the civilest people in the world to one another, and therefore I am forced to this way of desiring our reader, when he is doing this office, not to stand afore the fire. This will be a general good to our family this cold weather. He will, I know, take it to be our common request when he comes to these words, *Pray, Sir, sit down*; Which I desire you to insert, and you will particularly oblige.

*your daily reader,*

Charity Frost.

S I R,

I Am a great lover of dancing, but cannot perform so well as some others; however, by my out-of-the-way capers, and some original grimaces, I do not fail to divert the company, particularly the Ladies, who laugh immoderately all the time. Some, who pretend to be my friends, tell me they do it in derision, and would advise me to leave it off, withal that I make myself ridiculous. I do not know what to do in this affair, but I am resolved not to give over upon any account, until I have the opinion of the SPECTATOR.

*your humble servant,*

John. Trott.

IF Mr. Trott is not awkward out of time, he has a right to dance let who will laugh: But if he has no ear he will interrupt others; and I am of opinion he should sit still. Given under my hand this fifth of February, 1711-12.

T

The SPECTATOR.





N<sup>o</sup> 297 Saturday, February 9.

— velut si

*Egregio inspersos reprehendas corpore nævos.*

Hor. Sat. 6. lib. 1. ver. 66.

As perfect beauties often have a mole, CREECH.

**A**FTER what I have said in my last *Saturday's* paper, I shall enter on the subject of this without further preface, and remark the several defects which appear in the fable, the characters, the sentiments, and the language of *Milton's Paradise Lost*; not doubting but the reader will pardon me, if I alledge at the same time whatever may be said for the extenuation of such defects. The first imperfection which I shall observe in the fable is, that the event of it is unhappy.

The fable of every poem is, according to *Aristotle's* division, either *Simple* or *Implex*. It is called simple when there is no change of fortune in it; *Implex*, when the fortune of the chief actor changes from bad to good, or from good to bad. The *Implex* fable is thought the most perfect; I suppose, because it is more proper to stir up the passions of the reader, and to surprise him with a greater variety of accidents.

The *Implex* fable is therefore of two kinds; in the first the chief actor makes his way through a long series of dangers and difficulties, until he arrives at honour and prosperity, as we see in the story of *Ulysses*. In the second, the chief actor in the poem falls from some eminent pitch of honour and prosperity, into misery and disgrace. Thus we see *Adam* and *Eve* sinking from a state of innocence and happiness, into the most abject condition of sin and sorrow.

The most taking tragedies among the ancients, were built on this last sort of *Implex* fable, particularly the tragedy of *OEdipus*, which proceeds upon a story, if we may believe *Aristotle*, the most proper for tragedy that could be  
invented

invented by the wit of man. I have taken some pains in a former paper to shew, that this kind of Implex fable, wherein the event is unhappy, is more apt to affect an audience than that of the first kind; notwithstanding many excellent pieces among the ancients, as well as most of those which have been written of late years in our own country, are raised upon contrary plans. I must however own, that I think this kind of fable, which is the most perfect in tragedy, is not so proper for an heroic poem.

*Milton* seems to have been sensible of this imperfection in his fable, and has therefore endeavoured to cure it by several expedients; particularly by the mortification which the great adversary of mankind meets with upon his return to the assembly of infernal spirits, as it is described in a beautiful passage of the tenth book; and likewise by the vision wherein *Adam* at the close of the poem sees his offspring triumphing over his great enemy, and himself restored to a happier *Paradise* than that from which he fell.

There is another objection against *Milton's* fable which is indeed almost the same with the former, though placed in a different light, namely, That the hero in the *Paradise Lost* is unsuccessful, and by no means a match for his enemies. This gave occasion to Mr. *Dryden's* reflexion, that the devil was in reality *Milton's* hero. I think I have obviated this objection in my first paper. The *Paradise Lost* is an epic or a narrative poem, and he that looks for an hero in it, searches for that which *Milton* never intended; but if he will needs fix the name of an hero upon any person in it, it is certainly the *Messiah* who is the hero, both in the principal action, and in the chief episodes. Paganism could not furnish out a real action for a fable greater than that of the *Iliad* or *Aeneid*, and therefore an heathen could not form a higher notion of a poem than one of that kind, which they call an heroic. Whether *Milton's* is not of a sublime nature I will not presume to determine: It is sufficient that I shew there is in the *Paradise Lost* all the greatness of plan, regularity of design, and masterly beauties which we discover in *Homer* and *Virgil*.

I must in the next place observe, that *Milton* has interwoven in the texture of his fable some particulars which do not seem to have probability enough for an epic poem, particularly in the actions which he ascribes to *Sin* and *Death*,

Death, and the picture which he draws of the *Limbo of Vanity*, with other passages in the second book. Such allegories rather savour of the spirit of *Spenser* and *Ariosto*, than of *Homer* and *Virgil*.

In the structure of his *Poem* he has likewise admitted too many digressions. It is finally observed by *Aristotle*, that the author of an heroic poem should seldom speak himself, but throw as much of his work as he can into the mouths of those who are his principal actors. *Aristotle* has given no reason for this precept; but I presume it is because the mind of the reader is more awed and elevated when he hears *Aeneas* or *Achilles* speak, than when *Virgil* or *Homer* talk in their own persons. Besides that assuming the character of an eminent man is apt to fire the imagination, and raise the ideas of the author. *Tully* tells us, mentioning his dialogue of old age, in which *Cato* is the chief speaker, that upon a review of it he was agreeably imposed upon, and fancied that it was *Cato*, and not he himself, who uttered his thoughts on that subject.

If the reader would be at the pains to see how the story of the *Iliad* and the *Aeneid* is delivered by those persons who act in it, he will be surprised to find how little in either of these poems proceeds from the authors. *Milton* has, in the general disposition of his fable, very finely observed this great rule; insomuch, that there is scarce a third part of it which comes from the poet; the rest is spoken either by *Adam* and *Eve*, or by some good or evil spirit who is engaged either in their destruction or defence.

From what has been here observed it appears, that digressions are by no means to be allowed of in an epic poem. If the poet, even in the ordinary course of his narration, should speak as little as possible, he should certainly never let his narration sleep for the sake of any reflexions of his own. I have often observed, with a secret admiration, that the longest reflexion in the *Aeneid* is in that passage of the tenth book, where *Turnus* is represented as dressing himself in the spoils of *Pallas*, whom he had slain. *Virgil* here lets his fable stand still for the sake of the following remark. *How is the mind of man ignorant of futurity, and unable to bear prosperous fortune with moderation! The time will come when Turnus shall wish that he*  
had



had left the body of Pallas untouched, and curse the day on which he dressed himself in these spoils. As the great event of the *Aeneid*, and the death of Turnus, whom *Aeneas* slew because he saw him adorned with the spoils of Pallas, turns upon this incident, *Virgil* went out of his way to make this reflexion upon it, without which so small a circumstance might possibly have slipped out of his reader's memory. *Lucan*, who was an injudicious poet, lets drop his story very frequently for the sake of his unnecessary digressions, or his *Diverticula*, as *Scaliger* calls them. If he gives us an account of the prodigies which preceded the civil war, he declaims upon the occasion, and shews how much happier it would be for man, if he did not feel his evil fortune before it comes to pass; and suffer not only by its real weight, but by the apprehension of it. *Milton's* complaint for his blindness, his panegyrick on marriage, his reflexions on *Adam* and *Eve's* going naked, of the angels eating, and several other passages in his poem, are liable to the same exception, though I must confess there is so great a beauty in these very digressions, that I would not wish them out of his poem.

I have, in a former paper, spoken of the *Characters* of *Milton's Paradise Lost*, and declared my opinion, as to the allegorical persons who are introduced in it.

If we look into the *Sentiments*, I think they are sometimes defective under the following heads; first, as there are several of them too much pointed, and some that degenerate even into puns. Of this last kind I am afraid in that in the first book, where, speaking of the pygmies, he calls them,

————— *The small Infantry* —————  
Warr'd on by cranes —————

Another blemish that appears in some of his thoughts, is his frequent allusion to heathen fables, which are not certainly of a piece with the divine subject of which he treats. I do not find fault with these allusions, where the poet himself represents them as fabulous, as he does in some places, but where he mentions them as truths and matters of fact. The limits of my paper will not give me leave to be particular in instances of this kind; the reader will easily remark them in his perusal of the poem.

A



A third fault in his sentiments, is an unnecessary ostentation of learning, which likewise occurs very frequently. It is certain that both *Homer* and *Virgil* were masters of all the learning of their times, but it shews itself in their works after an indirect and concealed manner. *Milton* seems ambitious of letting us know, by his excursions on free-will and predestination, and his many glances upon history, astronomy, geography, and the like, as well as by the terms and phrases he sometimes makes use of, that he was acquainted with the whole circle of art and sciences.

If in the last place we consider the *Language* of this great poet, we must allow what I have hinted in a former paper, that it is often too much laboured, and sometimes obscured by old words, transpositions, and foreign idioms. *Seneca's* objection to the stile of a great author, *Riget ejus oratio, nihil in eâ placidum, nihil lenè*, is what many critics make to *Milton*: As I cannot wholly refute it, so I have already apologized for it in another paper: To which I may further add, that *Milton's* sentiments and ideas were so wonderfully sublime, that it would have been impossible for him to have represented them in their full strength and beauty, without having recourse to these foreign assistances. Our language sunk under him, and was unequal to that greatness of soul, which furnished him with such glorious conceptions.

A second fault in his language is that he often affects a kind of jingle in his words, as in the following passages, and many others:

*And brought into the World a World of woe.*

——— *Begirt th' Almighty throne*

*Beseeking or besieging*———

*This tempted our attempt*———

*At one slight bound high overleapt all bound.*

I know there are figures of this kind of speech, that some of the greatest ancients have been guilty of it, and that *Aristotle* himself has given it a place in his rhetoric among the beauties of that art. But as it is in itself poor and trifling, it is I think at present universally exploded by all the masters of polite writing.

The

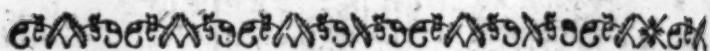
The last fault which I shall take notice of in *Milton's* style, is the frequent use of what the learned call *Technical Words*, or terms of art. It is one of the greatest beauties of poetry, to make hard things intelligible, and to deliver what is abstruse of itself in such easy language as may be understood by ordinary readers: Besides, that the knowledge of a poet should rather seem born with him, or inspired, than drawn from books and systems. I have often wondered how Mr. *Dryden* could translate a passage out of *Virgil* after the following manner.

*Tack to the larboard, and stand off to sea,  
Veer starboard sea and land.*—————

*Milton* makes use of *Larboard* in the same manner. When he is upon building he mentions *Doric Pillars, Pilasters, Cornice, Freeze, Architrave*. When he talks of heavenly bodies, you meet with *Ecliptic* and *Eccentric, the trepidation, stars-dropping from the zenith, rays culminating from the equator*: To which might be added many instances of the like kind in several other arts and sciences.

I shall in my next papers give an account of the many particular beauties in *Milton*, which would have been too long to insert under those general heads I have already treated of, and with which I intend to conclude this piece of criticism. L





N<sup>o</sup> 298 Monday, February 11.

*Nusquam tuta fides*—

Virg. *Æn.* 4. v. 373.

Honour is no where safe.

MR. SPECTATOR,

London, Feb. 9. 1711-12.

I Am a virgin, and in no case despicable; but yet such as I am I must remain, or else become, it is to be feared, less happy; for I find not the least good effect from the just correction you some time since gave that too free, that looser part of our sex which spoils the men; the same connivance at the vices, the same easy admittance of addressers, the same vitiated relish of the conversation of the greatest of rakes (or in a more fashionable way of expressing one's self, of such as have seen the world most) still abounds, increases, multiplies.

The humble petition therefore of many of the most strictly virtuous, and of myself, is, That you will once more exert your authority, and that according to your late promise, your full, your impartial authority, on this fillier branch of our kind; for why should they be the uncontrollable mistresses of our fate? Why should they with impunity indulge the males in licentiousness whilst single, and we have the dismal hazard and plague of reforming them when married? Strike home, Sir, then, and spare not, or all our maiden hopes, our gilded hopes of nuptial felicity are frustrated, are vanished, and you yourself, as well as Mr. *Courtly*, will, by smoothing over immodest practices with the gloss of soft and harmless names, for ever forfeit our esteem. Nor think that I am herein more severe than need be: If I have not reason more than enough, do you and the world judge from this ensuing account, which, I think, will prove the evil to be universal.

You must know then, that since your reprehension of this female degeneracy came out, I have had a tender of

respects

‘ respects from no less than five persons, of tolerable figure too as times go: But the misfortune is, that four of the five are professed followers of the mode. They would face me down, that all women of good sense ever were, and ever will be, latitudinarians in wedlock; and all ways did, and will, give and take what they profanely term conjugal liberty and conscience.

‘ The two first of them, a captain and a merchant, to strengthen their argument, pretend to repeat after a couple, a brace of Ladies of quality and wit, That *Venus* was always kind to *Mars*; and what soul, that has the least spark of generosity, can deny a man of bravery any thing? And how pitiful a trader that, whom no woman but his own wife will have correspondence and dealings with? Thus these; whilst the third, the country squire, confessed, That indeed he was surprised into good-breeding, and entered into the knowledge of the world unawares; That dining the other day at a Gentleman’s house, the person who entertained was obliged to leave him with his wife and nieces; where they spoke with so much contempt of an absent Gentleman for being so slow at a hint, that he resolved never to be drowsy, unmannerly, or stupid, for the future at a friend’s house; and on a hunting morning, not to pursue the game either with the husband abroad, or with the wife at home.

‘ The next that came was a tradesman, no less full of the age than the former; for he had the gallantry to tell me, that at a late junket which he was invited to, the motion being made, and the question being put, it was by maid, wife and widow resolved, *neque in contradi-* cte, That a young sprightly journeyman is absolutely necessary in their way of business: To which they had the assent and concurrence of their husbands present. I dropped him a curtsy, and gave him to understand that was his audience of leave.

‘ I am reckoned pretty, and have had very many advances besides these; but have been very averse to hear any of them, from my observation on these above-mentioned, until I hoped some good from the character of my present admirer, a clergyman. But I find even amongst them there are indirect practices in relation to  
‘ love,



‘ love, and our treaty is at present a little in suspense,  
 ‘ until some circumstances are cleared. There is a charge  
 ‘ against him among the women, and the case is this: It  
 ‘ is alledged, That a certain endowed female would have  
 ‘ appropriated herself to and consolidated herself with a  
 ‘ church which my divine now enjoys ; (or, which is the  
 ‘ same thing, did prostitute herself to her friend’s doing  
 ‘ this for her :) That my ecclesiastick, to obtain the one,  
 ‘ did engage himself to take off the other that lay on  
 ‘ hand ; but that on his success in the spiritual, he again  
 ‘ renounced the carnal.

‘ I put this closely to him, and taxed him with disingenuity. He to clear himself made the subsequent defence, and that in the most solemn manner possible. That he was applied to and instigated to accept of a benefice: That a conditional offer thereof was indeed made him at first, but with disdain, by him rejected : That when nothing (as they easily perceived) of this nature could bring him to their purpose, assurance of his being entirely unengaged beforehand, and safe from all their after-expectations (the only stratagem left to draw him in) was given him : That pursuant to this the donation itself was without delay, before several reputable witnesses, tendered to him *gratis*, with the open profession of not the least reserve, or most minute condition ; but that yet immediately after induction, his insidious introducer, (or her crafty procurer, which you will) industriously spread the report which had reached my ears, not only in the neighbourhood of that said church, but in *London*, in the university, in mine and his own country, and wherever else it might probably obviate his application to any other woman, and so confine him to this alone : And in a word, That as he never did make any previous offer of his service, or the least step to her affection ; so on his discovery of these designs thus laid to trick him, he could not but afterwards, in justice to himself, vindicate both his innocence and freedom by keeping his proper distance.

‘ This is his apology, and I think I shall be satisfied with it. But I cannot conclude my tedious epistle, without recommending to you not only to resume your former  
 ‘ chastisement,



‘ chastisement, but to add to your criminals the simonia-  
 ‘ cal Ladies, who seduce the sacred order into the diffi-  
 ‘ culty of either breaking a mercenary troth made to them  
 ‘ whom they ought not to deceive, or by breaking or keep-  
 ‘ ing it offending against him whom they cannot deceive.  
 ‘ Your assistance and labours of this sort would be of great  
 ‘ benefit, and your speedy thoughts on this subject would  
 ‘ be very seasonable to,

*Sir, your most obedient servant,*

T

Chastity Loveworth.



N<sup>o</sup> 299 Tuesday, February 12.

*Malo venusinam, quàm te, Cornelia, mater  
 Gracchorum, si cum magnis virtutibus affers  
 Grande supercilium, & numeras in dote triumphos.  
 Tolle tuum precor Annibalem, victumque syphacem  
 In castris; & cum totâ Carthagine migra.*

Juv.-Sat. 6. ver. 166.

Some country-girl, scarce to a curtsy bred,  
 Wou'd I much rather than *Cornelia* wed;  
 If supercilious, haughty, proud, and vain,  
 She brought her father's triumphs in her train.  
 Away with all your *Carthaginian* state;  
 Let vanquish'd *Hannibal* without doors wait,  
 Too burly and too big to pass my narrow gate.

DRYDEN,

**I**T is observed, that a man improves more by reading  
 the story of a person eminent for prudence and virtue,  
 than by the finest rules and precepts of morality. In  
 the same manner a representation of those calamities and  
 misfortunes which a weak man suffers from wrong mea-  
 sures, and ill-concerted schemes of life, is apt to make a  
 deeper impression upon our minds, than the wisest maxima  
 and instructions that can be given us, for avoiding the like

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follies and indiscretions in our own private conduct. It is for this reason that I lay before my reader the following letter, and leave it with him to make his own use of it, without adding any reflections of my own upon the subject matter.

MR. SPECTATOR,

**H**AVING carefully perused a letter sent you by *Josiah Fribble*, Esq; with your subsequent discourse upon *Pin-money*, I do presume to trouble you with an account of my own case, which I look upon to be no less deplorable than that of squire *Fribble*. I am a person of no extraction, having begun the world with a small parcel of rusty iron, and was for some years commonly known by the name of *Jack Anvil*. I have naturally a very happy genius for getting money, in so much that by the age of five and twenty I had scraped together four thousand two hundred pounds, five shillings and a few odd pence. I then lunched out into considerable business, and became a bold trader both by sea and land, which in a few years raised me a very considerable fortune. For these my good services I was knighted in the thirty-fifth year of my age, and lived with great dignity among my city neighbours by the name of Sir *John Anvil*. Being in my temper very ambitious, I was now bent upon making a family, and accordingly resolved that my decedents should have a dash of good blood in their veins. In order to this I made love to the Lady *Mary Oddly*, an indigent young woman of quality. To cut short the marriage treaty, I threw her a *Charte Blanche*. as our news-papers call it, desiring her to write upon it her own terms. She was very concise in her demands, insisting only that the disposal of my fortune and the regulation of my family should be intirely in her hands. Her father and brothers appeared exceedingly averse to this match, and would not see me for some time; but at present are so well reconciled, that they dine with me almost every day, and have borrowed considerable sums of me; which my Lady *Mary* very often twits me with, when she would shew me how kind her relations are to me. She had

' no portion, as I told you before; but what she wanted  
 ' in fortune she makes up in spirit. She at first changed  
 ' my name to Sir *John Envil*, and at present writes her-  
 ' self *Mary Enville*. I have had some children by her;  
 ' whom she has christened with the Surnames of her fa-  
 ' mily, in order, as she tells me, to wear out the home-  
 ' lines of their parentage by the father's side. Our eldest  
 ' son is the honourable *Oddly Enville*, Esq; and our eldest  
 ' daughter *Harriot Enville*. Upon her first coming into  
 ' my family, she turned off a parcel of very careful ser-  
 ' vants, who had been long with me, and introduced in  
 ' their stead a couple of black-a-moors, and three or four  
 ' very genteel fellows in laced liveries, besides her *French*  
 ' *woman*, who is perpetually making a noise in the house  
 ' in a language which no body understands, except my  
 ' Lady *Mary*. She next set herself to reform every room  
 ' of my house, having glazed all my chimney-pieces with  
 ' looking glasses, and planted every corner with such heaps  
 ' of *China*, that I am obliged to move about my own  
 ' house with the greatest caution and circumspection, for  
 ' fear of hurting some of our brittle furniture. She  
 ' makes an illumination once a week with wax candles  
 ' in one of the largest rooms, in order, as she phrases it,  
 ' to see company. At which time she always desires  
 ' me to be abroad, or to confine myself to the cock-loft,  
 ' that I may not disgrace her among her visitants of quali-  
 ' ty. Her footmen, as I told you before, are such beaux  
 ' that I do not much care for asking them questions;  
 ' when I do, they answer me with a saucy frown, and say  
 ' that every thing, which I find fault with, was done  
 ' by my Lady *Mary's* order. She tells me that she intends  
 ' they shall wear swords with their next liveries, having  
 ' lately observed the footmen of two or three persons of  
 ' quality hanging behind the coach with swords by their  
 ' sides. As soon as the first honey-moon was over, I re-  
 ' presented to her the unreasonableness of those daily in-  
 ' novations which she made in my family; but she told me  
 ' I was no longer to consider myself as Sir *John Anvil*,  
 ' but as her husband; and added with a frown, that I  
 ' did not seem to know who she was. I was surprised to  
 ' be treated thus, after such familiarities as had passed be-

‘ tween us. But she has since given me to know, that  
‘ whatever freedoms she may sometimes indulge me in,  
‘ she expects in general to be treated with the respect  
‘ that is due to her birth and quality. Our children have  
‘ been trained up from their infancy with so many ac-  
‘ counts of their mother’s family, that they know the  
‘ stories of all the great men and women it has produced.  
‘ Their mother tells them, that such an one commanded  
‘ in such a sea-engagement, that their great grandfather  
‘ had a horse shot under him at *Edge-hill*, that their uncle  
‘ was at the siege of *Buda*, and that her mother danced  
‘ in a ball at court with the Duke of *Monmouth*; with  
‘ abundance of fiddle-faddle of the same nature. I was  
‘ the other day a little out of countenance at a question  
‘ of my little daughter *Harriot*, who asked me with a great  
‘ deal of innocence, why I never told them of the gene-  
‘ rals and admirals that had been in my family. As for  
‘ my eldest son *Oddly*, he has been so spirited up by his  
‘ mother, that if he does not mend his manners I shall  
‘ go near to disinherit him. He drew his sword upon  
‘ me before he was nine years old, and told me that he  
‘ expected to be used like a Gentleman; upon my offer-  
‘ ing to correct him for his insolence, my Lady *Mary* stepped  
‘ in between us, and told me, that I ought to consider  
‘ there was some difference between his mother and mine.  
‘ She is perpetually finding out the features of her own  
‘ relations in every one of my children, though by the  
‘ way I have a little chubfaced boy as like me as he can  
‘ stare, if I durst say so; but what most angers me, when  
‘ she sees me playing with any of them upon my knee,  
‘ she has begged me more than once to converse with the  
‘ children as little as possible, that they may not learn  
‘ any of my awkward tricks.

‘ You must farther know, since I am opening my heart  
‘ to you, that she thinks herself my superior in sense, as  
‘ much as she is in quality, and therefore treats me like a  
‘ plain well-meaning man, who does not know the world.  
‘ She dictates to me in my own business, sets me right  
‘ in point of trade, and if I disagree with her about any  
‘ of my ships at sea, wonders that I will dispute with her,  
‘ when I know very well that her great grandfather was  
‘ a flag officer.

‘ To

‘ To compleat my sufferings, she has teised me for this  
‘ quarter of a year last past, to remove into one of the  
‘ squares at the other end of the town, promising for my  
‘ encouragement, that I shall have as good a cock-loft  
‘ as any Gentleman in the square; to which the ho-  
‘ nourable *Oddly Envile*, Esq; always adds, like a jack-a-  
‘ napes as he is, that he hopes it will be as near the court  
‘ as possible.

‘ In short, Mr. SPECTATOR, I am so much out of  
‘ my natural element, that to recover my old way of life  
‘ I would be content to begin the world again, and be  
‘ plain *Jack Anvil*; but alas! I am in for life, and am  
‘ bound to subscribe myself, with great sorrow of heart,

*your humble servant,*

L

John Envile, *Knt*,

\*~~~~~\*

N<sup>o</sup> 300 Wednesday, February 13.

— *Diversum vitio vitium propè majus.*

Hor. Ep. 18. lib. 1. ver. 5.

— Another failing of the mind,  
Greater than this, of a quite different kind.

POOLY.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

‘ **W** HEN you talk of the subject of Love, and the  
‘ relations arising from it, methinks you should  
‘ take care to leave no fault unobserved which  
‘ concerns the state of marriage. The great vexation  
‘ that I have observed in it, is that the wedded couple  
‘ seem to want opportunities of being often enough  
‘ alone together, and are forced to quarrel and be fond  
‘ before company. Mr. *Hotspur* and his Lady, in a  
‘ room full of their friends, are ever saying something  
‘ so smart to each other, and that but just within rules,  
‘ that the whole company stand in the utmost anxiety  
‘ and suspense for fear of their falling into extremities

I 3

‘ which



which they could not be present at. On the other side, *Tom Fiddle* and his pretty spouse wherever they come are billing at such a rate, as they think must do our hearts good to behold them. Cannot you possibly propose a mean between being wasps and doves in publick? I should think if you advised to hate or love sincerely it would be better: For if they would be so discreet as to hate from the very bottom of their hearts, their aversion would be too strong for little gibes every moment; and if they loved with that calm and noble value which dwells in the heart, with a warmth like that of life-blood, they would not be so impatient of their passions as to fall into observable fondness. This method, in each case, would save appearances; but as those who offend on the fond side are by much the fewer, I would have you begin with them, and go on to take notice of a most impertinent licence married women take, not only to be very loving to their spouses in publick, but also make nauseous allusions to private familiarities, and the like. *Lucina* is a Lady of the greatest discretion, you must know, in the world; and withal very much a physician: Upon the strength of these two qualities there is nothing she will not speak of before us virgins; and she every day talks with a very grave air in such a manner, as is very improper so much as to be hinted at but to obviate the greatest extremity. Those whom they call good bodies, notable people, hearty neighbours, and the purest goodest company in the world, are the great offenders in this kind. Here I think I have laid before you an open field for pleasantry; and hope you will shew these people that at least they are not witty: In which you will save from many a blush a daily sufferer, who is very much

*your most humble servant,*

Susannah Loveworth.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

IN yours of *Wednesday* the 30th past, you and your correspondents are very severe on a sort of men, whom you call male coquettes; but without any other reason, in my apprehension, than that of paying a shallow compliment to the Fair sex, by accusing some men of imaginary faults, that the women may not seem to be the more faulty sex; though at the same time you suppose there are some so weak as to be imposed upon by fine things and false addresses. I cannot persuade myself that your design is to debar the sexes the benefit of each other's conversation within the rules of honour; nor will you, I dare say, recommend to them, or encourage the common tea-table talk, much less that of politics and matters of state: And if these are forbidden subjects of discourse, then, as long as there are any women in the world who take a pleasure in hearing themselves praised, and can bear the sight of a man prostrate at their feet, so long I shall make no wonder that there are those of the other sex who will pay them those impertinent humiliations. We should have few people such fools as to practise flattery, if all were so wise as to despise it. I do not deny but you would do a meritorious act, if you could prevent all impositions on the simplicity of young women; but I must confess I do not apprehend you have laid the fault on the proper person, and if I trouble you with my thoughts upon it, I promise myself your pardon. Such of the sex as are raw and innocent, and most exposed to these attacks, have, or their parents are much to blame if they have not, one to advise and guard them, and are obliged themselves to take care of them; but if these, who ought to hinder men from all opportunities of this sort of conversation, instead of that encourage and promote it, the suspicion is very just that there are some private reasons for it; and I will leave it to you to determine on which side a part is then acted. Some women there are who are arrived at years of discretion, I mean are got out of the hands of their parents and governors, and are set up for themselves, who yet are liable to these attempts; but if these are prevailed upon, you must excuse me if I lay

‘ the fault upon them, that their wisdom is not grown  
 ‘ with their years. My client Mr. *Strephon*, whom you  
 ‘ summoned to declare himself, gives you thanks how-  
 ‘ ever for your warning, and begs the favour only to  
 ‘ enlarge his time for a week, or to the last day of the  
 ‘ term, and then he will appear *gratis*, and pray no  
 ‘ day over.

yours,

Philanthropos.

MR. SPECTATOR,

‘ I Was last night to visit a Lady whom I much esteem,  
 ‘ and always took for my friend; but met with so  
 ‘ very different a reception from what I expected, that I  
 ‘ cannot help applying myself to you on this occasion.  
 ‘ In the room of that civility and familiarity I used to be  
 ‘ treated with by her, an affected strangeness in her  
 ‘ looks, and coldness in her behaviour, plainly told me  
 ‘ I was not the welcome guest which the regard and tender-  
 ‘ ness she has often expressed for me gave me reason to  
 ‘ flatter myself to think I was. Sir, this is certainly a  
 ‘ great fault, and I assure you a very common one; there-  
 ‘ fore I hope you will think it a fit subject for some part  
 ‘ of a *Spectator*. Be pleased to acquaint us how we must  
 ‘ behave ourselves towards this valetudinary friendship,  
 ‘ subject to so many heats and colds, and you will oblige,  
 ‘ Sir, your humble servant,

Miranda.

S I R,

‘ I Cannot forbear acknowledging the delight your late  
 ‘ *Spectators* on *Saturdays* have given me; for they are  
 ‘ writ in the honest spirit of criticism, and called to my  
 ‘ mind the following four lines I had read long since in  
 ‘ a prologue to a play called *Julius Caesar*, which has de-  
 ‘ served a better fate. The verses are addressed to the  
 ‘ little criticks,

*Shew your small talent, and let that suffice ye;  
 But grew not vain upon it, I advise ye.  
 For every fop can find out faults in plays:  
 You'll ne'er arrive at knowing when to praise.*

T

yours,

D. G.



N<sup>o</sup> 301 Thursday, February 14.

*Possint ut juvenes visere fervidi*

*Multo non sine risu,*

*Dilapsam in cineres facem.*

Hor. Od. 13. l. 4. ver. 26.

That all may laugh to see that glaring light,  
Which lately shone so fierce and bright,  
End in a stink at last, and vanish into night.

ANON.

WE are generally so much pleased with any little accomplishments, either of body or mind, which have once made us remarkable in the world, that we endeavour to persuade ourselves it is not in the power of time to rob us of them. We are eternally pursuing the same methods which first procured us the applauses of mankind. It is from this notion that an author writes on, though he is come to dotage; without ever considering that his memory is impaired, and that he hath lost that life, and those spirits, which formerly raised his fancy, and fired his imagination. The same folly hinders a man from submitting his behaviour to his age, and makes *Clodius*, who was a celebrated dancer at five and twenty, still love to hobble in a minuet, though he is past threescore. It is this, in a word, which fills the town with elderly fops, and superannuated coquettes.

*Canidia*, a Lady of this latter species, passed by me yesterday in her coach. *Canidia* was an haughty beauty of the last age, and was followed by crouds of adorers, whose passions only pleased her, as they gave her opportunities of playing the tyrant. She then contracted that awful cast of the eye and forbidding frown, which she has not yet laid aside, and has still all the insolence of beauty without its charms. If she now attracts the eyes of any beholders, it is only by being remarkably ridiculous; even

her own sex laugh at her affectation ; and the men, who always enjoy an ill-natured pleasure in seeing an imperious beauty humbled and neglected, regard her with the same satisfaction that a free nation sees a tyrant in disgrace.

WILL HONEYCOMB, who is a great admirer of the galantries in King *Charles* the Second's reign, lately communicated to me a letter written by a wit of that age to his mistress, who it seems was a Lady of *Canidia's* humour ; and though I do not always approve of my friend WILL's taste, I liked this letter so well, that I took a copy of it, with which I shall here present my reader.

To C L O E.

M A D A M,

Since my waking thoughts have never been able to influence you in my favour, I am resolved to try whether my dreams can make any impression on you. To this end I shall give you an account of a very odd one which my fancy presented to me last night, within a few hours after I left you.

Methought I was unaccountably conveyed into the most delicious place mine eyes ever beheld : It was a large valley divided by a river of the purest water I had ever seen. The ground on each side of it rose by an easy ascent, and was covered with flowers of an infinite variety, which as they were reflected in the water doubled the beauties of the place, or rather formed an imaginary scene more beautiful than the real. On each side of the river was a range of lofty trees, whose boughs were loaded with almost as many birds as leaves. Every tree was full of harmony.

I had not gone far in this pleasant valley, when I perceived that it was terminated by a most magnificent temple. The structure was ancient, and regular. On the top of it was figured the God *Saturn*, in the same shape and dress that the poets usually represent *Time*.

As I was advancing to satisfy my curiosity by a nearer view, I was stopped by an object far more beautiful than any I had before discovered in the whole place. I fancy,

Madam,



‘ Madam, you will easily guess that this could hardly be  
‘ any thing but yourself; in reality it was so; you lay  
‘ extended on the flowers by the side of the river, so that  
‘ your hands, which were thrown in a negligent posture,  
‘ almost touched the water. Your eyes were closed; but  
‘ if your sleep deprived me of the satisfaction of seeing  
‘ them, it left me at leisure to contemplate several other  
‘ charms, which disappear when your eyes are open. I  
‘ could not but admire the tranquillity you slept in, es-  
‘ pecially when I considered the uneasiness you produce  
‘ in so many others.

‘ While I was wholly taken up in these reflexions,  
‘ the doors of the temple flew open, with a very great  
‘ noise; and lifting up my eyes, I saw two figures, in  
‘ human shape, coming into the valley. Upon a nearer  
‘ survey, I found them to be YOUTH and LOVE. The  
‘ first was incircled with a kind of purple light, that spread  
‘ a glory over all the place; the other held a flaming torch  
‘ in his hand. I could observe, that all the way as they  
‘ came towards us, the colours of the flowers appeared  
‘ more lively, the trees shot out in blossoms, the birds  
‘ threw themselves into pairs, and serenaded them as they  
‘ passed: The whole face of nature glowed with new  
‘ beauties. They were no sooner arrived at the place  
‘ where you lay, when they seated themselves on each  
‘ side of you. On their approach methought I saw a new  
‘ bloom arise in your face, and new charms diffuse them-  
‘ selves over your whole person. You appeared more  
‘ than mortal; but, to my great surprise, continued fast  
‘ asleep, though the two deities made several gentle ef-  
‘ forts to awaken you.

‘ After a short time, YOUTH (displaying a pair of  
‘ wings, which I had not before taken notice of) flew off.  
‘ LOVE still remained, and holding the torch which he  
‘ had in his hand before your face, you still appeared as  
‘ beautiful as ever. The glaring of the light in your  
‘ eyes at length awakened you; when, to my great sur-  
‘ prise, instead of acknowledging the favour of the deity,  
‘ you frowned upon him, and struck the torch out of his  
‘ hand into the river. The God, after having regarded  
‘ you with a look that spoke at once his pity and displea-

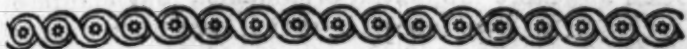
' sure flew away. Immediately a kind of gloom over-  
 ' spread the whole place. At the same time I saw an  
 ' hideous spectre enter at one end of the valley. His  
 ' eyes were sunk into his head, his face was pale and  
 ' withered, and his skin puckered up in wrinkles. As he  
 ' walked on the sides of the bank the river froze, the  
 ' flowers faded, the trees shed their blossoms, the birds  
 ' dropped from off the boughs, and fell dead at his feet.  
 ' By these marks I knew him to be OLD-AGE. You  
 ' were seized with the utmost horror and amazement at  
 ' his approach. You endeavoured to have fled, but the  
 ' phantom caught you in his arms. You may easily  
 ' guess at the change you suffered in this embrace. For  
 ' my own part, though I am still too full of the dreadful  
 ' idea, I will not shock you with a description of it. I  
 ' was so startled at the sight that my sleep immediately  
 ' left me, and I found myself awake, at leisure to con-  
 ' sider of a dream which seems too extraordinary to be  
 ' without a meaning. I am, Madam, with the greatest  
 ' passion,

*your most obedient,*

X

*most humble servant, &c.*

BM



N<sup>o</sup> 302 Friday, February 15.

——— *Lachrymæque decoræ,  
Gratior & pulchro veniens in corpore virtus.*

Virg. *Æn.* 5. ver. 143.

Becoming sorrows, and a virtuous mind  
More lovely, in a beauteous form inshrined.

I Read what I give for the entertainment of this day with a great deal of pleasure, and publish it just as it came to my hands. I shall be very glad to find there are many guessed at for *Emilia*.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

IF this paper has the good fortune to be honoured with a place in your writings, I shall be the more pleased, because the character of *Emilia* is not an imaginary but a real one. I have industriously obscured the whole by the addition of one or two circumstances of no consequence, that the person it is drawn from might still be concealed; and that the writer of it might not be in the least suspected, and for some other reasons, I choose not to give it the form of a letter: But if, besides the faults of the composition, there be any thing in it more proper for a correspondent than the SPECTATOR himself to write, I submit it to your better judgment, to receive any other model you think fit.

I am, Sir,

*your very humble servant.*

There is nothing which gives one so pleasing a prospect of human nature, as the contemplation of wisdom and beauty: The latter is the peculiar portion of that sex which is therefore called Fair; but the happy concurrence of both these excellencies in the same person, is a character too celestial to be frequently met with. Beauty is an over-weening self-sufficient thing, careless of providing itself

itself any more substantial ornaments; nay so little does it consult its own interests, that it too often defeats itself by betraying that innocence which renders it lovely and desirable. As therefore virtue makes a beautiful woman appear more beautiful, so beauty makes a virtuous woman really more virtuous. Whilst I am considering these two perfections gloriously united in one person, I cannot help representing to my mind the image of *Emilia*.

Who ever beheld the charming *Emilia*, without feeling in his breast at once the glow of love and the tenderness of virtuous friendship? The unstudied graces of her behaviour, and the pleasing accents of her tongue, insensibly draw you on to wish for a nearer enjoyment of them; but even her smiles carry in them a silent reproof to the impulses of licentious love. Thus, though the attractives of her beauty play almost irresistibly upon you and create desire, you immediately stand corrected not by the severity but the decency of her virtue. That sweetness and good-humour which is so visible in her face, naturally diffuses itself into every word and action: A man must be a savage, who, at the sight of *Emilia*, is not more inclined to do her good than gratify himself. Her person, as it is thus studiously embellished by nature, thus adorned with unpremeditated graces, is a fit lodging for a mind so fair and lovely; there dwell rational piety, modest hope, and chearful resignation.

Many of the prevailing passions of mankind do undeservedly pass under the name of religion; which is thus made to express itself in action, according to the nature of the constitution in which it resides: So that were we to make a judgment from appearances, one would imagine religion in some is little better than fullness and reserve, in many fear, in others the despondings of a melancholy complexion, in others the formality of insignificant unaffected observances, in others severity, in others ostentation. In *Emilia* it is a principle founded in reason and enlivened with hope; it does not break forth into irregular fits and sallies of devotion, but is an uniform and consistent tenour of action: It is strict without severity, compassionate without weakness; it is the perfection of that good-humour which proceeds from the understanding, not the effect of an easy constitution.

By

By a generous sympathy in nature, we feel ourselves disposed to mourn when any of our fellow-creatures are afflicted; but injured innocence and beauty in distress, is an object that carries in it something inexpressibly moving: It softens the most manly heart with the tenderest sensations of love and compassion, until at length it confesses its humanity, and flows out into tears.

Were I to relate that part of *Emilia's* life which has given her an opportunity of exerting the heroism of christianity, it would make too sad, too tender a story: But when I consider her alone in the midst of her distresses, looking beyond this gloomy vale of affliction and sorrow into the joys of heaven and immortality, and when I see her in conversation thoughtless and easy as if she were the most happy creature in the world, I am transported with admiration. Surely never did such a philosophic soul inhabit such a beauteous form! For beauty is often made a privilege against thought and reflexion; it laughs at wisdom, and will not abide the gravity of its instructions.

Were I able to present *Emilia's* virtues in their proper colours and their due proportions, love or flattery might perhaps be thought to have drawn the picture larger than life; but as this is but an imperfect draught of so excellent a character, and as I cannot, will not hope to have any interest in her person, all that I can say of her is but impartial praise extorted from me by the prevailing brightness of her virtues. So rare a pattern of female excellence ought not to be concealed, but should be set out to the view and imitation of the world; for how amiable does virtue appear thus as it were made visible to us in so fair an example!

*Honorio's* disposition is of a very different turn: Her thoughts are wholly bent upon conquest and arbitrary power. That she has some wit and beauty no body denies, and therefore has the esteem of all her acquaintance as a woman of an agreeable person and conversation; but (whatever her husband may think of it) that is not sufficient for *Honorio*: She waves that title to respect as a mean acquisition, and demands veneration in the right of an idol; for this reason her natural desire of life is continually checked with an inconsistent fear of wrinkles and old age.

*Emilia*



*Emilia* cannot be supposed ignorant of her personal charms, though she seems to be so; but she will not hold her happiness upon so precarious a tenure, whilst her mind is adorned with beauties of a more exalted and lasting nature. When in the full bloom of youth and beauty we saw her surrounded with a croud of adorers, she took no pleasure in slaughter and destruction, gave no false deluding hopes which might increase the torments of her disappointed lovers; but having for some time given to the decency of a virgin coyness, examined the merit of the several pretensions, she at length gratified her own, by resigning herself to the ardent passion of *Bromius*. *Bromius* was then master of many good qualities and a moderate fortune, which was soon after unexpectedly increased to a plentiful estate. This for a good while proved his misfortune, as it furnished his unexperienced age with the opportunities of evil company and a sensual life. He might have longer wandered in the labyrinths of vice and folly, had not *Emilia's* prudent conduct won him over to the government of his reason. Her ingenuity has been constantly employed in humanizing his passions and refining his pleasures. She has shewed him by her own example, that virtue is consistent with decent freedoms and good-humour, or rather, that it cannot subsist without them. Her good sense readily instructed her, that a silent example and an easy unrepining behaviour, will always be more persuasive than the severity of lectures and admonitions; and that there is so much pride interwoven into the make of human nature, that an obstinate man must only take the hint from another, and then be left to advise and correct himself. Thus by an artful train of management and unseen persuasions, having at first brought him not to dislike, and at length to be pleased with that which otherwise he would not have bore to hear of, she then knew how to press and secure this advantage, by approving it as his thought, and seconding it as his proposal. By this means she has gained an interest in some of his leading passions, and made them accessory to his reformation.

There is another particular of *Emilia's* conduct which I cannot forbear mentioning: To some perhaps it may at first sight appear but a trifling inconsiderable circumstance;

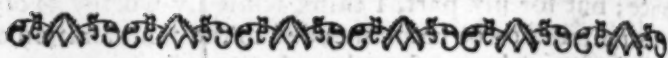
stance; but for my part, I think it highly worthy of observation, and to be recommended to the consideration of the Fair sex. I have often thought wrapping gowns and dirty linen, with all that huddled œconomy of dress which passes under the general name of a mob, the bane of conjugal love, and one of the readiest means imaginable to alienate the affection of an husband, especially a fond one. I have heard some Ladies, who have been surpris'd by company in such a deshabille, apologize for it after this manner; *Truly I am ashamed to be caught in this pickle; but my husband and I were sitting all alone by ourselves, and I did not expect to see such good company*—This by the way is a fine compliment to the good man, which it is ten to one but he returns in dogged answers and a churlish behaviour, without knowing what it is that puts him out of humour.

*Emilia's* observation teaches her, that as little inadvertencies and neglects cast a blemish upon a great character; so the neglect of apparel, even among the most intimate friends, does insensibly lessen their regards to each other, by creating a familiarity too low and contemptible. She understands the importance of those things which the generality account trifles; and considers every thing as a matter of consequence, that has the least tendency towards keeping up or abating the affection of her husband; him she esteems as a fit object to employ her ingenuity in pleasing, because he is to be pleased for life.

By the help of these, and a thousand other nameless arts, which it is easier for her to practice than for another to express, by the obstinacy of her goodness and unprovoked submission, in spite of all her afflictions and ill usage, *Bromius* is become a man of sense and a kind husband, and *Emilia* a happy wife.

Ye guardian Angels, to whose care heaven has intrusted its dear *Emilia*, guide her still forward in the paths of virtue, defend her from the insolence and wrongs of this undiscerning world; at length when we must no more converse with such purity on earth, lead her gently hence innocent and unreprouable to a better place, where by an easy transition from what she now is, she may shine forth an Angel of light.

T



N<sup>o</sup> 303 Saturday, February 16.

——— *volet hæc sub luce videri,  
Judicis argutum quæ non formidat acumen.*

Hor. Ars Poet. ver. 363.

——— Some choose the clearest light,  
And boldly challenge the most piercing eye.

ROSCOMMON.

I Have seen, in the works of a modern philosopher, a map of the spots in the sun. My last paper of the faults and blemishes in *Milton's Paradise Lost*, may be considered as a piece of the same nature. To pursue the allusion: As it is observed, that among the bright parts of the luminous body above-mentioned, there are some which glow more intensely, and dart a stronger light than others; so notwithstanding I have already shewn *Milton's* poem to be very beautiful in general, I shall now proceed to take notice of such beauties as appear to me more exquisite than the rest. *Milton* has proposed the subject of his poem in the following verses.

*Of man's first disobedience, and the fruit  
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste  
Brought death into the world and all our woe,  
With loss of Eden, till one greater man  
Restore us, and regain the blissful seat,  
Sing heavenly muse! ———*

These lines are perhaps as plain, simple and unadorned, as any of the whole poem, in which particular the author has conformed himself to the example of *Homer* and the precept of *Horace*.

His invocation to a work which turns in a great measure upon the creation of the world, is very properly made to the muse who inspired *Moses* in those books from whence our author drew his subject, and to the holy spirit who is therein

therein represented as operating after a particular manner in the first production of nature. This whole exordium rises very happily into noble language and sentiments, as I think the transition to the fable is exquisitely beautiful and natural.

The nine days astonishment, in which the angels lay entranced after their dreadful overthrow and fall from heaven. before they could recover either the use of thought or speech, is a noble *Circumstance*, and very finely imagined. The division of hell into the seas of fire, and into firm ground impregnate with the same furious element, with that particular circumstance of the exclusion of *Hope* from these infernal regions, are instances of the same great and fruitful invention.

The thoughts in the first speech and description of *Satan*, who is one of the principal actors in this poem, are wonderfully proper to give us a full idea of him. His pride, envy and revenge, obstinacy, despair and impenitence, are all of them very artfully interwoven. In short, his first speech is a complication of all those passions which discover themselves separately in several other of his speeches in the poem. The whole part of this great enemy of mankind is filled with such incidents as are very apt to raise and terrify the reader's imagination. Of this nature, in the book now before us, is his being the first that awakens out of the general trance, with his posture on the burning lake, his rising from it, and the description of his shield and spear.

*Thus Satan talking to his nearest mate,  
With head up-lift above the wave, and eyes  
That sparkling blaz'd, his other parts beside  
Prone on the flood, extended long and large,  
Lay floating many a rood ———  
Forthwith upright he rears from off the pool  
His might stature; on each hand the flames  
Driv'n backward slope their pointing spires, and roll'd  
In billows, leave in th' midst a horrid vale.  
Then with expanded wings he steers his flight  
Aloft incumbent on the dusky air  
That felt unusual weight ———*

—— His

— His pond'rous shield  
 Ethereal temper, massy, large and round,  
 Behind him cast; the broad circumference  
 Hung on his shoulders like the moon, whose orb  
 Thro' optick glass the Tuscan artists view  
 At ev'ning, from the top of Fesole,  
 Or in Valderno, to descry new lands,  
 Rivers, or mountains, on her spotted globe.  
 His spear (to equal which the tallest pine  
 Hewn on Norwegian hills to be the mast  
 Of some great Ammiral, were but a wand)  
 He walk'd with, to support uneasy steps  
 Over the burning marl ———

To which we may add his call to the fallen angels that  
 lay plunged and stupified in the sea of fire.

*He call'd so loud, that all the hollow deep  
 Of hell resounded.*

But there is no single passage in the whole poem  
 worked up to a greater sublimity, than that wherein his  
 person is described in those celebrated lines:

— He, above the rest  
 In shape and gesture proudly eminent,  
 Stood like a tower, &c.

His sentiments are every way answerable to his cha-  
 racter, and suitable to a created Being of the most ex-  
 elted and most depraved nature. Such is that in which  
 he takes possession of his place of torments.

— Hail horrors! hail  
 Infernal world! and thou profoundest hell  
 Receive thy new possessor, one who brings  
 A mind not to be chang'd by place or time.

And afterwards,

— Here at least  
 We shall be free; th' Almighty hath not built  
 Here for his envy, will not drive us hence:  
 Here we may reign secure; and in my choice  
 To reign is worth ambition, tho' in hell:  
 Better to reign in hell, than serve in heav'n.

Amidst



Amidst those impieties which this enraged spirit utters in other places of the poem, the author has taken care to introduce none that is not big with absurdity, and incapable of shocking a religious reader; his words, as the poet himself describes them, bearing only a *Semblance of worth, not substance*. He is likewise with great art described as owning his adversary to be Almighty. Whatever perverse interpretation he puts on the Justice, mercy, and other attributes of the supreme Being, he frequently confesses his Omnipotence, that being the perfection he was forced to allow him, and the only consideration which could support his pride under the shame of his defeat.

Nor must I here omit that beautiful circumstance of his bursting out in tears, upon his survey of those innumerable spirits whom he had involved in the same guilt and ruin with himself.

————— *He now prepared  
To speak; whereat their doubled ranks they bend  
From wing to wing, and half inclose him round  
With all his peers: Attention held them mute.  
Thrice he assay'd, and thrice in spite of scorn  
Tears, such as angels weep, burst forth ———*

The catalogue of evil spirits has abundance of learning in it, and a very agreeable turn of poetry, which rises in great measure from its describing the places where they were worshipped, by those beautiful marks of rivers so frequent among the ancient poets. The author had doubtless in this place *Homer's* catalogue of ships, and *Virgil's* list of warriors, in his view. The characters of *Moloch* and *Belial* prepare the reader's mind for their respective speeches and behaviour in the second and sixth book. The account of *Thammuz* is finely romantick, and suitable to what we read among the ancients of the worship which was paid to that idol.

————— *Thammuz came next behind,  
Whose annual wound in Lebanon allur'd  
The Syrian damsels to lament his fate,  
In am'rous ditties all a summer's day,  
While smooth Adonis from his native rock*

*Ran*

Ran purple to the sea, suppos'd with blood  
 Of Thammuz yearly wounded: the love tale  
 Infected Sion's daughters with like heat,  
 Whose wanton passions in the sacred porch  
 Ezekiel saw, when by the vision led  
 His eye survey'd the dark idolatries  
 Of alienated Judah —————

The reader will pardon me if I insert as a note on this beautiful passage, the account given us by the late ingenious Mr. Maundrell of this ancient piece of worship, and probably the first occasion of such a superstition. 'We came to a fair large river——doubtless the ancient river *Adonis*, so famous for the idolatrous rites performed here in lamentation of *Adonis*. We had the fortune to see what may be supposed to be the occasion of that opinion which *Lucian* relates concerning this river, viz. That this stream, at certain seasons of the year, especially about the feast of *Adonis*, is of a bloody colour; which the heathens looked upon as proceeding from a kind of sympathy in the river for the death of *Adonis*, who was killed by a wild boar in the mountains, out of which this stream rises. Something like this we saw actually come to pass; for the water was stained to a surprising redness; and, as we observed in travelling, had discoloured the sea a great way into a reddish hue, occasioned doubtless by a sort of minium, or red earth, washed into the river by the violence of the rain, and not by any stain from *Adonis*'s blood.

The passage in the catalogue, explaining the manner how spirits transform themselves by contraction or enlargement of their dimensions, is introduced with great judgment, to make way for several surprising accidents in the sequel of the poem. There follows one, at the very end of the first book, which is what the *French* critics call *Marvellous* but at the same time *probable* by reason of the passage last mentioned. As soon as the infernal palace is finished, we are told the multitude and rabble of spirits immediately shrunk themselves into a small compass that there might be room for such a numberless assembly in this capacious hall. But it is the poet's refinement upon

upon this thought which I most admire, and which is indeed very noble in itself. For he tells us, that notwithstanding the vulgar, among the fallen spirits, contracted their forms, those of the first rank and dignity still preserved their natural dimensions.

*Thus incorporeal spirits to smallest forms  
Reduc'd their shapes immense, and were at large,  
Though without number, still amidst the hall  
Of that infernal court. But far within,  
And in their own dimensions like themselves,  
The great seraphick lords and cherubim,  
In close recess and secret conclave sat,  
A thousand Demi-Gods on golden seats,  
Frequent and full ———*

The character of Mammon, and the description of the Pandæmonium, are full of beauties.

There are several other strokes in the first book wonderfully poetical, and instances of that sublime genius so peculiar to the author. Such is the description of Azazel's stature, and the infernal standard which he unfurls; as also of that ghastly light, by which the fiends appear to one another in their place of torments.

*The seat of desolation, void of light,  
Save what the glimm'ring of those livid flames  
Casts pale and dreadful ———*

The shout of the whole host of fallen angels when drawn up in battle-array;

*—— The universal host up sent  
A shout that tore hell's concave, and beyond  
Frighted the reign of Chaos and old Night.*

The review, which the leader makes of his infernal army;

*—— He thro' the armed files  
Darts his experienc'd eye, and soon traverse  
The whole battalion views, their order due,  
Their visages and stature as of Gods,  
Their number last he sums; and now his heart  
Diffends with pride, and hard'ning in his strength  
Glories ———*

The

The flash of light which appeared upon the drawing of their swords ;

*He spake ; and to confirm his word out flew  
Millions of flaming swords, drawn from the thighs  
Of mighty Cherubim ; the sudden blaze  
Far round illumin'd hell. —————*

The sudden production of the Pandæmonium ;

*Anon out of the earth a fabrick huge  
Rose like an exhalation, with the sound  
Of dulcet symphonies and voices sweet.*

The Artificial illumination made in it ;

*————— From the arched roof  
Pendent by subtle magick, many a row  
Of starry lamps and blazing crescents, fed  
With Naphtha and Asphaltus, yielded light  
As from a sky —————*

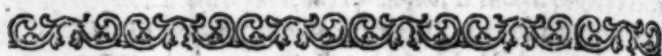
There are also several noble similes and allusions in the first book of *Paradise Lost*. And here I must observe, that when *Milton* alludes either to things or persons, he never quits his simile until it rises to some very great idea, which is often foreign to the occasion that gave birth to it. The resemblance does not, perhaps, last above a line or two, but the poet runs on with the hint until he has raised out of it some glorious image or sentiment, proper to inflame the mind of the reader, and to give it that sublime kind of entertainment, which is suitable to the nature of an heroic poem. Those, who are acquainted with *Homer's* and *Virgil's* way of writing, cannot but be pleased with this kind of structure in *Milton's* similitudes. I am the more particular on this head, because ignorant readers, who have formed their taste upon the quaint similes and little turns of wit, which are so much in vogue among modern poets, cannot relish these beauties which are of a much higher nature, and are therefore apt to censure *Milton's* comparisons in which they do not see any surprising points of likeness. Monsieur *Perrault* was a man of this vitiated relish, and for that very reason has endeavoured to turn into ridicule several of *Homer's* similitudes, which he calls

calls *comparaisons à longue queue, long-tail'd comparisons*. I shall conclude this paper on the first book of *Milton* with the answer which Monsieur *Boileau* makes to *Perrault* on this occasion: 'Comparisons, says he, in odes and epic poems, are not introduced only to illustrate and embellish the discourse, but to amuse and relax the mind of the reader, by frequently disengaging him from too painful an attention to the principal subject, and by leading him into other agreeable images. *Homer*, says he, excelled in this particular, whose comparisons abound with such images of nature as are proper to relieve and diversify his subjects. He continually instructs the reader, and makes him take notice even in objects which are every day before his eyes, of such circumstances as we should not otherwise have observed.' To this he adds, as a maxim universally acknowledged, 'That it is not necessary in poetry for the points of the comparison to correspond with one another exactly, but that a general resemblance is sufficient, and that too much nicety in this particular favours of the rhetorician and epigrammatist.'

In short if we look into the conduct of *Homer*, *Virgil*, and *Milton*, as the great fable is the soul of each poem, so, to give their works an agreeable variety, their episodes are so many short fables, and their similes so many short episodes; to which you may add, if you please, that their metaphors are so many short similes. If the reader considers the comparisons in the first book of *Milton*, of the sun in an eclipse, of the sleeping *Leviathan*, of the bees swarming about their hive, of the fairy dance, in the view wherein I have here placed them, he will easily discover the great beauties that are in each of those passages. L





N<sup>o</sup> 304 Monday, February 18.*Vulnus alit venis & cæco carpitur igni.*

Virg. Æn. 4. ver. 1.

A latent fire preys on his fev'rish veins.

**T**HE circumstances of my correspondent, whose letter I now insert, are so frequent, that I cannot want compassion so much as to forbear laying it before the town. There is something so mean and inhuman in a direct *Smithfield* bargain for children, that if this lover carries his point, and observes the rules he pretends to follow, I do not only wish him success, but also that it may animate others to follow his example. I know not one motive relating to this life which could produce so many honourable and worthy actions, as the hopes of obtaining a woman of merit: There would ten thousand ways of industry and honest ambition be pursued by young men, who believed that the persons admired had value enough for their passion to attend the event of their good fortune in all their applications, in order to make their circumstances fall in with the duties they owe to themselves, their families and their country. All these relations a man should think of who intends to go into the state of marriage, and expects to make it a state of pleasure and satisfaction.

MR. SPECTATOR,

**I** Have for some years indulged a passion for a young Lady of age and quality suitable to my own but very much superior in fortune. It is the fashion with parents (how justly I leave you to judge) to make all regards give way to the article of wealth. From this one consideration it is that I have concealed the ardent love I have for her; but I am beholden to the force of my love for many advantages which I reaped from it towards the better conduct of my life. A certain complacency

‘ placency to all the world, a strong desire to oblige  
 ‘ where-ever it lay in my power, and a circumspect be-  
 ‘ haviour in all my words and actions, have rendered me  
 ‘ more particularly acceptable to all my friends and ac-  
 ‘ quaintance. Love has had the same good effect upon  
 ‘ my fortune; and I have increased in riches in propor-  
 ‘ tion to my advancement in those arts which make a  
 ‘ man agreeable and amiable. There is a certain sym-  
 ‘ pathy which will tell my mistress from these circum-  
 ‘ stances, that it is I who writ this for her reading, if  
 ‘ you will please to insert it. There is not a downright  
 ‘ enmity, but a great coldness between our parents; so  
 ‘ that if either of us declared any kind sentiments for  
 ‘ each other, her friends would be very backward to lay  
 ‘ an obligation upon our family, and mine to receive  
 ‘ it from hers. Under these delicate circumstances it  
 ‘ is no easy matter to act with safety. I have no reason  
 ‘ to fancy my mistress has any regard for me, but from  
 ‘ a very disinterested value which I have for her. If  
 ‘ from any hint in any future paper of yours she gives  
 ‘ me the least encouragement, I doubt not but I shall  
 ‘ surmount all other difficulties; and inspired by so noble  
 ‘ a motive for the care of my fortune, as the belief she  
 ‘ is to be concerned in it, I will not despair of receiving  
 ‘ her one day from her father’s own hand.

*I am, S I R,*

*Your most obedient humble servant,*

Clytander.

*To his worship the SPECTATOR.*

The humble petition of *Anthony Tisle-Page*, stationer, in  
 the centre of *Lincoln’s-Inn-Fields*.

*Sheweth,*

‘ **T**HAT your petitioner and his fore-fathers have  
 ‘ been sellers of books for time immemorial: That  
 ‘ your petitioner’s ancestor, *Crouch-back Tisle-Page*, was  
 ‘ the first of that vocation in *Britain*; who keeping his  
 ‘ station (in fair weather) at the corner of *Lotbury*, was  
 ‘ by way of eminency called *The Stationer*, a name which

from him all succeeding booksellers have affected to bear: That the station of your petitioner and his father has been in the place of his present settlement ever since that square has been built: That your petitioner has formerly had the honour of your worship's custom, and hopes you never had reason to complain of your penny worths; that particularly he sold you your first *Lilly's* grammar, and at the same time a *Wits Commonwealth* almost as good as new: Moreover that your first rudimental essays in spectatorship were made in your petitioner's shop, where you often practised for hours together, sometimes on his books upon the rails, sometimes on the little hieroglyphics either gilt, silvered, or plain, which the *Egyptian* women, on the other side of the shop, had wrought in ginger-bread, and sometimes on the *English* Youth, who in sundry places there were exercising themselves in the traditional sports of the field.

From these considerations it is, that your petitioner is encouraged to apply himself to you, and to proceed humbly to acquaint your worship, That he has certain intelligence that you receive great numbers of defamatory letters designed by their authors to be published, which you throw aside and totally neglect: Your petitioner therefore prays, that you will please to bestow on him those refuse letters, and he hopes by printing them to get a more plentiful provision for his family; or at the worst, he may be allowed to sell them by the pound weight to his good customers the pastry-cooks of *London* and *Westminster*.

*And your petitioner shall ever pray, &c.*

To the SPECTATOR.

The humble petition of *Bartholomew Ladylove*, of *Round-Court* in the parish of *St. Martin's in the Fields*, in behalf of himself and neighbours.

*Sheweth,*

THAT your petitioners have with great industry and application arrived at the most exact art of invitation or intreaty: That by a beseeching air and persuasive address, they have for many years last past peaceably drawn in every tenth passenger, whether they intended or not to call at their shops, to come in and buy; and from that softness of behaviour, have arrived among tradesmen at the gentle appellation of the *Fawners*.

That there have of late set up amongst us certain persons of *Monmouth-street* and *Long-lane*, who by the strength of their arms, and loudness of their throats, draw off the regard of all passengers from your said petitioners; from which violence they are distinguished by the name of *The Worriers*.

That while your petitioners stand ready to receive passengers with a submissive bow, and repeat with a gentle voice, *Ladies, what do you want? pray look in here;* the *Worriers* reach out their hands at pistol-shot, and seize the customers at arms length.

That while the *Fawners* strain and relax the muscles of their faces in making distinction between a *quater* in a coloured scarf and an *handmaid* in a straw-hat, the *Worriers* use the same roughness to both, and prevail upon the easiness of the passengers, to the impoverishment of your petitioners.

Your petitioners therefore most humbly pray, that the *Worriers* may not be permitted to inhabit the politer parts of the town; and that *Round-Court* may remain a receptacle for buyers of a more soft education.

*And your petitioners, &c.*

*The petition of the New-Exchange, concerning the arts of buying and selling, and particularly valuing goods by the complexion of the seller, will be considered on another occasion.*

T



N<sup>o</sup> 205 Tuesday, February 19.

*Non tali auxilio, nec defensoribus istis*

*Tempus eget*——

Virg. *Æn.* 2. ver. 521.

These times want other aids.

DRYDEN.

OUR late news-papers being full of the project now on foot in the court of *France*, for establishing a political academy, and myself having received letters from several virtuosos among my foreign correspondents, which give some light into that affair, I intend to make it the subject of this day's speculation. A general account of this project may be met with in the *Daily Courant* of last *F*. day in the following words, translated from the gazette of *Amsterdam*.

*Paris, February 12.* It is confirmed that the King has resolved to establish a new academy for politicks, which the Marquis de Torcy, Minister and Secretary of state, is the protector. Six academicians are to be chosen, endowed with proper talents, for beginning to form this academy, into which no person is to be admitted under twenty-five years of age: They must likewise have each an estate of two thousand livres a year, either in possession, or to come to them by inheritance. The King will allow to each a pension of a thousand livres. They are likewise to have able masters to teach them the necessary sciences, and to instruct them in all the treaties of peace, alliance, and others, which have been made in several ages past. These members are to meet twice a week at the *Louvre*. From this seminary are to be chosen secretaries to ambassies, who by degrees may advance to higher employments.

Cardinal



Cardinal *Richelieu's* politicks made *France* the terror of *Europe*. The statesmen who have appeared in that nation of late years have on the contrary rendered it either the pity or contempt of its neighbours. The cardinal erected that famous academy which has carried all the parts of polite learning to the greatest height. His chief design in that institution was to divert the men of genius from meddling with politicks, a province in which he did not care to have any one else interfere with him. On the contrary, the Marquis *de Torcy* seems resolved to make several young men in *France* as wise as himself, and is therefore taken up at present in establishing a nursery of statesmen.

Some private letters add, that there will also be erected a seminary of petticoat politicians, who are to be brought up at the feet of *Madam de Maintenon*, and to be dispatched into foreign courts upon any emergencies of state; but as the news of this last project has not been yet confirmed, I shall take no farther notice of it.

Several of my readers may doubtless remember that upon the conclusion of the last war, which had been carried on so successfully by the enemy, their Generals were many of them transformed into ambassadors: But the conduct of those who have commanded in the present war, has, it seems, brought so little honour and advantage to their great Monarch, that he is resolved to trust his affairs no longer in the hands of those military Gentlemen.

The regulations of this new academy very much deserve our attention. The students are to have in possession, or reversion, an estate of two thousand *French livres per Annum*, which, as the present exchange runs, will amount to at least one hundred and twenty-six pounds *English*. This, with the Royal allowance of a thousand *livres*, will enable them to find themselves in coffee and snuff; not to mention news-papers, pens and ink, wax and wafers, with the like necessaries for politicians.

A man must be at least five and twenty before he can be initiated into the mysteries of this academy, though there is no question, but many grave persons of a much more advanced age, who have been constant readers of the *Paris gazette*, will be glad to begin the world anew, and enter themselves upon this list of politicians.

The society of these hopeful young Gentlemen is to be under the direction of six professors, who, it seems, are to be speculative statesmen, and drawn out of the body of the royal academy. These six wise masters, according to my private letters, are to have the following parts allotted to them.

The first is to instruct the students in *State Legerdemain*, as how to take off the impression of a seal, to split a wafer, to open a letter, to fold it up again, with other the like ingenious feats of dexterity and art. When the students have accomplished themselves in this part of their profession, they are to be delivered into the hands of their second instructor, who is a kind of *Posture-Master*.

This artist is to teach them how to nod judiciously, to shrug up their shoulders in a dubious case, to connive with either eye, and in a word, the whole practice of *Political Grimace*.

The third is a sort of *Language-Master*, who is to instruct them in the stile proper for a minister in his ordinary discourse. And to the end that this college of statesmen may be thoroughly practised in the political stile, they are to make use of it in their common conversations, before they are employed either in foreign or domestick affairs. If one of them asks another, what o'clock it is, the other is to answer him indirectly, and, if possible, to turn off the question. If he is desired to change a *Louis d'or*, he must beg time to consider of it. If it be enquired of him, whether the King is at *Versailles* or *Marly*, he must answer in a whisper. If he be asked the news of the late *Gazette*, or the subject of a proclamation, he is to reply, that he has not yet read it; or if he does not care for explaining himself so far, he needs only draw his brow up in wrinkles, or elevate the left shoulder.

The fourth professor is to teach the whole art of political characters and hieroglyphics; and to the end that they may be perfect also in this practice, they are not to send a note to one another (though it be but to borrow a *Tacitus* or a *Machiavel*) which is not written in cypher.

Their fifth professor, it is thought, will be chosen out of the society of Jesuits, and is to be well read in the controversies of probable doctrines, mental reservation,

and

and the rights of Princes. This learned man is to instruct them in the grammar, syntax, and construing part of *Treaty Latin*; how to distinguish between the spirit and the letter, and likewise demonstrate how the same form of words may lay an obligation upon any Prince in *Europe*, different from that which it lays upon his most Christian Majesty. He is likewise to teach them the art of finding flaws, loop-holes, and evasions, in the most solemn compacts, and particularly a great *Rabbinical Secret*, revived of late years by the fraternity of Jesuits, namely, that contradictory interpretations of the same article may both of them be true and valid.

When our statesmen are sufficiently improved by these several instructors, they are to receive their last polishing from one who is to act among them as *Master of the ceremonies*. This Gentleman is to give them lectures upon the important points of the *Elbow Chair*, and the *Stair-Head*, to instruct them in the different situations of the right-hand, and to furnish them with bows and inclinations of all sizes, measures and proportions. In short, this professor is to give the society their *Stiffening*, and infuse into their manners that beautiful political starch, which may qualify them for levees, conferences, visits, and make them shine in what vulgar minds are apt to look upon as trifles.

I have not yet heard any further particulars, which are to be observed in this society of unsledged statesmen; but I must confess, had I a son of five and twenty, that should take it into his head at that age to set up for a politician, I think I should go near to disinherit him for a blockhead. Besides, I should be apprehensive lest the same arts which are to enable him to negotiate between potentates might a little infect his ordinary behaviour between man and man. There is no question but these young *Machiavels* will, in a little time, turn their college upside-down with plots and stratagems, and lay as many schemes to circumvent one another in a frog or a salad, as they may hereafter put in practice to overreach a neighbouring Prince or state.

We are told, that the *Spartans*, though they punished theft in their young men when it was discovered, looked

upon it as honourable if it succeeded. Provided the conveyance was clean and unsuspected, a Youth might afterwards boast of it. This, says the historians, was to keep them sharp, and to hinder them from being imposed upon, either in their publick or private negotiations. Whether any such relaxations of morality, such little *jeux d'esprit*, ought not to be allowed in this intended seminary of politicians, I shall leave to the wisdom of their founder.

In the mean time we have fair warning given us by this doughty body of statesmen: and as *Sylla* saw many *Marius's* in *Cæsar*, so I think we may discover many *Torcy's* in this college of *Academicians*. Whatever we think of ourselves, I am afraid neither our *Smyrna* or *St. James's* will be a match for it. Our coffee-houses are, indeed, very good institutions, but whether or no these our *British* schools of politicks may furnish out as able envoys and secretaries as an academy that is set apart for that purpose, will deserve our serious consideration, especially if we remember that our country is more famous for producing men of integrity than statesmen: And that on the contrary, *French* truth and *British* policy make a conspicuous figure in NOTHING; as the earl of *Rocheſter* has very well observed in his admirable poem upon that barren subject. L



N<sup>o</sup> 306 Wednesday, February 20.

— *Quæ forma, ut se tibi semper*  
*Imputet?* —

Juv. Sat. 6. ver. 177.

What beauty, or what chastity, can bear  
 So great a price, if stately and severe  
 She still insults?

DRYDEN.

MR. SPECTATOR,

I Write this to communicate to you a misfortune which frequently happens, and therefore deserves a consolatory discourse on the subject. I was within this half year in the possession of as much beauty and as many lovers as any young Lady in *England*. But my admirers have left me, and I cannot complain of their behaviour. I have within that time had the small-pox; and this face, which (according to many amorous epistles which I have by me) was the feat of all that is beautiful in woman, is now disfigured with scars. It goes to the very soul of me to speak what I really think of my face; and though I think I did not overrate my beauty while I had it, it has extremely advanced in its value with me now it is lost. There is one circumstance which makes my case very particular; the ugliest fellow that ever pretended to me, was and is most in my favour, and he treats me at present the most unreasonably. If you could make him return an obligation which he owes me, in liking a person that is not amiable:—But there is, I fear, no possibility of making passion move by the rules of reason and gratitude. But say what you can to one who has survived herself, and knows not how to act in a new Being. My lovers are at the feet of my rivals, my rivals are every day bewailing me, and I cannot enjoy what I am, by reason of the distracting reflexion upon what I was. Consider the woman I was did not die of old age, but I was taken off in the prime of my youth,



' youth, and according to the course of nature may  
' have forty years after-life to come. I have nothing  
' of myself left, which I like, but that

*I am, S I R,*

*your most humble servant,*

Parthenissa.

When *Lewis* of *France* had lost the battle of *Ramilies*, the addresses to him at that time were full of his fortitude, and they turn'd his misfortune to his glory; in that, during his prosperity, he could never have manifested his heroic constancy under distresses, and so the world had lost the most eminent part of his character, *Parthenissa's* condition gives her the same opportunity; And to resign conquests is a task as difficult in a beauty as an hero. In the very entrance upon this work she must burn all her love-letters; or since she is so candid as not to call her lovers who follow her no longer unfaithful, it would be a very good beginning of a new life from that of a beauty, to send them back to those who writ them, with this honest inscription, *Articles of a Marriage Treaty broken off by the Small-pox*. I have known but one instance where a matter of this kind went on after a like misfortune, where the Lady, who was a woman of spirit, writ this billet to her lover.

*S I R,*

' IF you flattered me before I had this terrible malady,  
' I pray come and see me now: If you sincerely  
' liked me, stay away; for I am not the same

*Corinna.*

The lover thought there was something so sprightly in her behaviour, that he answered;

*Madam,*

' I Am not obliged, since you are not the same woman,  
' to let you know whether I flattered you or not;  
' but I assure you I do not, when I tell you I now like  
' you above all your sex, and hope you will bear what

‘ may befall me, when we are both one, as well as you do  
 ‘ what happens to yourself now you are single; therefore  
 ‘ I am ready to take such a spirit for my companion as  
 ‘ soon as you please.

*Amilcar.*

If *Parthenissa* can now possess her own mind, and think as little of her beauty as she ought to have done when she had it, there will be no great diminution of her charms; and if she was formerly too much affected with them, an easy behaviour will more than make up for the loss of them. Take the whole sex together, and you find those who have the strongest possession of men’s hearts are not eminent for their beauty: You see it often happen that those who engage men to the greatest violence, are such as those who are strangers to them would take to be remarkably defective for that end. The fondest lover I know, said to me one day in a crowd of women at an entertainment of musick, You have often heard me talk of my beloved: That woman there, continued he, smiling when he had fixed my eye, is her very picture. The Lady he shewed me was by much the least remarkable for beauty of any in the whole assembly; but having my curiosity extremely raised, I could not keep my eyes off her. Her eyes at last met mine, and with a sudden surprise she looked round her to see who near her [was remarkably handsome that I was gazing at. This little act explained the secret: She did not understand herself for the object of love, and therefore she was so. The Lover is a very honest plain man; and what charmed him was a person that goes along with him in the cares and joys of life, not taken up with herself, but sincerely attentive with a ready and chearful mind, to accompany him in either.

I can tell *Parthenissa* for her comfort, That the beauties, generally speaking, are the most impertinent and disagreeable of women. An apparent desire of admiration, a reflexion upon their own merit, and a precise behaviour in their general conduct, are almost inseparable accidents in beauty. All you obtain of them, is granted to importunity and solicitation for what did  
 not

not deserve so much of your time, and you recover from the possession of it, as out of a dream.

You are ashamed of the vagaries of fancy which so strangely misled you, and your admiration of a beauty, merely as such, is inconsistent with a tolerable reflexion upon yourself: The chearful good humoured creatures, into whose heads it never entered that they could make any man unhappy, are the persons formed for making men happy. There is Miss *Liddy* can dance a jig, raise paste, write a good hand, keep an account, give a reasonable answer, and do as she is bid; while her elder sister Madam *Martha* is out of humour, has the spleen, learns by reports of people of higher quality new ways of being uneasy and displeased. And this happens for no reason in the world, but that poor *Liddy* knows she has no such thing as a certain negligence *that is so becoming*, that there is not I know not what in *her air*: And that if she talks like a fool, there is no one will say, Well! I know not what it is, but *every thing pleases when she speaks it*.

Ask any of the husbands of your great beauties, and they will tell you that they hate their wives nine hours of every day they pass together. There is such a particularity for ever affected by them, that they are incumbered with their charms in all they say or do. They pray at publick devotions as they are beauties. They converse on ordinary occasions as they are beauties. Ask *Belinda* what it is o'clock, and she is at a stand whether so great a beauty should answer you. In a word I think, instead of offering to administer consolation to *Parthenissa*, I should congratulate her metamorphosis; and however she thinks she was not the least insolent in the prosperity of her charms, she was enough so to find she may make herself a much more agreeable creature in her present adversity. The endeavour to please is highly promoted by a consciousness that the approbation of the person you would be agreeable to, is a favour you do not deserve; for in this case assurance of success is the most certain way to disappointment. Good nature will always supply the absence of beauty, but beauty cannot long supply the absence of good-nature.

P. S.

Madam,

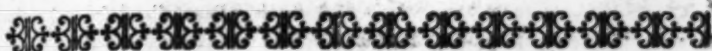
February 18.

I Have yours of this day, wherein you twice bid me not disoblige you, but you must explain yourself farther before I know what to do,

*your most humble servant,*

T

THE SPECTATOR,



N<sup>o</sup> 307 Thursday, February 21.

*— Versate diu, quid ferre recusent,  
Quid valeant humeri —* Hor. Ars Poet. ver. 39.

— Often try what weight you can support,  
And what your shoulders are too weak to bear.

ROSCOMMON.

I Am so well pleased with the following letter, that I am in hopes it will not be a disagreeable present to the publick.

S I R,

T Hough I believe none of your readers more admire your agreeable manner of working up trifles than myself, yet as your speculations are now swelling into volumes, and will in all probability pass down to future ages, methinks I would have no single subject in them, wherein the general good of mankind is concern'd, left unfinished.

I have a long time expected with great impatience that you would enlarge upon the ordinary mistakes which are committed in the education of our children. I the more easily flattered myself that you would one time or other resume this consideration, because you tell us that your 168th paper was only composed of a few broken hints; but finding myself hitherto disappointed, I have ventured to send you my own thoughts on this subject.

‘ I remember *Pericles*, in his famous oration at the funeral of those *Athenian* young men who perished in the *Samian* expedition, has a thought very much celebrated by several ancient critics, namely, That the loss which the commonwealth suffered by the destruction of its youth, was like the loss which the year would suffer by the destruction of the spring. The prejudice which the publick sustains from a wrong education of children, is an evil of the same nature, as it in a manner starves posterity, and despoils our country of those persons who, with due care, might make an eminent figure in their respective posts of life.

‘ I have seen a book written by *Juan Huartes* a *Spanish* physician, intitled *Examen de Ingenios*, wherein he lays it down as one of his first positions, that nothing but nature can qualify a man for learning; and that without a proper temperament for the particular art or science which he studies, his utmost pains and application, assisted by the ablest masters, will be to no purpose.

‘ He illustrates this by the example of *Tully’s* son *Marcus*.

‘ *Cicero*, in order to accomplish his son in that sort of learning which he designed him for, sent him to *Athens*, the most celebrated academy at that time in the world, and where a vast concourse, out of the most polite nations, could not but furnish the young Gentleman with a multitude of great examples and accidents that might insensibly have instructed him in his designed studies: He placed him under the care of *Cratippus*, who was one of the greatest philosophers of the age, and, as if all the books which were at that time written had not been sufficient for his use, he composed others on purpose for him: Notwithstanding all this, history informs us, that *Marcus* proved a mere blockhead, and that nature, (who it seems was even with the son for her prodigality to the father), rendered him incapable of improving by all the rules of eloquence, the precepts of philosophy, his own endeavours and the most refined conversation in *Athens*. This author therefore proposes, that there should be certain triers or examiners appointed by the state to inspect the genius of every particular boy, and to allot him the part that is most suitable to his natural talents.

— *Plato*



' *Plato* in one of his dialogues tells us, that *Socrates*, who was the son of a midwife, used to say, that as his mother, though she was very skilful in her profession, could not deliver a woman, unless she was first with child, so neither could he himself raise knowledge out of a mind, where nature had not planted it.

' Accordingly the method this philosopher took, of instructing his scholars by several interrogatories or questions, was only helping the birth, and bringing their own thoughts to light.

' The *Spanish* doctor above-mentioned, as his speculations grow more refined, asserts that every kind of wit has a particular science corresponding to it, and in which alone it can be truly excellent. As to those genius's, which may seem to have an equal aptitude for several things, he regards them as so many unfinished pieces of nature wrought off in haste.

' There are indeed but very few to whom nature has been so unkind, that they are not capable of shining in some science or other. There is a certain bias towards knowledge in every mind, which may be strengthened and improved by proper applications.

' The story of *Clavius* is very well known; he was entered in a college of Jesuits, and after having been tried at several parts of learning, was upon the point of being dismissed as an hopeless blockhead, until one of the fathers took it into his head to make an essay of his parts in geometry, which it seems hit his genius so luckily, that he afterwards became one of the greatest mathematicians of the age. It is commonly thought that the sagacity of the fathers, in discovering the talent of a young student, has not a little contributed to the figure which their order has made in the world.

' How different from this manner of education is that which prevails in our own country? Where nothing is more usual than to see forty or fifty boys of several ages, tempers and inclinations, ranged together in the same class, employed upon the same authors, and enjoined the same tasks? Whatever their natural genius may be, they are all to be made poets, historians, and orators.

orators alike. They are all obliged to have the same capacity, to bring in the same tale of verse, and to furnish out the same portion of prose. Every boy is bound to have as good a memory as the captain of the form. To be brief, instead of adapting studies to the particular genius of a youth, we expect from the young man, that he should adapt his genius to his studies. This, I must confess, is not so much to be imputed to the instructor, as to the parent, who will never be brought to believe, that his son is not capable of performing as much as his neighbour's, and that he may not make him whatever he has a mind to.

If the present age is more laudable than those which have gone before it in any single particular, it is in that generous care which several well-disposed persons have taken in the education of poor children; and as in these charity-schools there is no place left for the overweening fondness of a parent, the directors of them would make them beneficial to the publick, if they considered the precept which I have been thus long inculcating. They might easily, by well examining the parts of those under their inspection, make a just distribution of them into proper classes and divisions, and allot to them this or that particular study, as their genius qualifies them for professions, trades, handicrafts, or service by sea or land.

How is this kind of regulation wanting in the three great professions!

Dr. South complaining of persons who took upon them holy orders, though altogether unqualified for the sacred function, says somewhere, that many a man runs his head against a pulpit, who might have done his country excellent service at the plough-tail.

In like manner many a lawyer who makes but an indifferent figure at the bar, might have made a very elegant waterman, and have shined at the *Temple* stairs, though he can get no business in the house.

I have known a corn-cutter, who with a right education would have made an excellent physician.

To descend lower, are not our streets filled with sagacious draymen, and politicians in liveries? We have  
several

several tailors of six foot high, and meet with many a broad pair of shoulders that are thrown away upon a barber, when perhaps at the same time we see a pigmy porter reeling under a burden, who might have managed a needle with much dexterity, or have snapped his fingers with great ease to himself and advantage to the publick.

The *Spartans*, though they acted with the spirit which I am here speaking of, carried it much farther than what I propose: Among them it was not lawful for the father himself to bring up his children after his own fancy. As soon as they were seven years old they were all lifted in several companies and disciplined by the publick. The old men were spectators of their performances, who often raised quarrels among them, and set them at strife with one another, that by those early discoveries they might see how their several talents lay, and without any regard to their quality, dispose of them accordingly for the service of the commonwealth. By this means *Sparta* soon became the mistress of *Greece*, and famous through the whole world for her civil and military discipline.

If you think this letter deserves a place among your speculations, I may perhaps trouble you with some other thoughts on the same subject.

X

I am, &c.



N<sup>o</sup> 308 Friday, February 22.

——— *Jam proterva*  
*Fronte petet Lalage maritum.*

Hor. Od. 5. lib. 2. ver. 15.

——— *Lalage* will soon proclaim  
 Her Love, nor blush to own her flame.

CREECH.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

I Give you this trouble in order to propose myself to you as an assistant in the weighty cares which you have thought fit to undergo for the publick good. I am a very great lover of women, that is to say honestly, and as it is natural to study what one likes, I have industriously applied myself to understand them. The present circumstance relating to them, is that I think there wants under you, as SPECTATOR, a person to be distinguished and vested in the power and quality of a censor on marriages. I lodge at the *Temple*, and know, by seeing women come hither, and afterwards observing them conducted by their counsel to judges chambers, that there is a custom in case of making conveyance of a wife's estate, that she is carried to a judge's apartment and left alone with him, to be examined in private whether she has not been frightened or sweetned by her spouse into the act she is going to do, or whether it is of her own free will. Now if this be a method founded upon reason and equity, why should there not be also a proper officer for examining such as are entering into the state of matrimony whether they are forced by parents on one side, or moved by interest only on the other, to come together, and bring forth such awkward heirs as are the product of half love and constrained compliances? There is no body, though I say it myself, would be fitter for this office

office than I am: For I am an ugly fellow of great wit and sagacity. My father was an hale country-squire, my mother a witty beauty of no fortune: The match was made by consent of my mother's parents against her own, and I am the child of the rape on the wedding-night; so that I am as healthy and as homely as my father, but as sprightly and agreeable as my mother. It would be of great ease to you if you would use me under you, that matches might be better regulated for the future, and we might have no more children of squabbles. I shall not reveal all my pretensions until I receive your answer; and am

S I R,

*your most humble servant,*

Mules Palfrey.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

I Am one of those unfortunate men within the city-walls, who am married to a woman of quality, but her temper is something different from that of Lady Anvil. My Lady's whole time and thoughts are spent in keeping up to the mode both in apparel and furniture. All the goods in my house have been changed three times in seven years. I have had seven children by her: and by our marriage articles she was to have her apartment new furnished as often as she lay in. Nothing in our house is useful but that which is fashionable; my pewter holds out generally half a year, my plate a full twelve-month; chairs are not fit to sit in that were made two years since, nor beds fit for any thing but to sleep in that have stood up above that time. My dear is of opinion that an old-fashioned grate consumes coals, but gives no heat: If she drinks out of glasses of last year, she cannot distinguish wine from small-beer. Oh, dear Sir, you may guess all the rest.

*Yours.*

P. S. I could bear even all this, if I were not obliged also to eat *fashionably*. I have a plain stomach, and have a constant loathing of whatever comes to my own table; for which reason I dine at the *Chophouse* three days



‘ days in a week: Where the good company wonders  
 ‘ they never see you of late. I am sure by your unpre-  
 ‘ judiced discourses you love broth better than soup.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

Will's, Feb. 19.

‘ **Y**OU may believe you are a person as much talked  
 ‘ of as any man in town. I am one of your best  
 ‘ friends in this house, and have laid a wager you are so  
 ‘ candid a man and so honest a fellow, that you will print  
 ‘ this letter, though it is in recommendation of a new  
 ‘ paper called *The Historian*. I have read it carefully, and  
 ‘ find it written with skill, good sense, modesty and fire.  
 ‘ You must allow the town is kinder to you than you de-  
 ‘ serve; and I doubt not but you have so much sense of  
 ‘ the world, change of humour, and instability of all hu-  
 ‘ man things, as to understand, that the only way to  
 ‘ preserve favour is to communicate it to others with  
 ‘ good-nature and judgment. You are so generally read,  
 ‘ that what you speak of will be read. This with men  
 ‘ of sense and taste is all that is wanting to recommend  
 ‘ *The Historian*.

I am, Sir,

*your daily Advocate,*

Reader Gentle.

I was very much surpris'd this morning, that any one should find out my lodging, and know it so well, as to come directly to my closet-door, and knock at it, to give me the following letter. When I came out I opened it, and saw by a very strong pair of shoes and a warm coat the bearer had on, that he walk'd all the way to bring it me, though dated from *York*. My misfortune is that I cannot talk, and I found the messenger had so much of me, that he could think better than speak. He had, I observed, a polite discerning hid under a shrewd rusticity: He deliver'd the paper with a *Yorkshire* tone and a town leer.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

‘ **T**HE privilege you have indulg'd *John Trot* has  
 ‘ proved of very bad consequence to our illustrious  
 ‘ assembly, which, besides the many excellent maxims it

is founded upon, is remarkable for the extraordinary decorum always observed in it. One instance of which is that the *Carders*, (who are always of the first quality) never begin to play until the *French-Dances* are finished, and the country-dances begin: But *John Trot* having now got your commission in his pocket, (which every one here has a profound respect for) has the assurance to set up for a minuet-dancer. Not only so, but he has brought down upon us the whole body of the *Trots*, which are very numerous, with their auxiliaries the hoblers and the skippers, by which means the time is so much wasted, that unless we break all rules of government, it must redound to the utter subversion of the *Brag Table*, the discreet members of which value time, as *Fribble's* wife does her pin-money. We are pretty well assured that your indulgence to *Trot* was only in relation to country-dances; however, we have deferred issuing an order of council upon the premises, hoping to get you to join with us, that *Trot*, nor any of his clan, presume for the future to dance any but country-dances, unless a hornpipe upon a festival-day. If you will do this you will oblige a great many Ladies, and particularly

*your most humble servant,*

*York, Feb. 16.*

Eliz. Sweepstakes.

I Never meant any other than that Mr. *Trot* should confine himself to country-dances. And I further direct, that he shall take out none but his own relations according to their nearness of blood, but any Gentlewoman may take out him.

*London, Feb. 21.*

THE SPECTATOR.





N<sup>o</sup> 309 Saturday, February 23.

*Di, quibus imperium est animarum, umbræque silentes,  
Et chaos, & phlegethon, loca nocte silentia late;  
Sit mihi fas audita loqui! sit numine vestro  
Pandere res altâ terrâ & caligine mersas.*

Virg. Æn. 6. ver. 264.

Ye realms, yet unreveal'd to human sight,  
Ye Gods who rule the regions of the night,  
Ye gliding ghosts, permit me to relate  
The mystic wonders of your silent state. DRYDEN.

**I** Have before observed in general, that the persons whom *Milton* introduces into his poem always discover such sentiments and behaviour as are in a peculiar manner conformable to their respective characters. Every circumstance in their speeches and actions is with great justness and delicacy adapted to the persons who speak and act. As the poet very much excels in this consistency of his characters, I shall beg leave to consider several passages of the second book in this light. That superior greatness and mock-majesty, which is ascribed to the prince of the fallen angels, is admirably preserved in the beginning of this book. His opening and closing the debate: His taking on himself that great enterprise at the thought of which the whole infernal assembly trembled: His encountering the hideous phantom who guarded the gates of hell, and appeared to him in all his terrors; are instances of that proud and daring mind which could not brook submission even to Omnipotence.

*Satan was now at hand, and from his seat  
The monster moving onward came as fast  
With horrid strides, hell trembled as he strode;  
Th' undaunted fiend what this might be admir'd,  
Admir'd, not fear'd ———*

The

The same boldness and intrepidity of behaviour discovers itself in the several adventures which he meets with during his passage through the regions of unformed matter, and particularly in his address to those tremendous powers who are described as presiding over it.

The part of *Moloch* is likewise in all its circumstances full of that fire and fury which distinguish this spirit from the rest of the fallen angels. He is described in the first book as besmeared with the blood of human sacrifices, and delighted with the tears of parents and the cries of children. In the second book he is marked out as the fiercest spirit that fought in heaven: And if we consider the figure which he makes in the sixth book, where the battle of the angels is described, we find it every way answerable to the same furious enraged character.

— *Where the might of Gabriel fought,  
And with fierce ensigns pierc'd the deep array  
Of Moloch, furious King, who him defy'd, ;  
And at his chariot-wheels to drag him bound  
Threaten'd, nor from the holy one of heav'n  
Refrain'd his tongue blasphemous; but anon  
Down cloven to the waste, with shatter'd arms  
And uncouth pain fled bellowing.* —

It may be worth while to observe, that *Milton* has represented this violent impetuous spirit, who is hurried on by such precipitate passions, as the first that rises in that assembly, to give his opinion upon their present posture of affairs. Accordingly he declares himself abruptly for war, and appears incensed at his companions, for losing so much time as even to deliberate upon it. All his sentiments are rash, audacious, and desperate. Such is that of arming themselves with their tortures, and turning their punishments upon him who inflicted them.

— *No, let us rather choose,  
Arm'd with hell flames and fury, all at once  
O'er heavens high towers to force resistless way,  
Turning our tortures into horrid arms  
Against the tort'rer; when to meet the noise  
Of his almighty engine he shall hear*  
VOL. IV. L

*Infernal*

*Infernal thunder, and for lightning see  
Black fire and horror shot with equal rage  
Among his angels; and his throne itself  
Mixt with Tartarean sulphur, and strange fire,  
His own invented torments*————

His preferring annihilation to shame or misery, is also highly suitable to his character; as the comfort he draws from their disturbing the peace of heaven, that if it be not victory is revenge, is a sentiment truly diabolical, and becoming the bitterness of this implacable spirit.

*Belial* is described in the first book, as the idol of the lewd and luxurious. He is in the second book pursuant to that description, characterised as timorous and slothful; and if we look in the sixth book, we find him celebrated in the battle of angels for nothing but that scoffing speech which he makes to *Satan*, on their supposed advantage over the enemy. As his appearance is uniform, and of a piece, in these three several views, we find his sentiments in the infernal assembly every way conformable to his character. Such are his apprehensions of a second battle, his horrors of annihilation, his preferring to be miserable rather than *not to be*. I need not observe, that the contrast of thought in this speech, and that which precedes, gives an agreeable variety to the debate.

*Mammon's* character is so fully drawn in the first book, that the poet adds nothing to it in the second. We were before told, that he was the first who taught mankind to ransack the earth for gold and silver, and that he was the architect of *Pandæmonium*, or the infernal palace where the evil spirits were to meet in council. His speech in this book is every way suitable to so depraved a character. How proper is that reflexion, of their being unable to taste the happiness of heaven were they actually there, in the mouth of one, who, while he was in heaven, is said to have had his mind dazzled with the outward pomp and glories of the place, and to have been more intent on the riches of the pavement, than on the beatifick vision. I shall also leave the reader to judge how agreeable the following sentiments are to the same character.

—————



— *This deep world*

*Of darkness do we dread ! How oft amidst  
Thick clouds and dark doth heav'n's all-ruling fire  
Choose to reside, his glory unobscured,  
And with the majesty of darkness round  
Covers his throne ; from whence deep thunders roar  
Mustering their rage, and heav'n resembles bell ?  
As he our darkness, cannot we his light  
Imitate when we please ? This desert soil  
Wants not her hidden lustre, gems and gold ;  
Nor want we skill or art, from whence to raise  
Magnificence ; and what can heav'n shew more ?*

Beelzebub, who is reckoned the second in dignity that fell, and is in the first book, the second that awakens out of the trance, and confers with Satan upon the situation of their affairs, maintains his rank in the book now before us. There is a wonderful majesty described in his rising up to speak. He acts as a kind of moderator between the two opposite parties, and proposes a third undertaking, which the whole assembly gives into. The motion he makes of detaching one of their body in search of a new world is grounded upon a project devised by Satan, and cursorily proposed by him in the following lines of the first book.

*Space may produce new worlds, whereof so rise  
There went a fame in heav'n, that he ere-long  
Intended to create, and therein plant  
A generation, whom his choice regard  
Should favour equal to the sons of heav'n ;  
Thither, if but to pry, shall be perhaps  
Our first eruption, thither or elsewhere :  
For this infernal pit shall never hold  
Celestial spirits in bondage, nor th' abyss  
Long under darkness cover. But these thoughts  
Full counsel must mature : ———*

It is on this project that Beelzebub grounds his proposal.

— *What if we find*

*Some easier enterprise ? There is a place  
(If ancient and prophetick fame in heav'n*

*Err not) another world, the happy seat  
Of some new race call'd MAN, about this time  
To be created like to us, though less  
In power and excellence, but favour'd more  
Of him who rules above; so was his will  
Pronounc'd among the Gods, and by an oath,  
That shook heav'n's whole circumference, confirm'd.*

The reader may observe how just it was not to omit in the first book the project upon which the whole poem turns: As also that the prince of the fallen angels was the only proper person to give it birth, and that the next to him in dignity was the fittest to second and support it.

There is besides, I think, something wonderfully beautiful, and very apt to affect the reader's imagination in this ancient prophecy or report in heaven, concerning the creation of man. Nothing could shew more the dignity of the species, than this tradition which ran of them before their existence. They are represented to have been the talk of heaven before they were created. *Virgil*, in compliment to the *Roman* commonwealth, makes the heroes of it appear in their state of pre-existence; but *Milton* does a far greater honour to mankind in general, as he gives us a glimpse of them even before they are in being.

The rising of this great assembly is described in a very sublime and poetical manner.

*Their rising all at once was as the sound  
Of thunder heard remote —————*

The diversions of the fallen angels, with the particular account of their place of habitation, are described with great pregnancy of thought, and copiousness of invention. The diversions are every way suitable to beings who had nothing left them but strength and knowledge misapplied. Such are their contention at the race, and in feats of arms with their entertainment in the following lines,

*Others with vast Typhæan rage more fell  
Rend up both rocks and hills, and ride the air  
In whirlwind, hell scarce holds the wild uproar.*

Their

Their musick is employed in celebrating their own criminal exploits, and their discourse in sounding the unfathomable depths of fate, free-will, and foreknowledge.

The several circumstances in the description of hell are finely imagined; as the four rivers which disgorge themselves into the sea of fire, the extremes of cold and heat, and the river of oblivion. The monstrous animals produced in that infernal world are represented by a single line, which gives us a more horrid idea of them, than a much longer description would have done.

——— Nature breeds,  
Perverse, all monstrous, and prodigious things,  
Abominable, inutterable, all worse  
Than fables yet have feign'd, or fear conceiv'd,  
Gorgons and hydra's, and chimera's dire.

This episode of the fallen spirits, and their place of habitation, comes in very happily to unbend the mind of the reader from its attention to the debate. An ordinary poet would indeed have spun out so many circumstances to a great length, and by that means have weakened, instead of illustrated, the principal fable.

The flight of *Satan* to the gates of hell is finely imagined. I have already declared my opinion of the allegory concerning *Sin* and *Death*, which is however a very finished piece in its kind, when it is not considered as a part of an epic poem. The genealogy of the several persons is contrived with great delicacy. *Sin* is the daughter of *Satan*, and *Death* the offspring of *Sin*. The incestuous mixture between *Sin* and *Death* produces those monsters and hell-hounds which from time to time enter into their mother, and tear the bowels of her who gave them birth. These are the terrors of an evil conscience, and the proper fruits of *Sin*, which naturally rise from the apprehensions of *Death*. This last beautiful moral is, I think, clearly intimated in the speech of *Sin*, where complaining of this her dreadful issue, she adds,

Before mine eyes in opposition fits  
Grim *Death* my son and foe, who sets them on,  
And me his parent would full soon devour

*For want of other prey, but that he knows  
His end with mine involv'd——*

I need not mention to the reader the beautiful circumstance in the last part of this quotation. He will likewise observe how naturally the three persons concerned in this allegory are tempted by one common interest to enter into a confederacy together, and how properly *Sin* is made the portress of hell, and the only being that can open the gates to that world of tortures.

The descriptive part of this allegory is likewise very strong, and full of sublime ideas. The figure of *Death*, the regal crown upon his head, his menace of *Satan*: His advancing to the combat, the outcry at his birth, are circumstances too noble to be past over in silence, and extremely suitable to this *King of Terrors*. I need not mention the justness of thought which is observed in the generation of these several symbolical persons; that *Sin* was produced upon the first revolt of *Satan*, that *Death* appeared soon after he was cast into hell, and that the terrors of conscience were conceived at the gate of this place of torments. The description of the gates is very poetical, as the opening of them is full of *Milton's* spirit.

——— On a sudden open fly  
With impetuous recoil and jarring sound  
Th' infernal doors, and on their hinges grate  
Harsh thunder, that the lowest bottom shook  
Of Erebus. She open'd, but to shut  
Excell'd her pow'r; the gates wide open stood,  
That with extended wings a banner'd host  
Under spread ensigns marching might pass through  
With horse and chariots rank'd in loose array;  
So wide they stood, and like a furnace mouth  
Cast forth redounding smoke and ruddy flame.

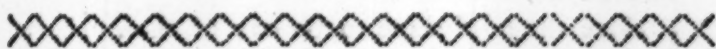
In *Satan's* voyage through the *Chaos* there are several imaginary persons described, as residing in that immense waste of matter. This may perhaps be conformable to the taste of those criticks who are pleased with nothing in a poet which has not life and manners ascribed to it; but for my own part, I am pleased most with those passages in this description which carry in them a greater

meaning

measure of probability, and are such as might possibly have happened. Of this kind is his first mounting in the smoke that rises from the infernal pit, his falling into a cloud of nitre, and the like combustible materials, that by their explosion still hurried him forward to his voyage; his springing upward like a pyramid of fire, with his laborious passage through that confusion of elements which the poet calls

*The womb of Nature, and perhaps her grave.*

The glimmering light which shot into the *Chaos* from the utmost verge of the creation, with the distant discovery of the earth that hung close by the moon, are wonderfully beautiful and poetical. L



No 310 Monday, February 25.

*Connubio jungam stabili* — Virg. *Æn.* 1. ver. 77.  
I'll tie th' indissoluble marriage-knot.

MR. SPECTATOR,

I Am a certain young woman that love a certain young man very heartily; and my father and mother were for it a great while, but now they say I can do better, but I think I cannot. They bid me love him, and I cannot unlove him. What must I do? speak quickly.  
*Biddy Dow-bake.*

Dear SPEC,

Feb. 19, 1712.

I Have loved a Lady entirely for this year and half, though for a great part of the time (which has contributed not a little to my pain) I have been debarred the liberty of conversing with her. The grounds of our difference was this; that when we had inquired into each other's circumstances, we found that at our first setting



ting out into the world, we should owe five hundred pounds more than her fortune would pay off. My estate is seven hundred pounds a year, besides the benefit of tin mines. Now, dear S P E C, upon this state of the case and the Lady's positive declaration that there is still no other objection, I beg you will not fail to insert this, with your opinion as soon as possible, whether this ought to be esteemed a just cause or impediment why we should not be joined, and you will for ever oblige

*yours sincerely,*

Dick Lovefick.

P. S. Sir, if I marry this Lady by the assistance of your opinion, you may expect a favour for it.

MR. S P E C T A T O R,

I Have the misfortune to be one of those unhappy men who are distinguished by the name of discarded lovers; but I am the less mortified at my disgrace, because the young Lady is one of those creatures who set up for negligence of men, are forsooth the most rigidly virtuous in the world, and yet their nicety will permit them at the command of parents to go to bed to the most utter stranger that can be proposed to them. As to me myself, I was introduced by the father of my mistress; but find I owe my being at first received to a comparison of my estate with that of a former lover, and that I am now in like manner turned off to give way to an humble servant still richer than I am. What makes this treatment the more extravagant is, that the young Lady is in the management of this way of fraud, and obeys her father's orders on those occasions without any manner of reluctance, but does it with the same air that one of your men of the world would signify the necessity of affairs for turning another out of office. When I came home last night, I found this letter from my mistress.

S I R,

I Hope you will not think it is any manner of disrespect to your person or merit, that the intended  
"nuptials

" nuptials between us are interrupted. My father says  
 " he has a much better offer for me than you can make,  
 " and has ordered me to break off the treaty between  
 " us. If it had proceeded, I should have behaved myself  
 " with all suitable regard to you, but as it is, I beg we  
 " may be strangers for the future. Adieu.

LYDIA.

" This great indifference on this subject, and the mer-  
 " cenary motives for making alliances, is what I think  
 " lies naturally before you, and I beg of you to give me  
 " your thoughts upon it. My answer to *Lydia* was as fol-  
 " lows, which I hope you will approve; for you are to  
 " know the woman's family affect a wonderful ease on  
 " these occasions, though they expect it should be pain-  
 " fully received on the man's side.

M A D A M,

" I Have received yours, and knew the prudence of  
 " your house so well, that I always took care to be  
 " ready to obey your commands, though they should be  
 " to see you no more. Pray give my service to all the  
 " good family.

Adieu.

" The opera subscrip-  
 " tion is full.

Clitophon.

Memorandum. *The censor of marriage to consider this letter, and report the common usages on such treaties, with how many pounds or acres are generally esteemed sufficient reason for preferring a new to an old pretender; with his opinion what is proper to be determined in such cases for the future.*

Mr. SPECTATOR,

" T H E R E is an elderly person lately left off business  
 " and settled in our town, in order, as he thinks, to  
 " retire from the world; but he has brought with him  
 " such an inclination to tale bearing, that he disturbs both  
 " himself and all our neighbourhood. Notwithstanding  
 " this

' this frailty the honest Gentleman is so happy as to have  
 ' no enemy: At the same time he has not one friend who  
 ' will venture to acquaint him with his weakness. It is  
 ' not to be doubted but if this failing were set in a proper  
 ' light, he would quickly perceive the indecency and evil  
 ' consequences of it. Now, Sir, this being an infirmity  
 ' which I hope may be corrected, and knowing that he pays  
 ' much deference to you, I beg that when you are at lei-  
 ' sure, to give us a speculation on gossiping, you would  
 ' think of my neighbour: You will hereby oblige several  
 ' who will be glad to find a reformation in their gray-  
 ' haired friend: And how becoming will it be for him,  
 ' instead of pouring forth words at all adventures, to set  
 ' a watch before the door of his mouth, to refrain his  
 ' *Tongue*, to check its impetuosity, and guard against  
 ' the sallies of that *little pert, forward, busy person*; which,  
 ' under a sober conduct, might prove a useful member  
 ' of a society. In compliance with those intimations, I  
 ' have taken the liberty to make this address to you.

*I am Sir,*

*your most obscure servant,*

Philanthropos.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

Feb. 16, 1712.

' **T**HIS is to petition you in behalf of myself and  
 ' many more of your gentle readers, that at any  
 ' time when you may have private reasons against letting  
 ' us know what you think yourself, you would be pleased  
 ' to pardon us such letters of your correspondents as seem  
 ' to be of no use but to the printer.

' It is further our humble request, that you would sub-  
 ' stitute advertisements in the place of such epistles; and  
 ' that in order hereunto Mr. *Buckley* may be authorised  
 ' to take up of your zealous friend Mr. *Charles Lillie*,  
 ' any quantity of words he shall from time to time have  
 ' occasion for.

' The many useful parts of knowledge which may be  
 ' communicated to the publick this way, will, we hope,  
 ' be a consideration in favour of your petitioners,

*and your petitioners, &c.*

*Note,*

*Note,* That particular regard be had to this petition ; and the papers marked letter R may be carefully examined for the future. T



N<sup>o</sup> 311 Tuesday, February 26.

*Nec veneris pharetris mater est, aut lampade fervet :  
Inde facies ardent, veniunt à dote sagittæ.*

Juv. Sat. 6. ver. 137.

He sighs, adores, and courts her ev'ry hour :  
Who wou'd not do as much for such a dow'r ?

DRYDEN.

MR. SPECTATOR,

I Am amazed that among all the variety of characters, with which you have enriched your speculations, you have never given us a picture of those audacious young fellows among us, who commonly go by the name of *Fortune-Stealers*. You must know, Sir, I am one who live in a continual apprehension of this sort of people that lie in wait, day and night, for our children, and may be considered as a kind of kidnappers within the law. I am the father of a young heiress, whom I begin to look upon as marriageable, and who has looked upon herself as such for above these six years. She is now in the eighteenth year of her age. The fortune-hunters have already cast their eyes upon her, and take care to plant themselves in her view whenever she appears in any publick assembly. I have myself caught a young jackanapes with a pair of silver fringed gloves in the very fact. You must know, Sir, I have kept her as a prisoner of state ever since she was in her teens. Her chamber-windows are cross-barred ; she is not permitted to go out of the house but with her keeper, who is a stayed relation of my own ; I have likewise forbid her the use of pen and ink, for this twelve-month last past,

L 6

and

' and do not suffer a band-box to be carried into her room  
 ' before it has been searched. Notwithstanding these  
 ' precautions, I am at my wits end for fear of any sudden  
 ' surprise. There were, two or three nights ago, some  
 ' fiddles heard in the street, which I am afraid portend  
 ' me no good; not to mention a tall *Irishman*, that has  
 ' been seen walking before my house more than once this  
 ' winter. My kinswoman likewise informs me, that the  
 ' girl has talked to her twice or thrice of a Gentleman in  
 ' a fair wig, and that she loves to go to church more than  
 ' ever she did in her life. She gave me the slip about a  
 ' week ago, upon which my whole house was in alarm.  
 ' I immediately dispatched a hue and cry after her to the  
 ' change, to her mantua-maker, and to the young Ladies  
 ' that visit her; but after above an hour's search she re-  
 ' turned of herself, having been taking a walk, as she told  
 ' me, by *Rosamond's* pond. I have hereupon turned off  
 ' her woman; doubled her guards, and given new instruc-  
 ' tions to my relation, who, to give her her due, keeps a  
 ' watchful eye over all her motions. This, Sir, keeps  
 ' me in a perpetual anxiety, and makes me very often  
 ' watch when my daughter sleeps, as I am afraid she is  
 ' even with me in her turn. Now, Sir, what I would de-  
 ' sire of you is, to represent to this fluttering tribe of  
 ' young fellows, who are for making their fortunes by  
 ' these indirect means, that stealing a man's daughter for  
 ' the sake of her portion, is but a kind of a tolerated rob-  
 ' bery; and that they make but a poor amends to the  
 ' father, whom they plunder after this manner, by going  
 ' to bed with his child. Dear Sir, be speedy in your  
 ' thoughts on this subject, that, if possible, they may ap-  
 ' pear before the disbanding of the army.

*I am, Sir,*

*your most humble servant,*

Tim. Watchwell.

*Themistocles*, the great *Athenian* General, being asked  
 whether he would choose to marry his daughter to an  
 indigent man of merit, or to a worthless man of an estate,  
 replied, That he should prefer a man without an estate,  
 to an estate without a man. The worst of it is, our modern



dern fortune-hunters are those who turn their heads that way, because they are good for nothing else. If a young fellow finds he can make nothing of *Coke* and *Littleton*, he provides himself with a ladder of ropes, and by that means very often enters upon the premises.

The same art of scaling has likewise been practised with good success by many military engineers. Stratagems of this nature make parts and industry superfluous, and cut short the way to riches.

Nor is vanity a less motive than idleness to this kind of mercenary pursuit. A fop, who admires his person in a glass, soon enters into a resolution of making his fortune by it, not questioning but every woman that falls in his way will do him as much justice as he does himself. When an heiress sees a man throwing particular graces into his ogle, or talking loud within her hearing, she ought to look to herself; but if withal she observes a pair of red heels, a patch, or any other particularity in his dress, she cannot take too much care of her person. These are baits not to be trifled with, charms that have done a world of execution, and made their way into hearts which have been thought impregnable. The force of a man with these qualifications is so well known, that I am credibly informed there are several female undertakers about the change, who upon the arrival of a likely man out of a neighbouring kingdom, will furnish him with proper dress from head to foot, to be paid for at a double price on the day of marriage.

We must however distinguish between fortune-hunters and fortune-stealers. The first are those assiduous Gentlemen who employ their whole lives in the chace, without ever coming at the quarry. *Suffenus* has combed and powdered at the Ladies for thirty years together, and taken his stand in a side box, until he is grown wrinkled under their eyes. He is now laying the same snares for the present generation of beauties, which he practised on their mothers. *Cottilus*, after having made his applications to more than you meet with in Mr. *Cowley's* ballad of mistresses, was at last smitten with a city Lady of 20000*l.* Sterling; but died of old age before he could bring matters to bear. Nor must I here omit my worthy friend  
Mr.

Mr. HONEYCOMB, who has often told us in the club, that for twenty years successively, upon the death of a childless rich man, he immediately drew on his boots, called for his horse, and made up to the widow. When he is rallied upon his success, WILL, with his usual gaiety tells us, that he always found her pre-engaged.

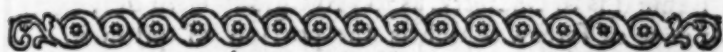
Widows are indeed the great game of your fortune-hunters. There is scarce a young fellow in the town of six foot high, that has not passed in review before one or other of these wealthy relicts. *Hudibras's Cupid*, who

—took his stand

*Upon a widow's jointure land,*

is daily employed in throwing darts, and kindling flames. But as for widows, they are such a subtle generation of people, that they may be left to their own conduct; or if they make a false step in it, they are answerable for it to no body but themselves. The young innocent creatures who have no knowledge and experience of the world, are those whose safety I would principally consult in this speculation. The stealing of such an one should in my opinion, be as punishable as a rape. Where there is no judgment there is no choice; and why the inveigling a woman before she is come to years of discretion, should not be as criminal as the seducing of her before she is ten years old, I am at a loss to comprehend. L





N<sup>o</sup> 312 Wednesday, February 27.

*Quod huic officium, quæ laus, quod decus erit tanti, quod adipisci cum dolore corporis velit, qui dolorem summum malum sibi persuaferit? Quam porro quis ignominiam, quam turpitudinem non pertulerit, ut effugiat dolorem, si id summum malum esse decreverit?*

Tull.

What duty will a man perform, what praise, what honour will he think worth purchasing at the expence of his ease, who is persuaded that pain is the greatest of evils? And what ignominy, what baseness will he not submit to, in order to avoid pain, if he has determined it to be the worst of misfortunes?

**I**T is a very melancholy reflexion, that men are usually so weak, that it is absolutely necessary for them to know sorrow and pain to be in their right senses. Prosperous people (for happy there are none) are hurried away with a fond sense of their present condition, and thoughtless of the mutability of fortune: Fortune is a term which we must use in such discourses as these; for what is wrought by the unseen hand of the disposer of all things. But methinks the disposition of a mind which is truly great, is that which makes misfortunes and sorrows little when they befall ourselves, great and lamentable when they befall other men. The most unpardonable malefactor in the world going to his death and bearing it with composure, would win the pity of those who should behold him; and this not because his calamity is deplorable, but because he seems himself not to deplore it: We suffer for him who is less sensible of his own misery, and are inclined to despise him who sinks under the weight of his distresses. On the other hand, without any touch of envy, a temperate and well-governed mind looks down on such as are exalted with success, with a certain shame for the imbecillity

imbecillity of human nature, that can so far forget how liable it is to calamity, as to grow giddy with only the suspense of sorrow which is the portion of all men. He therefore who turns his face from the unhappy man, who will not look again when his eye is cast upon modest sorrow, who shuns affliction like a contagion, does but pamper himself up for a sacrifice, and contract in himself a greater aptitude to misery by attempting to escape it. A Gentleman, where I happened to be last night, fell into a discourse which I thought shewed a good discerning in him: He took notice that whenever men have looked into their heart for the idea of true excellency in human nature, they have found it to consist in suffering after a right manner and with a good grace. Heroes are always drawn bearing sorrows, struggling with adversities, undergoing all kinds of hardships, and having in the service of mankind a kind of appetite to difficulties and dangers. The Gentleman went on to observe, that it is from this secret sense of the high merit which there is in patience under calamities, that the writers of romances, when they attempt to furnish out characters of the highest excellence, ransack nature for things terrible; they raise a new creation of monsters, dragons, and giants; where the danger ends, the hero ceases; when he won an empire, or gained his mistress, the rest of his story is not worth relating. My friend carried his discourse so far as to say, that it was for higher Beings than men to join happiness and greatness in the same idea; but that in our condition we have no conception of superlative excellence, or heroism, but as it is surrounded with a shade of distress.

It is certainly the proper education we should give ourselves, to be prepared for the ill events and accidents we are to meet with in a life sentenced to be a scene of sorrow: But instead of this expectation, we soften ourselves with prospects of constant delight, and destroy in our minds the seeds of fortitude and virtue, which should support us in hours of anguish. The constant pursuit of pleasure has in it something insolent and improper for our Being. There is a pretty sober liveliness in the ode of *Horace* to *Delius*, where he tells him, loud mirth, or immoderate sorrow, inequality of behaviour either in prosperity or adversity,

adversities  
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adversity, are alike ungraceful in man that is born to die. Moderation in both circumstances is peculiar to generous minds: Men of that sort ever taste the gratifications of health, and all other advantages of life, as if they were liable to part with them, and when bereft of them, resign them with a greatness of mind which shews they know their value and duration. The contempt of pleasure is a certain preparatory for the contempt of pain: Without this the mind is as it were taken suddenly by an unforeseen event; but he that has always, during health and prosperity, been abstinent in his satisfactions, enjoys, in the worst of difficulties, the reflexion, that his anguish is not aggravated with the comparison of past pleasures which upbraid his present condition. *Tully* tells us a story after *Pompey*, which gives us a good taste of the pleasant manner the men of wit and philosophy had in old times of alleviating the distresses of life by the force of reason and philosophy. *Pompey*, when he came to *Rhodes*, had a curiosity to visit the famous philosopher *Possidonius*; but finding him in his sick bed, he bewailed the misfortune that he should not hear a discourse from him: But you may, answered *Possidonius*; and immediately entered into the point of stoical philosophy, which says pain is not an evil. During the discourse, upon every puncture he felt from his distemper, he smiled and cried out, Pain, Pain, be as impertinent and troublesome as you please, I shall never own that thou art an evil.

MR. SPECTATOR,

‘ HAVING seen in several of your papers, a concern for the honour of the clergy, and their doing every thing as becomes their character, and particularly performing the publick service with a due zeal and devotion; I am the more encouraged to lay before them, by your means, several expressions used by some of them in their prayers before sermon, which I am not well satisfied in: As their giving some titles and epithets to great men, which are indeed due to them in their several ranks and stations, but not properly used, I think, in our prayers. Is it not contradiction to say, Illustrious right reverend, and right honourable poor sinners? ‘ These



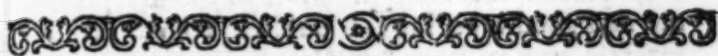
These distinctions are suited only to our state here, and have no place in heaven: We see they are omitted in the liturgy; which I think the clergy should take for their pattern in their own forms of devotion. There is another expression which I would not mention, but that I have heard it several times before a learned congregation, to bring in the last petition of the prayer in these words, *O let not the Lord be angry and I will speak but this once*; as if there was no difference between Abraham's interceding for Sodom, for which he had no warrant as we can find, and our asking those things which we are required to pray for; they would therefore have much more reason to fear his anger if they did not make such petitions to him. There is another pretty fancy: When a young man has a mind to let us know who gave him his scarf, he speaks a parenthesis to the Almighty, *Bless, as I am in duty bound to pray*, the right honourable the Countess; is not that as much as to say, *Bless her, for thou knowest I am her chaplain?*

*your humble servant,*

T

J. A.



N<sup>o</sup> 313 Thursday, February 28.

*Exigite ut mores teneros ceu pollice ducat,  
Ut si quis cerâ vultum facit* —

Juv. Sat. 7. ver. 237.

Bid him besides his daily pains employ,  
To form the tender manners of the boy,  
And work him, like a waxen babe, with art,  
To perfect symmetry in ev'ry part.

CH. DRYDEN.

I Shall give the following letter no other recommendation, than by telling my readers that it comes from the same hand with that of last *Thursday*.

S I R,

I send you, according to my promise, some farther thoughts on the education of youth, in which I intend to discuss that famous question, *Whether the education at a publick school, or under a private tutor, is to be preferred?*

As some of the greatest men in most ages have been of very different opinions in this matter, I shall give a short account of what I think may be best urged on both sides, and afterwards leave every person to determine for himself.

It is certain from *Suetonius*, that the *Romans* thought the education of their children a business properly belonging to the parents themselves; and *Plutarch*, in the life of *Marcus Cato*, tells us, that as soon as his son was capable of learning, *Cato* would suffer no body to teach him but himself, though he had a servant named *Chilo*, who was an excellent grammarian, and who taught a great many other youths,

On the contrary, the *Greeks* seemed more inclined to publick schools and seminaries.

A

\* A private education promises in the first place virtue and good-breeding; a publick school manly assurance, and an early knowledge in the ways of the world.

\* Mr. Locke, in his celebrated treatise of education, confesses that there are inconveniencies to be feared on both sides; *If, says he, I keep my son at home, he is in danger of becoming my young master; If I send him abroad, it is scarce possible to keep him from the reigning contagion of rudeness and vice. He will perhaps be more innocent at home, but more ignorant of the world, and more sheepish when he comes abroad.* However as this learned author asserts, That virtue is much more difficult to be attained than knowledge of the world, and that vice is a more stubborn, as well as a more dangerous fault than sheepishness, he is altogether for a private education; and the more so, because he does not see why a youth, with right management, might not attain the same assurance in his father's house, as at a publick school. To this end he advises parents to accustom their sons to whatever strange faces come to the house; to take them with them when they visit their neighbours, and to engage them in conversation with men of parts and breeding.

\* It may be objected to this method, that conversation is not the only thing necessary, but that unless it be a conversation with such as are in some measure their equals in parts and years, there can be no room for emulation, contention, and several of the most lively passions of the mind; which, without being sometimes moved by these means may possibly contract a dulness and insensibility.

\* One of the greatest writers our nation ever produced observes, That a boy who forms parties, and makes himself popular in a school or a college, would act the same part with equalease in a senate or a privy-council; and Mr. Osborne, speaking like a man versed in the ways of the world, affirms that the well-laying and carrying on of a design to rob an orchard, trains up a youth insensibly to caution, secrecy, and circumspection, and fits him for matters of greater importance.

\* In

' In short, a private education seems the most natural method for the forming of a virtuous man; a public education for making a man of business. The first would furnish out a good subject for *Plato's* republic, the latter a member for a community over-run with artifice and corruption.

' It must however be confessed, that a person at the head of a publick school has sometimes so many boys under his direction, that it is impossible he should extend a due proportion of his care to each of them. This is, however, in reality, the fault of the age, in which we often see twenty parents, who, though each expects his son should be made a scholar, are not contented all together to make it worth while for any man of a liberal education to take upon him the care of their instruction.

' In our great schools indeed this fault has been of late years rectified, so that we have at present not only ingenious men for the chief masters, but such as have proper ushers and assistants under them. I must nevertheless own, that for want of the same encouragement in the country, we have many a promising genius spoiled and abused in those little seminaries.

' I am the more inclined to this opinion, having myself experienced the usage of two rural masters, each of them very unfit for the trust they took upon them to discharge. The first imposed much more upon me than my parts, though none of the weakest, could endure; and used me barbarously for not performing impossibilities. The latter was of quite another temper; and a boy, who would run upon his errands, wash his coffee-pot, or ring the bell, might have as little conversation with any of the classics as he thought fit. I have known a lad of this place excused his exercise for assisting the cook-maid: and remember a neighbouring Gentleman's son was among us five years, most of which time he employed in airing and watering our master's gray pad. I scorned to compound for my faults, by doing any of these elegant offices, and was accordingly the best scholar, and the worst used of any boy in the school.

' I

‘ I shall conclude this discourse with an advantage  
‘ mentioned by *Quintilian*, as accompanying a publick  
‘ way of education, which I have not yet taken notice  
‘ of; namely, That we very often contract such friend-  
‘ ships at school, as are a service to us all the following  
‘ parts of our lives.

‘ I shall give you, under this head, a story very well  
‘ known to several persons, and which you may depend  
‘ upon as real truth.

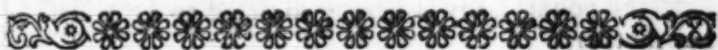
‘ Every one, who is acquainted with *Westminster*-  
‘ school, knows that there is a curtain which used to be  
‘ drawn across the room, to separate the upper school  
‘ from the lower. A youth happened, by some mis-  
‘ chance, to tear the above mentioned curtain: The  
‘ severity of the master was too well known for the  
‘ criminal to expect any pardon for such a fault; so  
‘ that the boy, who was of a meek temper, was terri-  
‘ fied to death at the thoughts of his appearance,  
‘ when his friend, who sat next to him, bade him be  
‘ of good cheer, for that he would take the fault on  
‘ himself. He kept his word accordingly. As soon as  
‘ they were grown up to be men, the civil war broke  
‘ out, in which our two friends took the opposite sides,  
‘ one of them followed the Parliament, the other the  
‘ Royal party.

‘ As their tempers were different, the youth, who  
‘ had torn the curtain, endeavoured to raise himself on  
‘ the civil list, and the other, who had borne the blame  
‘ of it, on the military: The first succeeded so well, that  
‘ he was in a short time made a Judge under the Pro-  
‘ tector. The other was engaged in the unhappy en-  
‘ terprise of *Penraddock* and *Grove* in the West. I sup-  
‘ pose, Sir, I need not acquaint you with the event of  
‘ that undertaking. Every one knows that the Royal  
‘ Party was routed, and all the heads of them, among  
‘ whom was the curtain champion, imprisoned at *Exeter*.  
‘ It happened to be his friend’s lot at that time to go  
‘ the Western circuit: The trial of the rebels, as they  
‘ were then called, was very short, and nothing now re-  
‘ mained but to pass sentence on them; when the Judge  
‘ hearing the name of his old friend, and observing his  
‘ face more attentively, which he had not seen for  
‘ many



' many years, asked him, if he was not formerly a *Westminster*-scholar; by the answer, he was soon convinced that it was his former generous friend; and, without saying any thing more at that time, made the best of his way to *London*, where employing all his power and interest with the protector, he saved his friend from the fate of his unhappy associates.

' The Gentleman, whose life was thus preserved by the gratitude of his school-fellow, was afterwards the father of a son, whom he lived to see promoted in the church, and who still deservedly fills one of the highest stations in it. X



N<sup>o</sup> 314 Friday, February 29.

*Tandem desine matrem  
Tempestiva sequi viro.*

Hor. Od. 23. lib. 1. ver. 11.

Attend thy mother's heels no more,  
Now grown mature for man, and ripe for joy.

CREECH.

MR. SPECTATOR,

Feb. 7, 1711-12.

I Am a young man about eighteen years of age, and have been in love with a young woman of the same age about this half year. I go to see her six days in the week, but never could have the happiness of being with her alone. If any of her friends are at home she will see me in their company; but if they be not in the way, she flies to her chamber. I can discover no signs of her aversion; but either a fear of falling into the toils of matrimony, or a childish timidity, deprives us of an interview apart, and drives us upon the difficulty of languishing out our lives in fruitless expectation. Now MR. SPECTATOR, if you think us ripe for œconomy, persuade the dear creature that to pine away into barrenness and deformity under

' a mother's shade, is not so honourable, nor does she  
' appear so amiable, as she would in full bloom.

[*There is a great deal left out before he concludes.*]

MR. SPECTATOR,

*your humble servant,*

Bob Harmless,

**I**F this Gentleman be really no more than eighteen, I must do him the justice to say he is the most knowing infant I have yet met with. He does not, I fear, yet understand, that all he thinks of is another woman; therefore, until he has given a further account of himself, the young Lady is hereby directed to keep close to her mother.

*The* SPECTATOR.

I cannot comply with the request in Mr. Trot's letter; but let it go just as it came to my hands for being so familiar with the old Gentleman, as rough as he is to him. Since Mr. Trot has an ambition to make him his father-in-law, he ought to treat him with more respect; besides his stile to me might have been more distant than he has thought fit to afford me: Moreover, his mistress shall continue in her confinement, until he has found out which word in his letter is not rightly spelt.

MR. SPECTATOR,

**I** Shall ever own myself your obliged humble servant for the advice you gave me concerning my dancing; which unluckily came too late: For, as I said, I would not leave off capering until I had your opinion of the matter; was at our famous assembly the day before I received your papers, and there was observed by an old Gentleman, who was informed I had a respect for his daughter; told me I was an insignificant little fellow, and said that for the future he would take care of his child; so that he did not doubt but to cross my amorous inclinations. The Lady is confined to her chamber, and for my part I am ready to hang myself with the thoughts that I have danced myself out of  
favour

'favour with her father. I hope you will pardon the trouble I give; but shall take it for a mighty favour, if you will give me a little more of your advice to put me in a right way to cheat the old dragon and obtain my mistress. I am once more,

S I R,

York, Feb. 23,  
1711-12.

*your obliged humble servant,*

John Trot.

'Let me desire you to make what alterations you please, and insert this as soon as possible. Pardon mistakes by haste.

I Never do pardon mistakes by haste.

*The SPECTATOR.*

S I R,

Feb. 27, 1711-12.

'PRAY be so kind as to let me know what you esteem to be the chief qualification of a good poet, especially of one who writes plays; and you will very much oblige,

*S I R, your very humble servant,*

N. B.

TO be a very well bred man.

*The SPECTATOR.*

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'YOU are to know that I am naturally brave, and love fighting as well as any man in *England*. This gallant temper of mine makes me extremely delighted with battles on the stage. I give you this trouble to complain to you, that *Nicolini* refused to gratify me in that part of the opera for which I have most taste. I observe it is become a custom, that whenever any gentlemen are particularly pleased with a song, at their crying out *Encore* or *Altro Volto*, the performer is so obliging as to sing it over again. I was at the opera the last time *Hydaspes* was performed. At that part of it where the hero engages with the

VOL. IV.

M

lion,

‘ lion, the graceful manner with which he put that  
‘ terrible monster to death, gave me so great a pleasure,  
‘ and at the same time so just a sense of that Gentleman’s  
‘ intrepidity and conduct, that I could not forbear de-  
‘ siring a repetition of it, by crying out *Altro Volto*,  
‘ in a very audible voice; and my friends flatter me,  
‘ that I pronounced those words with a tolerable good  
‘ accent, considering that was but the third opera I had  
‘ ever seen in my life. Yet, notwithstanding all this,  
‘ there was so little regard had to me, that the lion  
‘ was carried off, and went to bed, without being kil-  
‘ led any more that night. Now, Sir, pray consider  
‘ that I did not understand a word of what Mr. *Nicolini*  
‘ said to this cruel creature; besides I have no ear for  
‘ music; so that during the long dispute between them,  
‘ the whole entertainment I had was from my eyes;  
‘ Why then have not I as much right to have grace-  
‘ ful action repeated as another has a pleasing sound,  
‘ since he only hears as I only see, and we neither of  
‘ us know that there is any reasonable thing a doing?  
‘ Pray, Sir, settle the business of this claim in the au-  
‘ dience, and let us know when we may cry *Altro Volto*  
‘ *Anglicè*, again, again, for the future. I am an En-  
‘ glishman, and expect some reason or other to be gi-  
‘ ven me, and perhaps an ordinary one may serve; but  
‘ I expect your answer.

*I am, S I R,*

*your most humble servant,*

Toby Rentfree.

Mr. SPECTATOR, Nov. 29.

‘ YOU must give me leave, amongst the rest of your  
‘ female correspondents, to address you about an  
‘ affair which has already given you many a specula-  
‘ tion; and which, I know, I need not tell you have  
‘ had a very happy influence over the adult part of our  
‘ sex: But as many of us are either too old to learn, or  
‘ too obstinate in the pursuit of the vanities, which  
‘ have been bred up with us from our infancy, and all  
‘ of us quitting the stage whilst you are prompting us

‘ to act our part well; you ought, methinks, rather to  
 ‘ turn your instructions for the benefit of that part of  
 ‘ our sex who are yet in their native innocence, and ig-  
 ‘ norant of the vices and that variety of unhappineses  
 ‘ that reign amongst us.

‘ I must tell you, Mr. SPECTATOR, that it is as  
 ‘ much a part of your office to oversee the education  
 ‘ of the female part of the nation, as well as of the  
 ‘ male; and to convince the world you are not partial,  
 ‘ may proceed to detect the male-administration of go-  
 ‘ vernesses as successfully as you have exposed that of  
 ‘ pedagogues; and rescue our sex from the prejudice  
 ‘ and tyranny of education as well as that of your own,  
 ‘ who without your seasonable interposition are like to  
 ‘ improve upon the vices that are now in vogue.

‘ I who know the dignity of your post, as SPECTA-  
 ‘ TOR, and the authority a skilful eye ought to bear in  
 ‘ the female world, could not forbear consulting you,  
 ‘ and beg your advice in so critical a point, as is that  
 ‘ of the education of young gentlewomen. Having  
 ‘ already provided myself with a very convenient house  
 ‘ in a good air, I am not without hope but that you  
 ‘ will promote this generous design. I must farther  
 ‘ tell you, Sir, that all who shall be committed to my  
 ‘ conduct, besides the usual accomplishments of the  
 ‘ needle, dancing, and the *French* tongue, shall not  
 ‘ fail to be your constant readers. It is therefore my  
 ‘ humble petition, that you will entertain the town in  
 ‘ this important subject, and so far oblige a stranger,  
 ‘ as to raise a curiosity and inquiry in my behalf, by  
 ‘ publishing the following abvertisement.

*I am, S I R,*

*your constant admirer,*

M. W.

#### ADVERTISEMENT.

*The boarding-school for young gentlewomen, which was  
 formerly kept on Mile-End-Green, being laid down, there  
 is now one set up almost opposite to it at the two Golden-  
 Balls, and much more convenient in every respect; &c.*

M 2



beside the common instructions given to young gentlemen, they will be taught the whole art of pastry and preserving, with whatever may render them accomplished. Those who please to make trial of the vigilance and ability of the persons concerned, may enquire at the two Golden Bells on Mile-End-Green near Stepney, where they will receive further satisfaction.

This is to give notice, that the SPECTATOR has taken upon him to be visitant of all boarding schools, where young women are educated; and designs to proceed in the said office after the same manner that visitants of colleges do in the two famous universities of this land.

All lovers who write to the SPECTATOR, are desired to forbear one expression which is in most of the letters to him, either out of laziness or want of invention, and is true of not above two thousand women in the whole world; viz. She has in her all that is valuable in woman. T



N<sup>o</sup> 315 Saturday, March 1.

*Nec deus interfit, nisi dignus vindice nodus  
Inciderit* —————

Hor. Ars Poet. ver. 191.

Never presume to make a God appear,  
But for a Business worthy of a God.

ROSCOMMON.

**H**ORACE advises a poet to consider thoroughly the nature and force of his genius. Milton seems to have known perfectly well, wherein his strength lay, and has therefore chosen a subject intirely conformable to those talents, of which he was master. As his genius was wonderfully turned to the sublime, his subject is the noblest that could have entered into the thoughts of man. Every thing that is truly great and

and astonishing. has a place in it. The whole system of the intellectual world; the *Chaos*, and the creation; heaven, earth, and hell; enter into the constitution of his poem.

Having in the first and second books represented the infernal world with all its horrors, the thread of his fable naturally leads him into the opposite regions of bliss and glory.

If *Milton's* majesty forsakes him any where, it is in those parts of his poem, where the divine persons are introduced as speakers. One may, I think, observe, that the author proceeds with a kind of fear and trembling, whilst he describes the sentiments of the Almighty. He dares not give his imagination its full play, but chuses to confine himself to such thoughts as are drawn from the books of the most orthodox divines, and to such expressions as may be met with in scripture. The beauties, therefore, which we are to look for in these speeches, are not of a poetical nature, nor so proper to fill the mind with sentiments of grandeur, as with thoughts of devotion. The passions, which they are designed to raise, are a divine love and religious fear. The particular beauty of the speeches in the third book, consists in that shortness and perspicuity of stile, in which the poet has couched the greatest mysteries of christianity, and drawn together, in a regular scheme, the whole dispensation of Providence with respect to man. He has represented all the abstruse doctrines of predestination, free-will and grace, as also the great points of incarnation and redemption, (which naturally grow up in a poem that treats of the fall of man) with great energy of expression, and in a clearer and stronger light than I ever met with in any other writer. As these points are dry in themselves to the generality of readers, the concise and clear manner in which he has treated them, is very much to be admired, as is likewise that particular art which he has made use of in the interspersing of all those graces of poetry, which the subject was capable of receiving.

The survey of the whole creation, and of every thing that is transacted in it is a prospect worthy of Omniscience; and as much above that, in which *Vergil*

has drawn his *Jupiter*, as the Christian Idea of the Supreme Being is more rational and sublime than that of the heathens. The particular objects on which he is described to have cast his eye, are represented in the most beautiful and lively manner.

*Now had th' Almighty Father from above  
(From the pure Emptirean where he sits  
High thron'd above all bight) bent down his eye,  
His own works and their works at once to view.  
About him all the sanctities of heav'n  
Stood thick as stars, and from his sight receiv'd.  
Beatitude past utterance: On his right  
The radiant image of his glory sat,  
His only son. On earth he first beheld  
Our two first parents, yet the only two  
Of mankind, in the happy garden plac'd,  
Reaping immortal fruits of joy and love;  
Uninterrupted joy, unrival'd love,  
In blissful solitude. He then survey'd  
Hell and the gulph between, and Satan there  
Coasting the wall of heav'n on this side night,  
In the dun air sublime; and ready now  
To stoop with wearied wings, and willing feet  
On the bare outside of this world, that seem'd  
Firm land imbosom'd without firmament;  
Uncertain which, in ocean or in air.  
Him God beholding from his prospect high,  
Wherein past, present, future he beholds,  
Thus to his only son foreseeing spake.*

*Satan's* approach to the confines of the creation is finely imaged in the beginning of the speech which immediately follows. The effects of this speech in the blessed spirits, and in the divine person to whom it was addressed, cannot but fill the mind of the reader with a secret pleasure and complacency.

*Thus while God spake, ambrosial fragrance fill'd  
All heav'n, and in the blessed spirits elect  
Sense of new joy ineffable diffus'd.  
Beyond compare the Son of God was seen  
Most glorious; in him all his Father shone*

*Substantially*

*Substantially express'd; and in his face  
Divine compassion visibly appear'd,  
Love without end, and without measure grace.*

I need not point out the beauty of that circumstance, wherein the whole host of angels are represented as standing mute; nor shew how proper the occasion was to produce such a silence in heaven. The close of this Divine colloquy, with the hymn of angels that follows upon it, are so wonderfully beautiful and poetical, that I should not forbear inserting the whole passage, if the bounds of my paper would give me leave.

*No sooner had th' Almighty ceased, but all  
The multitude of angels with a shout!  
(Loud as from numbers without number, sweet  
As from blest voices) utt'ring joy, heav'n rung  
With jubilee, and loud Hosannas fill'd  
Th' eternal regions; &c. &c.——*

Satan's walk upon the outside of the universe, which at a distance appeared to him of a globular form, but, upon his nearer approach, looked like an unbounded plain, is natural and noble: As his roaming upon the frontiers of the creation between that mass of matter, which was wrought into a world, and that shapeless unformed heap of materials, which still lay in chaos and confusion, strikes the imagination with something astonishingly great and wild. I have before spoken of the *Limbo of vanity*, which the poet places upon this outermost surface of the universe, and shall here explain myself more at large on that, and other parts of the poem, which are of the same shadowy nature.

*Aristotle* observes, that the fable of an epic poem should abound in circumstances that are both credible and astonishing; or as the *French* critics choose to phrase it, the fable should be filled with the probable and the marvellous. This rule is as fine and just as any in *Aristotle's* whole art of poetry.

If the fable is only probable, it differs nothing from a true history; if it is only marvellous, it is no better than a romance. The great secret therefore of heroic poetry is to relate such circumstances as may produce

in the reader at the same time both belief and astonishment. This is brought to pass in a well chosen fable, by the account of such things as have really happened, or at least of such things as have happened according to the received opinions of mankind. *Milton's* fable is a master-piece of this nature; as the war in heaven, the condition of the fallen angels, the state of innocence, the temptation of the serpent, and the fall of man, though they are very astonishing in themselves, are not only credible but actual points of faith.

The next method of reconciling miracles with credibility, is by a happy invention of the poet; as in particular, when he introduces agents of a superior nature, who are capable of effecting what is wonderful, and what is not to be met with in the ordinary course of things. *Ulysses's* ship being turned into a rock, and *Aeneas's* fleet into a shoal of Water-nymphs, though they are very surprising accidents, are nevertheless probable when we are told that they were the gods who thus transformed them. It is this kind of machinery which fills the poems both of *Homer* and *Virgil* with such circumstances as are wonderful but not impossible, and so frequently produce in the reader the most pleasing passion that can rise in the mind of man, which is admiration. If there be any instance in the *Aeneid* liable to exception upon this account, it is in the beginning of the third book, where *Aeneas* is represented as tearing up the myrtle that dropped blood. To qualify this wonderful circumstance, *Polydorus* tells a story from the root of the myrtle, that the barbarous inhabitants of the country having pierced him with spears and arrows, the wood which was left in his body took root in his wounds, and gave birth to that bleeding tree. This circumstance seems to have the marvellous without the probable, because it is represented as proceeding from natural causes, without the interposition of any God, or other supernatural power capable of producing it. The spears and arrows grow of themselves without so much as the modern help of an enchantment. If we look into the fiction of *Milton's* fable, though we find it full of surprising incidents, they are generally suited to our notions of the things and persons described.

and



and tempered with a due measure of probability. I must only make an exception to the *Limbo of vanity*, with his episode of *Sin and Death*, and some of his imaginary persons in his *Chaos*. These passages are astonishing, but not credible; the reader cannot so far impose upon himself as to see a possibility in them; they are the description of dreams and shadows, not of things or persons. I know that many criticks look upon the stories of *Circe*, *Polypheme*, the *Sirens*, nay the whole *Odyssey* and *Iliad*, to be allegories; but allowing this to be true, they are fables, which considering the opinions of mankind that prevailed in the age of the poet, might possibly have been according to the letter. The persons are such as might have acted what is ascribed to them, as the circumstances in which they are represented, might possibly have been truths and realities. This appearance of probability is so absolutely requisite in the greater kinds of poetry, that *Aristotle* observes the ancient tragic writers made use of the names of such great men as had actually lived in the world, though the tragedy proceeded upon adventures they were never engaged in, on purpose to make the subject more credible. In a word, besides the hidden meaning of an epic allegory, the plain literal sense ought to appear probable. The story should be such as an ordinary reader may acquiesce in, whatever natural, moral or political truth may be discovered in it by men of greater penetration.

*Satan*, after having long wandered upon the surface, or outmost wall of the universe, discovers at last a wide gap in it, which led into the creation, and is described as the opening through which the angels pass to and fro into the lower world, upon their errands to mankind. His sitting upon the brink of this passage and taking a survey of the whole face of nature that appeared to him new and fresh in all its beauties, with the simile illustrating this circumstance, fills the mind of the reader with as surprising and glorious an idea as any that arises in the whole poem. He looks down into that vast hollow of the universe with the eye, or (as *Milton* calls it in his first book) with the ken of an angel. He surveys all the wonders in this immense

amphitheatre that lie between both the poles of heaven, and takes in at one view the whole round of the creation.

His flight between the several worlds that shined on every side of him, with the particular description of the sun, are set forth in all the wantonness of a luxuriant imagination. His shape, speech and behaviour upon his transforming himself into an angel of light, are touched with exquisite beauty. The poet's thought of directing *Satan* to the sun, which in the vulgar opinion of mankind is the most conspicuous part of the creation, the placing in it an angel, is a circumstance very finely contrived, and the more adjusted to a poetical probability, as it was a received doctrine among the most famous philosophers, that every orb had its *Intelligence*; and as an apostle in sacred writ is said to have seen such an angel in the sun. In the answer which this angel returns to the disguised evil spirit, there is such a becoming majesty as is altogether suitable to a superior Being. The part of it in which he represents himself as present at the creation, is very noble in itself, and not only proper where it is introduced, but requisite to prepare the reader for what follows in the seventh book.

*I saw when at his word the formless mass,  
This world's material mould, came to a heap:  
Confusion heard his voice, and wild uproar  
Stood rul'd, stood vast infinitude confin'd;  
Till at his second bidding darkness fled,  
Light shone, &c.*

In the following part of the speech he points out the earth with such circumstances, that the reader can scarce forbear fancying himself employed on the same distant view of it.

*Look downward on the globe whose hither side  
With light from hence, tho' but reflected, shines;  
That place is earth, the seat of man, that light  
His day, &c.*

I must not conclude my reflexions upon this third book of *Paradise Lost*, without taking notice of that celebrated complaint of *Milton* with which it opens, and which certainly deserves all the praises that have been  
given

given it; though as I have before hinted, it may rather be looked on as an excrescence, than as an essential part of the poem. The same observation might be applied to that beautiful digression upon hypocrisy in the same book.



Nº 316 Monday, March 3.

*Libertas; quæ sera tamen respexit inertem.*

Virg. Ecl. i. ver. 22.

Freedom, which came at length, tho' slow to come.

DRYDEN.

MR. SPECTATOR,

IF you ever read a letter which is sent with the more pleasure for the reality of its complaints, this may have reason to hope for a favourable acceptance; and if time be the most irretrievable loss, the regrets which follow will be thought, I hope, the most justifiable. The regaining of my liberty from a long state of indolence and inactivity, and the desire of resisting the farther incroachment of idleness, make me apply to you; and the uneasiness with which I recollect the past years, and the apprehensions with which I expect the future soon determined me to it. Idleness is so general a distemper, that I cannot but imagine a speculation on this subject will be of universal use. There is hardly any one person without some allay of it; and thousands besides myself spend more time in an idle uncertainty which to begin first of two affairs, than would have been sufficient to have ended them both. The occasion of this seems to be the want of some necessary employment, to put the spirits in motion, and awaken them out of their lethargy: If I had less leisure, I should have more; for I should then find my time distinguished into portions, some for business and others for the indulging of pleasures: But now one face of indolence over-

spreads the whole, and I have no land-mark to direct myself by. Were one's time a little straitned by business, like water inclosed in its banks, it would have some determin'd course; but unless it be put into some channel it has no current, but becomes a deluge without either use or motion.

When *Scanderbeg* Prince of *Epirus* was dead, the *Turks* who had but too often felt the force of his arm in the battles he had won from them, imagined that by wearing a piece of his bones near their heart, they should be animated with a vigour and force like to that which inspir'd him when living. As I am like to be but of little use whilst I live, I am resolv'd to do what good I can after my decease; and have accordingly order'd my bones to be dispos'd of in this manner for the good of my countrymen, who are troubled with too exorbitant a degree of fire. All fox-hunters, upon wearing me, would in a short time be brought to endure their beds in a morning, and perhaps even quit them with regret at ten: instead of hurrying away to teaze a poor animal, and run away from their own thoughts, a chair or a chariot would be thought the most desirable means of performing a remove from one place to another. I should be a cure for the unnatural desire of *John Trot* for dancing, and a specifick to lessen the inclination *Mrs. Fidget* has to motion, and cause her always to give her approbation to the present place she is in. In fine, no *Egyptian* mummy was ever half so useful in physick, as I should be to these feverish constitutions, to repress the violent sallies of youth, and give each action its proper weight and repose.

I can stifle any violent inclination, and oppose a torrent of anger, or the solicitations of revenge, with success. But indolence is a stream which flows slowly on, but yet undermines the foundation of every virtue. A vice of a more lively nature were a more desirable tyrant than this rust of the mind, which gives a tincture of its nature to every action of one's life. It were as little hazard to be tost in a storm, as to lie thus perpetually becalmed: And it is to no purpose to have within one the seeds of a thousand good qualities,



if we want the vigour and resolution necessary for the exerting them. Death brings all persons back to an equality; and this image of it, this slumber of the mind, leaves no difference between the greatest genius and the meanest understanding: A faculty of doing things remarkably praise-worthy thus concealed, is of no more use to the owner, than a heap of gold to the man who dares not use it.

To-morrow is still the fatal time when all is to be rectified: To-morrow comes, it goes, and still I please myself with the shadow, whilst I lose the reality; unmindful that the present time alone is ours, the future is yet unborn, and the past is dead, and can only live (as parents in their children) in the actions it has produced.

The time we live ought not to be computed by the number of years, but by the use has been made of it; thus it is not the extent of ground, but the yearly rent which gives the value to the estate. Wretched and thoughtless creatures, in the only place where covetousness were a virtue we turn prodigals! Nothing lies upon our hands with such uneasiness, nor has there been so many devices for any one thing, as to make it slide away imperceptibly and to no purpose. A shilling shall be hoarded up with care, whilst that which is above the price of an estate is flung away with disregard and contempt. There is nothing now-a-days so much avoided, as a solicitous improvement of every part of time; it is a report must be shunned as one tenders the name of a wit and a fine genius, and as one fears the dreadful character of a laborious plodder: But notwithstanding this, the greatest wits any age has produced thought far otherwise; for who can think either *Socrates* or *Demosthenes* lost any reputation, by their continual pains both in overcoming the defects and improving the gifts of nature. All are acquainted with the labour and assiduity with which *Tully* acquired his eloquence. *Seneca* in his letters to *Lucilius* assures him, there was not a day in which he did not either write something, or read and epitomize some good author; and I remember *Pliny* in one of his letters, where he gives an account  
of



‘ of the various methods he used to fill up every vacancy of time, after several employments which he enumerates; sometimes, says he, I hunt; but even then I carry with me a pocket book, that whilst my servants are busied in disposing of the nets and other matters I may be employed in something that may be useful to me in my studies; and that if I miss of my game, I may at the least bring home some of my own thoughts with me, and not have the mortification of having caught nothing all day.

‘ Thus, Sir, you see, how many examples I recal to mind, and what arguments I use with myself, to regain my liberty: But as I am afraid it is no ordinary persuasion that will be of service, I shall expect your thoughts on this subject, with the greatest impatience, especially since the good will not be confined to me alone, but will be of universal use. For there is no hopes of amendment where men are pleased with their ruin, and whilst they think laziness is a desirable character: Whether it be that they like the state itself, or that they think it gives them a new lustre when they do exert themselves, seemingly to be able to do that without labour and application, which others attain to but with the greatest diligence.

*I am, SIR,*

*your most obliged humble servant,*

Thomas Slack.

CLYTANDER to CLEONE.

MADAM,

‘ PErmission to love you is all that I desire, to conquer all the difficulties those about you place in my way, to surmount and acquire all those qualifications you expect in him who pretends to the honour of being,

*Madam,*

*your most humble servant,*

Z

CLYTANDER.



Nº 317 Tuesday, March 4.

— *Fruges consumere nati.*

Hor. Ep. 2. lib. 1. ver. 27.

— Born to drink and eat.

CREECH.

**A** *Ugustus*, a few moments before his death, asked his friends, who stood about him, if they thought he had acted his part well; and upon receiving such an answer as was due to his extraordinary merit, *let me then*, says he, *go off the stage with your applause*; using the expression with which the *Roman* actors made their *Exit* at the conclusion of a dramatick piece. I could wish that men, while they are in health, would consider well the nature of the part they are engaged in, and what figure it will make in the minds of those they leave behind them: Whether it was worth coming into the world for; whether it be suitable to a reasonable Being; in short, whether it appears graceful in this life, or will turn to an advantage in the next. Let the sycophant, or buffoon, the satirist, or the good companion, consider with himself, when his body shall be laid in the grave, and his soul pass into another state of existence, how much it would redound to his praise to have it said of him, that no man in *England* eat better, that he had an admirable talent at turning his friends into ridicule, that no body out-did him at an ill-natured jest, or that he never went to bed before he had dispatched his third bottle. These are, however, very common funeral orations, and eulogiums on deceased persons who have acted among mankind with some figure and reputation.

But if we look into the bulk of our species, they are such as are not likely to be remembred a moment after their disappearance. They leave behind them no traces of their existence, but are forgotten as though they had never been. They are neither wanted by the  
poor,

poor, regretted by the rich, nor celebrated by the learned. They are neither missed in the commonwealth, nor lamented by private persons. Their actions are of no significancy to mankind, and might have been performed by creatures of much less dignity than those who are distinguished by the faculty of reason. An eminent *French* author speaks somewhere to the following purpose; I have often seen from my chamber-window two noble creatures, both of them of an erect countenance and endowed with reason. These two intellectual Beings are employed from morning to night, in rubbing two smooth stones one upon another; that is, as the vulgar phrase is, in polishing marble.

My friend, Sir ANDREW FREEPORT, as we were sitting in the club last night, gave us an account of a sober citizen, who died a few days since. This honest man being of greater consequence in his own thoughts, than in the eye of the world, had for some years past kept a journal of his life. Sir ANDREW shewed us one week of it. Since the occurrences set down in it mark out such a road of action as that I have been speaking of, I shall present my reader with a faithful copy of it; after having first informed him, that the deceased person had in his youth been bred to trade, but finding himself not so well turned for business, he had for several years last past lived altogether upon a moderate annuity.

MONDAY, *Eight o'clock.* I put on my clothes, and walked into the parlour.

*Nine o'clock ditto.* Tied my knee-strings, and washed my hands.

*Hours ten, eleven, and twelve.* Smoked three pipes of *Virginia*. Read the *Supplement* and *Daily Courant*. Things go ill in the north. Mr. *Nisby's* opinion thereupon.

*One o'clock in the afternoon.* Chid *Ralph* for mislaying my tobacco-box.

*Two o'clock.* Sat down to dinner. *Mem.* Too many plumbs and no suet.

*From three to four.* Took my afternoon's nap.

From

*From four to six.* Walked into the fields. Wind, S. S. E.

*From six to ten.* At the club. Mr. Nisby's opinion about the peace.

*Ten o'clock.* Went to bed, slept sound.

TUESDAY, BEING HOLIDAY, *Eight o'clock.* Rose as usual.

*Nine o'clock.* Washed hands and face, shaved, put on my double-soled shoes.

*Ten, eleven, twelve.* Took a walk to Islington.

*One.* Took a pot of mother Cob's mild.

*Between two and three.* Returned, dined on a knuckle of veal and bacon. Mem. Sprouts wanting.

*Three.* Nap as usual.

*From four to six.* Coffee-house. Read the news. A dish of twist. Grand Visier strangled.

*From six to ten.* At the club. Mr. Nisby's account of the Great Turk.

*Ten.* Dream of the Grand Visier. Broken sleep.

WEDNESDAY. *Eight o'clock.* Tongue of my shoe-buckle broke. Hands but not face.

*Nine.* Paid off the butcher's bill. Mem. To be allowed for the last leg of mutton.

*Ten, eleven.* At the coffee-house. More work in the north. Stranger in a black wig asked me how stocks went.

*From twelve to one.* Walked in the fields. Wind to the south.

*From one to two.* Smoked a pipe and an half.

*Two.* Dined as usual. Stomach good.

*Three.* Nap broke by the falling of a pewter dish.

Mem. Cook-maid in love, and grown careless.

*From four to six.* At the coffee-house. Advice from Smyrna that the Grand Visier was first of all strangled, and afterwards beheaded.

*Six o'clock in the evening.* Was half an hour in the club before any body else came. Mr. Nisby of opinion that the Grand Visier was not strangled the sixth instant.

*Ten at night.* Went to bed. Slept without waking until nine next morning.

THURSDAY,

THURSDAY, *Nine o'clock.* Staid within until two o'clock for Sir *Timothy*; who did not bring me my annuity according to his promise.

*Two in the afternoon.* Sat down to dinner. Loss of appetite. Small-beer four. Beef over-corned.

*Three.* Could not take my nap.

*Four and Five.* Gave *Ralph* a box on the ear. Turned off my cook-maid. Sent a messenger to Sir *Timothy*. *Mem.* I did not go to the club to-night. Went to bed at nine o'clock.

FRIDAY, Passed the morning in meditation upon Sir *Timothy*, who was with me a quarter before twelve.

*Twelve o'clock.* Bought a new head to my cane, and a tongue to my buckle. Drank a glass of purl to recover appetite.

*Two and three.* Dined, and slept well.

*From four to six.* Went to the coffee-house. Met Mr. *Nisby* there. Smoked several pipes. Mr. *Nisby* of opinion that laced coffee is bad for the head.

*Six o'clock.* At the club as steward. Sat late.

*Twelve o'clock.* Went to bed, dreamt that I drank small-beer with the Grand Visier.

SATURDAY, Waked at eleven, walked in the fields, wind N. E.

*Twelve.* Caught in a shower.

*One in the afternoon.* Returned home, and dried myself.

*Two.* Mr. *Nisby* dined with me. First course, marrow-bones; second, ox-cheek, with a bottle of *Brack* and *Hellier*.

*Three o'clock.* Overslept myself.

*Six.* Went to the club. Like to have fallen into a gutter. Grand Visier certainly dead. &c.

I question not but the reader will be surprized to find the above-mentioned journalist taking so much care of a life that was filled with such inconsiderable actions, and received so very small improvements; and yet, if we look into the behaviour of many, whom we daily converse with, we shall find that most of our hours are taken

up



up in those three important articles of eating, drinking, and sleeping. I do not suppose that a man loses his time, who is not engaged in publick affairs, or in an illustrious course of action. On the contrary, I believe our hours may very often be more profitably laid out in such transactions as make no figure in the world, than in such as are apt to draw upon them the attention of mankind. One may become wiser and better by several methods of employing one's self in secrecy and silence, and do what is laudable without noise or ostentation. I would, however, recommend to every one of my readers, the keeping a journal of their lives for one week, and setting down punctually their whole series of employments during that space of time. This kind of self-examination would give them a true state of themselves, and incline them to consider seriously what they are about. One day would rectify the omissions of another, and make a man weigh all those indifferent actions, which, though they are easily forgotten, must certainly be accounted for. L



N<sup>o</sup> 318 Wednesday, March 5.

— *non omnia possumus omnes.*

Virg. Ecl. 8. ver. 63.

With different talents form'd we variously excel.

MR. SPECTATOR,

A Certain vice which you have lately attacked, has not yet been considered by you as growing so deep in the heart of man, that the affection outlives the practice of it. You must have observed that men who have been bred in arms preserve to the most extreme and feeble old age a certain daring in their aspect: In like manner, they who have passed their time in gallantry and adventure, keep up, as well as they can, the appearance of it, and carry a petu-

' petulant inclination to their last moments. Let this  
 ' serve for a preface to a relation I am going to give  
 ' you of an old beau in town, that has not only been  
 ' amorous and a follower of women in general, but  
 ' also, in spite of the admonition of gray hairs, been  
 ' from his sixty-third year to his present seventieth, in  
 ' an actual pursuit of a young Lady, the wife of his  
 ' friend, and a man of merit. The gay old *Escalus*  
 ' has wit, good health, and is perfectly well-bred; but  
 ' from the fashion and manners of the court when he  
 ' was in his bloom, has such a natural tendency to  
 ' amorous adventure, that he thought it would be an  
 ' endless reproach to him to make no use of a familia-  
 ' rity he was allowed at a Gentleman's house, whose  
 ' good-humour and confidence exposed his wife to the  
 ' addresses of any who should take it in their head to  
 ' do him the good office. It is not impossible that  
 ' *Escalus* might also resent that the husband was parti-  
 ' cularly negligent of him; and though he gave many  
 ' intimations of a passion towards the wife, the husband  
 ' either did not see them, or put him to the contempt  
 ' of overlooking them. In the mean time *Isabella*, for  
 ' so we shall call our heroine, saw his passion, and re-  
 ' joiced in it as a foundation for much diversion, and an  
 ' opportunity of indulging herself in the dear delight  
 ' of being admired, addressed to, and flattered, with no  
 ' ill consequence to her reputation. This Lady is of a  
 ' free and disengaged behaviour, ever in good-humour,  
 ' such as is the image of innocence with those who are  
 ' innocent, and an encouragement to vice with those  
 ' who are abandoned. From this kind of carriage,  
 ' and an apparent approbation of his gallantry, *Escalus*  
 ' had frequent opportunities of laying amorous epistles  
 ' in her way, of fixing his eyes attentively upon her  
 ' action, of performing a thousand little offices which  
 ' are neglected by the unconcerned, but are so many  
 ' approaches towards happiness with the enamoured.  
 ' It was now, as is above hinted, almost the end of  
 ' the seventh year of his passion, when *Escalus* from ge-  
 ' neral terms, and the ambiguous respect which crimi-  
 ' nal lovers retain in their addresses, began to bewail  
 ' that his passion grew too violent for him to answer any  
 ' longer

‘ longer for his behaviour towards her, and that he  
‘ hoped she would have consideration for his long and  
‘ patient respect, to excuse the motions of a heart now  
‘ no longer under the direction of the unhappy owner  
‘ of it. Such for some months had been the language  
‘ of *Escalus* both in his talk and his letters to *Isabella*;  
‘ who returned all the profusion of kind things which  
‘ had been the collection of fifty years with *I must not*  
‘ *bear you; you will make me forget that you are a Gentle-*  
‘ *man; I would not willingly lose you as a friend;* and the  
‘ like expressions, which the skilful interpret to their  
‘ own advantage, as well knowing that a feeble denial  
‘ is a modest assent. I should have told you, that  
‘ *Isabella*, during the whole progress of his amour,  
‘ communicated it to her husband; and that an ac-  
‘ count of *Escalus*’s love was their usual entertainment  
‘ after half a day’s absence: *Isabella* therefore, upon  
‘ her lover’s late more open assaults, with a smile told  
‘ her husband she could hold out no longer, but that  
‘ his fate was now come to a crisis. After she had ex-  
‘ plained herself a little farther, with her husband’s  
‘ approbation she proceeded in the following manner.  
‘ The next time that *Escalus* was alone with her, and  
‘ repeated his importunity, the crafty *Isabella* looked  
‘ on her fan with an air of great attention, as consider-  
‘ ing of what importance such a secret was to her; and  
‘ upon the repetition of a warm expression, she looked  
‘ at him with an eye of fondness, and told him he was  
‘ past that time of life which could make her fear he  
‘ would boast of a Lady’s favour; then turned away her  
‘ head, with a very well acted confusion, which fa-  
‘ voured the escape of the aged *Escalus*. This adven-  
‘ ture was matter of great pleasantry to *Isabella* and her  
‘ spouse; and they had enjoyed it two days before *Es-*  
‘ *calus* could recollect himself enough to form the fol-  
‘ lowing letter.

MADAM,

“ WHAT happened the other day, gives me a  
“ lively image of the inconsistency of human  
“ passions and inclinations. We pursue what we are  
“ denied, and place our affections on what is absent,  
“ though

“ though we neglected it when present. As long as you  
 “ refused my love, your refusal did so strongly excite  
 “ my passion, that I had not once the leisure to think of  
 “ recalling my reason to aid me against the design upon  
 “ your virtue. But when that virtue began to comply  
 “ in my favour, my reason made an effort over my  
 “ love, and let me see the baseness of my behaviour in  
 “ attempting a woman of honour. I own to you, it  
 “ was not without the most violent struggle, that I  
 “ gained this victory over myself; nay, I will confess  
 “ my shame, and acknowledge I could not have pre-  
 “ vailed but by flight. However, Madam, I beg that  
 “ you will believe a moment’s weakness has not de-  
 “ stroyed the esteem I had for you, which was con-  
 “ firmed by so many years of obdurate virtue. You  
 “ have reason to rejoice that this did not happen with-  
 “ in the observation of one of the young fellows, who  
 “ would have exposed your weakness, and gloried in  
 “ his own brutish inclinations.

*I am, Madam,*

*your most de-voted humble servant.*

“ *Isabella*, with the help of her husband, returned the  
 “ following answer.

*S I R,*

“ I Cannot but account myself a very happy wo-  
 “ man, in having a man for a lover that can write  
 “ so well, and give so good a turn to a disappointment.  
 “ Another excellence you have above all other preten-  
 “ ders I ever heard of; on occasions where the most  
 “ reasonable men lose all their reason, you have yours  
 “ most powerful. We have each of us to thank our  
 “ genius that the passion of one abated in proportion  
 “ that of the other grew violent. Does it not yet  
 “ come into your head to imagine, that I knew my  
 “ compliance was the greatest cruelty I could be guilty  
 “ of towards you? In return for your long and faithful  
 “ passion, I must let you know that you are old enough  
 “ to become a little more gravity; but if you will,  
 “ leave me and coquet it any where else, may your mis-  
 “ tress yield.

*ISABELLA.*





Nº 319 Thursday, March 6.

*Quo teneam vultus mutantem Protea nodo?*

Hor. Ep. 1. lib. 1. ver. 90.

What chain can hold this varying *Proteus* fast?

CREECH.

I Have endeavoured in the course of my papers, to do justice to the age, and have taken care as much as possible to keep myself a neuter between both sexes. I have neither spared the Ladies out of complaisance, nor the men out of partiality; but notwithstanding the great integrity with which I have acted in this particular, I find myself taxed with an inclination to favour my own half of the species. Whether it be that the women afford a more fruitful field for speculation, or whether they run more in my head than the men, I cannot tell, but I shall set down the charge as it is laid against me in the following letter.

MR. SPECTATOR,

I Always make one among a company of young females, who peruse your speculations every morning. I am at present commissioned by our whole assembly to let you know, that we fear you are a little inclined to be partial towards your own sex. We must however acknowledge, with all due gratitude, that in some cases you have given us our revenge on the men, and done us justice. We could not easily have forgiven you several strokes in the dissection of the *Cocquette's heart*, if you had not much about the same time made a sacrifice to us of a *Beau's skull*.

You may farther, Sir, please to remember, that not long since you attacked our hoods and commodoes in such a manner, as, to use your own expression, made very many of us ashamed to shew our heads. We must, therefore, beg leave to represent to you, that we are in hopes, if you would please to make a due inquiry,



‘ quiry, the men in all ages would be found to have  
 ‘ been little less whimsical in adorning that part, than  
 ‘ ourselves. The different forms of their wigs, to-  
 ‘ gether with the various cocks of their hats, all flatter  
 ‘ us in this opinion.

‘ I had an humble servant last summer, who the first  
 ‘ time he declared himself was in a full-bottomed wig;  
 ‘ but the day after to my no small surprise, he accosted  
 ‘ me in a thin natural one. I received him at this our  
 ‘ second interview, as a perfect stranger, but was ex-  
 ‘ tremely confounded, when his speech discovered who  
 ‘ he was. I resolved, therefore, to fix his face in my  
 ‘ memory for the future; but as I was walking in the  
 ‘ park the same evening, he appeared to me in one of  
 ‘ those wigs that I think you call a *Night-cap*, which  
 ‘ had altered him more effectually than before. He af-  
 ‘ terwards played a couple of black riding wigs upon  
 ‘ me, with the same success; and in short assumed a  
 ‘ new face, almost every day in the first month of his  
 ‘ courtship.

‘ I observed afterwards, that the variety of cocks  
 ‘ into which he moulded his hat, had not a little con-  
 ‘ tributed to his impositions upon me.

‘ Yet as if all these ways were not sufficient to dis-  
 ‘ tinguish their heads, you must doubtless, Sir, have  
 ‘ observed, that great numbers of young fellows have,  
 ‘ for several months last past, taken upon them to wear  
 ‘ feathers.

‘ We hope, therefore, that these may, with as much  
 ‘ justice, be called *Indian Princes*, as you have stiled a  
 ‘ woman in a coloured hood an *Indian Queen*; and  
 ‘ that you will in due time, take these airy gentlemen  
 ‘ into consideration.

‘ We the more earnestly beg that you would put a  
 ‘ stop to this practice, since it has already lost us one of  
 ‘ the most agreeable members of our society, who after  
 ‘ having refused several good estates, and two titles,  
 ‘ was lured from us last week by a *mixed feather*.

‘ I am ordered to present you the respects of our  
 ‘ whole company, and am,

*S I R, your very humble servant,*

DORINDA.

Note,

Note. *The person wearing the feather, though our friend took him for an officer in the guards, has proved to be an ar-rant linen-draper.*

I am not now at leisure to give my opinion upon the hat and feather; however, to wipe off the present imputation, and gratify my female correspondent, I shall here print a letter which I lately received from a man of mode, who seems to have a very extraordinary genius in his way.

S I R,

I Presume I need not inform you, that among men of dress it is a common phrase to say, Mr. Such a one *has struck a bold stroke*; by which we understand, that he is the first man who has had courage enough to lead up a fashion. Accordingly, when our tailors take measure of us, they always demand *whether we will have a plain suit, or strike a bold stroke*. I think I may without vanity say, that I have struck some of the boldest and most successful strokes of any man in Great Britain. I was the first that struck the long pocket about two years since; I was likewise the author of the frosted button, which when I saw the town come readily into, being resolved to strike while the iron was hot, I produced much about the same time the scallop flap, the knotted cravat, and made a fair push for the silver-clocked stocking.

A few months after I brought up *the modish Jacket*, or the coat with close sleeves. I struck this at first in a plain *Doily*; but that failing, I struck it a second time in blue camblet; and repeated the stroke in several kinds of cloth, until at last it took effect. There are two or three young fellows at the other end of the town, who have always their eye upon me, and answer me stroke for stroke. I was once so unwary as to mention my fancy in relation to a new-fashioned *Surtout* before one of these Gentlemen, who was disingenuous enough to steal my thought, and by that means prevented my intended stroke.

I have a design this spring to make very considerable innovations in the waistcoat; and have already

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“begun

‘ begun with a *Coup d’ sai* upon the sleeves, which has  
 ‘ succeeded very well.

‘ I must further inform you, if you will promise to  
 ‘ encourage or at least to connive at me, that it is my  
 ‘ design to strike such a stroke the beginning of the next  
 ‘ month, as shall surprize the whole town.

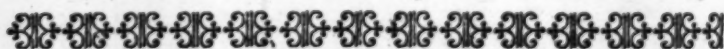
‘ I do not think it prudent to acquaint you with all  
 ‘ the particulars of my intended dress; but will only  
 ‘ tell you as a sample of it, that I shall very speedily  
 ‘ appear at *White’s* in a *cherry-coloured hat*. I took this  
 ‘ hint from the Ladies hoods, which I look upon as  
 ‘ the boldest stroke that sex has struck for these hundred  
 ‘ years last past.

*I am, Sir,*

*your most obedient, most humble servant,*

Will Sprightly.

I have not time at present to make any reflections on  
 this letter, but must not however omit, that having shewn  
 it to WILL HONEYCOMB, he desires to be acquainted  
 with the Gentleman who writ it. X



N<sup>o</sup> 320 Friday, March 7.

— non pronuba juno,  
*Non hymenæus adest, non illi gratia lecto:*  
*Eumenides straverunt torum* —

Ovid. Met. lib. 6. ver. 428.

Nor *Hymen*, nor the graces here preside,  
 Nor *Juno* to befriend the blooming bride;  
 But fiends with fun’ral brands the process led;  
 And furjes waited at the genial bed. CROXAL.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

‘ **Y**OU have given many hints in your papers to  
 ‘ the disadvantage of persons of your own sex,  
 ‘ who lay plots upon women. Among other  
 ‘ hard words you have published the term *Male Coquets*,  
 ‘ and

and been very severe upon such as give themselves the liberty of a little dalliance of heart, and playing fast and loose, between love and indifference, until perhaps an easy young girl is reduced to sighs, dreams and tears; and languishes away her life for a careless coxcomb, who looks astonished, and wonders at such an effect from what in him was all but common civility. Thus you have treated the men who are irresolute in marriage; but if you design to be impartial, pray be so honest as to print the information I now give you, of a certain set of women who never coquet for the matter, but with an high hand marry whom they please to whom they please. As for my part, I should not have concerned myself with them, but that I understand I am pitched upon by them, to be married, against my will, to one I never saw in my life. It has been my misfortune, Sir, very innocently, to rejoice in a plentiful fortune, of which I am master, to bespeak a fine chariot, to give direction for two or three handsom snuff-boxes, and as many suits of fine clothes: but before any of these were ready, I heard reports of my being to be married to two or three different young women. Upon my taking notice of it to a young Gentleman who is often in my company, he told me smiling, I was in the inquisition. You may believe I was not a little startled at what he meant, and more so when he asked me if I had bespoke any thing of late that was fine. I told him several; upon which he produced a description of my person, from the tradesmen whom I had employed, and told me that they had certainly informed against me. Mr. SPECTATOR, whatever the world may think of me, I am more coxcomb than fool, and I grew very inquisitive upon this head, not a little pleased with the novelty. My friend told me, there were a certain set of women of fashion, whereof the number of six made a committee, who sat thrice a week, under the title of The inquisition on maids and bachelors. It seems, whenever there comes such an unthinking gay thing as myself to town, he must want all manner of necessities, or be put into the inquisition by the first tradesman

he employs. They have constant intelligence with cane-shops, perfumers, toymen, coach-makers, and china-houses. From these several places these undertakers for marriages have as constant and regular correspondence, as the funeral-men have with vintners and apothecaries. All bachelors are under their immediate inspection, and my friend produced to me a report given into their board, wherein an old uncle of mine who came to town with me, and myself, were inserted, and we stood thus: the uncle smoky, rotten, poor; the nephew, raw, but no fool, sound at present, very rich. My information did not end here, but my friend's advices are so good, that he could shew me a copy of the letter sent to the young Lady who is to have me; which I inclose to you.

*Madam,*

**T**HIS is to let you know, that you are to be married to a beau that comes out on *Thursday* six in the evening. Be at the park. You cannot but know a virgin for; they have a mind to look saucy, but are out of countenance. The board has denied him to several good families. I wish you joy.

*Corinna,*

What makes my correspondent's case the more deplorable, is, that as I find by the report from my censor of marriages, the friend he speaks of is employed by the inquisition to take him in, as the phrase is. After all that is told him, he has information only of one woman that is laid for him, and that the wrong one; for the Lady commissioners have devoted him to another than the person against whom they have employed their agent his friend to alarm him. The plot is laid so well about this young Gentleman, that he has no friend to retire to, no place to appear in, or part of the kingdom to fly into, but he must fall into the notice, and be subject to the power of the inquisition. They have their emissaries and substitutes in all parts of this united kingdom. The first step they usually take, is to find from a correspondence, by their messengers and whisperers,



whisperers, with some domestick of the bachelor (who is to be hunted into the toils they have laid for him) what are his manners, his familiarities, his good qualities or vices; not as the good in him is a recommendation, or the ill a diminution, but as they affect or contribute to the main inquiry, what estate he has in him? When this point is well reported to the board, they can take in a wild roaring fox-hunter, as easily as a soft, gentle young fop of the town. The way is to make all places uneasy to him, but the scenes in which they have allotted him to act. His brother huntsmen, bottle companions, his fraternity of fops, shall be brought into the conspiracy against him. Then this matter is not laid in so bare-faced a manner before him as to have it intimated, Mrs. Such a one would make him a very proper wife; but by the force of their correspondence they shall make it (as Mr. *Waller* said of the marriage of the dwarfs) as impracticable to have any woman besides her they design him, as it would have been in *Adam* to have refused *Eve*. The man named by the commission for Mrs. Such a one, shall neither be in fashion, nor dare ever to appear in company, should he attempt to evade their determination.

The female sex wholly govern domestick life; and by this means, when they think fit, they can sow dissensions between the dearest friends, nay, make father and son irreconcilable enemies in spite of all the ties of gratitude on one part, and the duty of protection to be paid on the other. The Ladies of the inquisition understand this perfectly well; and where love is not a motive to a man's choosing one whom they allot, they can with very much art, insinuate stories to the disadvantage of his honesty or courage, until the creature is too much dispirited to bear up against a general ill reception, which he every where meets with, and in due time falls into their appoiated wedlock for shelter. I have a long letter bearing date the fourth instant, which gives me a large account of the policies of this court; and find there is now before them a very refractory person who has escaped all their machinations for two years last past: But they have prevented two successive matches which

were of his own inclination, the one by a report that his mistress was to be married, and the very day appointed, wedding-clothes bought, and all things ready for her being given to another; the second time by insinuating to all his mistress's friends and acquaintance, that he had been false to several other women, and the like. The poor man is now reduced to profess he designs to lead a single life; but the inquisition give out to all his acquaintance, that nothing is intended but the Gentleman's own welfare and happiness. When this is urged he talks still more humbly, and protests he aims only at a life without pain or reproach; pleasure, honour, and riches, are things for which he has no taste. But notwithstanding all this, and what else he may defend himself with, as that the Lady is too old or too young, of a suitable humour, or the quite contrary, and that it is impossible they can ever do other than wrangle from *June* to *January*, every body tells him all this is spleen, and he must have a wife; while all the members of the inquisition are unanimous in a certain woman for him, and they think they all together are better able to judge, than he or any other private person whatsoever.

S I R,

Temple, March 3, 1711.

YOUR Speculation this day on the subject of idleness has employed me, ever since I read it, in sorrowful reflexions on my having loitered away the term (or rather the vacation) of ten years in this place, and unhappily suffered a good chamber and study to lie idle as long. My books (except those I have taken to sleep upon) have been totally neglected, and my Lord *Coke* and other venerable authors were never so slighted in their lives. I spend most of the day at a neighbouring coffee-house, where we have what I may call a lazy club. We generally come in night-gowns, with our stockings about our heels, and sometimes but one on. Our salutation at entrance is a yawn and a stretch, and then without more ceremony we take our place at the lolling table; where our discourse is, what I fear you would not read out, therefore shall not insert. But I assure you, Sir, I heartily lament this loss

of

of time, and am now resolved (if possible, with double diligence) to retrieve it, being effectually awakened by the arguments of Mr. *Slack* out of the senseless stupidity that has so long possessed me. And to demonstrate that penitence accompanies my confession, and constancy my resolutions, I have locked my door for a year, and desire you would let my companions know I am not within. I am with great respect,

*Sir, your most obedient servant,*

T

N. B.



N<sup>o</sup> 321 Saturday, March 8.

*Nec satis est pulchra esse poemata, dulcia sunt.*

*Hor. Ars Poet. ver. 99.*

'Tis not enough a poem's finely writ;  
It must affect and captivate the soul.

THOSE, who know how many volumes have been written on the poems of *Homer* and *Virgil*, will easily pardon the length of my discourse upon *Milton*. The *Paradise Lost* is looked upon by the best judges, as the greatest production, or at least the noblest work of genius in our language, and therefore deserves to be set before an *English* reader in its full beauty. For this reason, though I have endeavoured to give a general idea of its graces and imperfections in my six first papers, I thought myself obliged to bestow one upon every book in particular. The first three books I have already dispatched, and am now entering upon the fourth. I need not acquaint my reader that there are multitudes of beauties in this great author, especially in the descriptive parts of this poem, which I have not touched upon, it being my intention to point out those only, which appear to me the most exquisite, or those which are not so obvious to ordinary readers. Every one that has read

the critics who have written upon the *Odyssey*, the *Iliad*, and the *Æneid*, knows very well, that though they agree in their opinions of the great beauties in those poems, they have nevertheless each of them discovered several master-strokes, which have escaped the observation of the rest. In the same manner, I question not but any writer, who shall treat of this subject after me, may find several beauties in *Milton*, which I have not taken notice of. I must likewise observe, that as the greatest masters of critical learning differ among one another, as to some particular points in an epic poem, I have not bound myself scrupulously to the rules which any one of them has laid down upon that art, but have taken the liberty sometimes to join with one, and sometimes with another, and sometimes to differ from all of them, when I have thought that the reason of the thing was on my side.

We may consider the beauties of the fourth book under three heads. In the first are those pictures of still-life, which we meet with in the description of *Eden*, *Paradise*, *Adam's bower*, &c. In the next are the machines, which comprehend the speeches and behaviour of the good and bad angels. In the last is the conduct of *Adam* and *Eve*, who are the principal actors in the poem.

In the description of *Paradise*, the poet has observed *Aristotle's* rule of lavishing all the ornaments of diction on the weak unactive parts of the fable, which are not supported by the beauty of sentiments and characters. Accordingly the reader may observe, that the expressions are more florid and elaborate in these descriptions, than in most other parts of the poem. I must further add, that though the *drawings* of gardens, rivers, rainbows, and the like dead pieces of nature are justly censured in an heroic poem, when they run out into an unnecessary length; the description of *Paradise* would have been faulty, had not the poet been very particular in it, not only as it is the scene of the principal action, but as it is requisite to give us an idea of that happiness from which our first parents fell. The plan of it is wonderfully beautiful, and formed upon the short sketch which we have of it

it in holy writ. *Milton's* exuberance of imagination has poured forth such a redundancy of ornaments on this seat of happiness and innocence, that it would be endless to point out each particular.

I must not quit this head, without further observing, that there is scarce a speech of *Adam* or *Eve* in the whole poem, wherein the sentiments and allusions are not taken from this their delightful habitation. The reader, during their whole course of action, always finds himself in the walks of *Paradise*. In short, as the critics have remarked, that in those poems wherein shepherds are actors, the thoughts ought always to take a tincture from the woods, fields, and rivers, so we may observe, that our first parents seldom lose sight of their happy station in any thing they speak or do; and, if the reader will give me leave to use the expression, that their thoughts are always *Paradisiacal*.

We are in the next place to consider the machines of the fourth book. *Satan* being now within prospect of *Eden*, and looking round upon the glories of the creation, is filled with sentiments different from those which he discovered whilst he was in hell. The place inspires him with thoughts more adapted to it: He reflects upon the happy condition from whence he fell, and breaks forth into a speech that is softened with several transient touches of remorse and self-accusation: But at length he confirms himself in impenitence, and in his design of drawing man into his own state of guilt and misery. This conflict of passions is raised with a great deal of art, as the opening of his speech to the sun is very bold and noble.

*O thou that with surpassing glory crown'd,  
Look'st from thy sole dominion like the God  
Of this new world; at whose sight all the stars  
Hide their diminish'd heads; to thee I call,  
But with no friendly voice; and add thy name  
O sun! to tell thee how I hate thy beams,  
That bring to my remembrance from what state  
I fell, how glorious once above thy sphere.*



This speech is, I think, the finest that is ascribed to *Satan* in the whole poem. The evil spirit afterwards proceeds to make his discoveries concerning our first parents, and to learn after what manner they may be best attacked. His bounding over the walls of *Paradise*; his sitting in the shape of a cormorant upon the tree of life, which stood in the center of it, and overtopped all the other trees of the garden; his alighting among the herd of animals, which are so beautifully represented as playing about *Adam* and *Eve*, together with his transforming himself into different shapes, in order to hear their conversation; are circumstances that give an agreeable surprise to the reader, and are devised with great art, to connect that series of adventures in which the poet has engaged this artificer of fraud.

The thought of *Satan*'s transformation into a cormorant, and placing himself on the tree of life, seems raised upon that passage in the *Iliad*, where two deities are described, as perching on the top of an oak in the shape of vultures.

His planting himself at the ear of *Eve* under the form of a toad, in order to produce vain dreams and imaginations, is a circumstance of the same nature; as his starting up in his own form is wonderfully fine, both in the literal description, and in the moral which is concealed under it. His answer upon his being discovered, and demanded to give an account of himself, is conformable to the pride and intrepidity of his character.

*Know ye not then, said Satan, fill'd with scorn,  
Know ye not me! ye knew me once no mate  
For you, there sitting where you durst not soar;  
Not to know me argues yourselves unknown,  
The lowest of your throng——*

*Zephor's* rebuke, with the influence it had on *Satan*, is exquisitely graceful and moral. *Satan* is afterwards led away to *Gabriel*, the chief of the guardian angels, who kept watch in *Paradise*. His disdainful behaviour on this occasion is so remarkable a beauty that the most ordinary reader cannot but take notice of it. *Gabriel's* discovering

discovering his approach at a distance, is drawn with great strength and liveliness of imagination.

*O friends, I hear the tread of nimble feet  
Hasting this way, and now by glimpse discern  
Ithuriel and Zephon through the shade,  
And with them comes a third of regal port,  
But faded splendor wan; who by his gait  
And fierce demeanor seems the prince of hell:  
Not likely to part hence without contest:  
Stand firm, for in his look defiance low'rs.*

The conference between *Gabriel* and *Satan* abounds with sentiments proper for the occasion, and suitable to the persons of the two speakers. *Satan* clothing himself with terror when he prepares for the combat is truly sublime, and at least equal to *Homer's* description of *Discord* celebrated by *Longinus*, or to that of *Fame* in *Virgil*, who are both represented with their feet standing upon the earth, and their heads reaching above the clouds.

*While thus he spake, th' angelick Squadron bright  
Turn'd fiery red, sharp'ning in mooned horns  
Their phalanx, and began to hem him round  
With ported spears, &c.*

— On th' other side *Satan* alarm'd,  
Collecting all his might dilated stood  
Like *Teneriff*, or *Atlas*, unremov'd:  
His stature reach'd the sky, and on his crest  
Sat horror plum'd; —

I must here take notice, that *Milton* is every where full of hints and sometimes literal translations, taking from the greatest of the *Greek* and *Latin* poets. But this I may reserve for a discourse by itself, because I would not break the thread of these speculations, that are designed for *English* readers, with such reflexions as would be of no use but to the learned.

I must however observe in this place, that the breaking off the combat between *Gabriel* and *Satan*, by the hanging out of the golden scales in heaven, is a refinement upon *Homer's* thought, who tells us, that before the battle

between *Hector* and *Achilles*, *Jupiter* weighed the event of it in a pair of scales. The reader may see the whole passage in the 22d *Iliad*.

*Virgil*, before the last decisive combat, describes *Jupiter* in the same manner, as weighing the fates of *Turnus* and *Aeneas*. *Milton*, though he fetched this beautiful circumstance from the *Iliad* and *Aeneid*, does not only insert it as a poetical embellishment, like the authors above-mentioned; but makes an artful use of it for the proper carrying on of his fable, and for the breaking off the combat between the two warriors, who were upon the point of engaging. To this we may further add, that *Milton* is the more justified in this passage, as we find the same noble allegory in holy writ, where a wicked prince, some few hours before he was assaulted and slain, is said to have been weighed in the scales, and to have been found wanting.

I must here take notice, under the head of the machines, that *Uriel's* gliding down to the earth upon a sun-beam, with the poet's device to make him descend, as well in his return to the sun as in his coming from it, is a prettiness that might have been admired in a little fanciful poet, but seems below the genius of *Milton*. The description of the host of armed angels walking their nightly round in *Paradise*, is of another spirit.

*So saying, on he led his radiant files,  
Dazzling the moon;*

as that account of the hymns which our first parents used to hear them sing in these their midnight walks, is altogether divine, and inexpressibly amusing to the imagination.

We are, in the last place, to consider the parts which *Adam* and *Eve* act in the fourth book. The description of them, as they first appeared to *Satan*, is exquisitely drawn, and sufficient to make the fallen angel gaze upon them with all that astonishment; and those emotions of envy, in which he is represented.

*Two of far nobler shape erect and tall,  
God-like erect! with native honour clad  
In naked majesty, seem'd lords of all;*

*And*

*And worthy seem'd: for in their looks divine  
 The image of their glorious Maker shone,  
 Truth, wisdom, sanctitude severe and pure;  
 Severe, but in true filial freedom plac'd:  
 For contemplation he and valour form'd,  
 For softness she and sweet attractive grace;  
 He for God only, she for God in him.  
 His fair large front, and eye sublime, declar'd  
 Absolute rule; and Hyacinthin locks  
 Round from his parted forelock manly hung  
 Clust'ring, but not beneath his shoulders broad.  
 She, as a veil, down to her slender waste  
 Her unadorned golden tresses wore  
 Dis-shewel'd, but in wanton ringlets wav'd.  
 So pass'd they naked on, nor shun'd the sight  
 Of God or angel, for they thought no ill:  
 So hand in hand they pass'd, the loveliest pair  
 That ever since in love's embraces met.*

There is a fine spirit of poetry in the lines which follow, wherein they are described as sitting on a bed of flowers by the side of a fountain, amidst a mixed assembly of animals.

The speeches of these two first lovers flow equally from passion and sincerity. The professions they make to one another are full of warmth; but at the same time founded on truth. In a word, they are the galantries of *Paradise*.

———*When Adam first of men—*

*Sole partner and sole part of all these joys,  
 Dearer thyself than all;———*

*But let us ever praise him, and extol  
 His bounty, following our delightful task,  
 To prune these growing plants, and tend these flow'rs:  
 Which were 't toilsome, yet with thee were sweet.*

*To whom thus Eve reply'd. O thou for whom,  
 And from whom I was form'd, flesh of thy flesh,  
 And without whom am to no end, my guide  
 And head, what thou hast said is just and right,  
 For we to him indeed all praises owe,  
 And daily thanks; I chiefly, who enjoy*

*So*

*So far the happier lot, enjoying thee  
 Preeminent by so much odds, while thou  
 Like consort to thyself canst no where find, &c.*

The remaining part of *Eve's* speech, in which she gives an account of herself upon her first creation, and the manner in which she was brought to *Adam*, is I think as beautiful a passage as any in *Milton*, or perhaps in any other poet whatsoever. These passages are all worked off with so much art, that they are capable of pleasing the most delicate reader, without offending the most severe.

*That day I oft remember, when from sleep, &c.*

A poet of less judgment and invention than this great author, would have found it very difficult to have filled these tender parts of the poem with sentiments proper for a state of innocence; to have described the warmth of love, and the professions of it, without artifice or hyperbole; to have made the man speak the most endearing things, without descending from his natural dignity, and the woman receiving them without departing from the modesty of her character; in a word, to adjust the prerogatives of wisdom and beauty, and make each appear to the other in its proper force and loveliness. This mutual subordination of the two sexes is wonderfully kept up in the whole poem, as particularly in the speech of *Eve* I have before mentioned, and upon the conclusion of it in the following lines.

*So spake our general mother, and with eyes  
 Of conjugal attraction unreprou'd,  
 And meek surrender, half embracing lean'd  
 On our first father; half her swelling breast  
 Naked met his under the flowing gold  
 Of her loose tresses hid; he in delight  
 Both of her beauty and submissive charms  
 Smil'd with superior love.——*

The poet adds, that the devil turn'd away with envy at the sight of so much happiness.

We have another view of our first parents in their evening discourses, which is full of pleasing images and sentiments suitable to their condition and characters. The  
speech



speech of *Eve*, in particular, is dressed up in such a soft and natural turn of words and sentiments, as cannot be sufficiently admired.

I shall close my reflections upon this book, with observing the masterly transition which the poet makes to their evening worship in the following lines.

*Thus at their shady lodge, arriv'd, both stood,  
Both turn'd, and under open sky, ador'd  
The God that made both sky, air, earth, and heav'n,  
Which they beheld, the moon's resplendent globe,  
And starry pole: Thou also mad'st the night,  
Maker omnipotent, and thou the day, &c.*

Most of the modern heroic poets have imitated the ancients in beginning a speech without premising, that the person said thus or thus; but as it is easy to imitate the ancients in the omission of two or three words, it requires judgment to do it in such a manner as they shall not be missed, and that the speech may begin naturally without them. There is a fine instance of this kind out of *Homer*, in the twenty-third chapter of *Longinus*. L



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